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THE SAGAMORE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL, MASS.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIALS 5
A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE, (Story) 9
SCHOOL AGAIN, (Poem) 14
A NOVICE, (Sketch) 15
BOOK REVIEW 16
PARVA DICTA DE DEIS IMMORTALIBUS 17
TWO RAILROADS WE HAVE KNOWN 18
HINTS ON HUMOR 20
OBITUARY 21
FOOTBALL SONG 22
ATHLETICS 23
GRADUATE NEWS 27
NEWS NOTES 27
SQUIBS 29

Ref.

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 12 OCTOBER, 1905 NUMBER 1

EDITORIALS

ANNOUNCEMENT

WE are starting *The Sagamore* earlier than usual this year with this, the October number. Usually the magazine has been issued on the fifteenth of all months from November to June, inclusive. This year, however, we have a heavy deficit to make up, and we decided to begin to make it up as soon as possible. This first number is a kind of grand free sample copy, as subscribers will for fifty cents receive their regular eight copies in addition to this. Yet we hope this first number will pay for itself by rousing you for whom we are getting out this paper, so that by your personal support and co-operation in the methods we are about to suggest you will enable us to make our regular eight issues the best specimens of school publishing ever brought out by this school, both from the standpoint of excellence in appearance and of literary merit.

One way you can help is this. There are many hundreds of families who are interested in the school through their sons or daughters that have graduated from here, or through other means, which families would, we are convinced, willingly subscribe to *The Sagamore* if they were given the chance. As *The Sagamore* does not advertise because of lack of funds, this chance has never come to them. Now what we wish is merely that you would give them the chance to do this. We are not asking you to do soliciting or anything of that sort, we want simply that you speak to friends whom you think would subscribe if the chance offered, telling them that you would be glad to enter their subscription for them. *For every ten subscriptions with payment for same ($5.00) brought to us by members of the school from families without boys or girls in the High School we will give one free subscription.* Bring lists and money to Pratt, Room 10. And do not think because you are not going to

try to earn a free subscription that you cannot help us by speaking to your friends. Every subscription helps us toward a handsomer, more interesting paper.

Here is another way in which many can help us if they will: Out of the five hundred students in school there are probably two hundred whose fathers are in a position to profitably advertise in *The Sagamore*. Think how much it would help us financially if one-tenth of that number did so. Show your father this number, call his attention to the advertisements, make it a personal favor to you that he put six or eight dollars, or perhaps even less, into an ad which will appear in every number throughout the year, and from which he will profit. When you have got his promise you can easily secure our Rate Card, telling our advertising prices, from the business manager or from one of the editors. *We will give ten per cent of the price to every one who brings us an ad.* Get a copy of the Rate Card and earn some money for yourself.

In short, it lies with you—yes, *you* who are holding this magazine—whether you are going to be proud of your school paper this year or not.

Thirdly, we wish that *The Sagamore* might be a more interesting paper. It is our school representative, and wherever it goes we are sure to be judged more or less by its worth. We do not want to hear people say, "*The Sagamore*? It 's so stupid that I never find time to look at it." And yet that is just what they will say unless *you* help. The Board cannot do what you can. The Board cannot hear the jokes that you hear, or write the anecdotes that you remember, or tell the stories that you invent. We know that you can write something,—perhaps it is playful, or it may be exciting, or, possibly, serious. At any rate it is entertaining because it comes from your pen. Won't you, please?

The change in the method of choosing The Sagamore Board, which will become effective next year, is one which has been made after full advisement, and which will, we hope, recommend itself to all those interested in the paper. The system which has been in practice to date is one which has doubtless eliminated any chance of conspicuous favoritism, but it has been impossible to wholly exclude this undesirable element. The regrettable, and probably

unconscious tendency has been evinced of favoring those of the nominees who have happened to enjoy the greatest popularity, rather than those who have possessed the greatest literary talent. The new system will not only totally obviate favoritism, but it will also ensure the selection of the very best literary workers in the school, and of a Board which will have all the requisites of versatility and experience. We predict with confidence that the career of *The Sagamore* under its new organic law will be more successful than under the late system of general election.

CONCERNING ATHLETICS

That old bugbear, scholarship in athletics, made its reappearance at the first meeting of the Association this year, and a compromise amendment was referred to the Executive Committee. The clause provides that *one week before any game a list of the players be presented to the Head-master. Should any player be "down" in one or more studies he may not participate.* It is understood that this amendment comes directly from Mr. Hitchcock, and is in reality a school edict.

Last year's rule worked satisfactorily, and Mr. Sanford's decisions were just, but this should be no argument for retaining an ambiguous reading or leaving the whole matter in the Head-master's hands. In one feature the old rule is fairer than the new—a pupil should be rated "down" by the average of his work, and not because one study falls below C. If a scholar receives high marks in one subject, and his other work slumps, we do not call him a brilliant student. If he falls below in one subject and his other work will average high enough to carry his weak study, we should not call him a dull student. Physical training is as essential as mental training, and the former should not be slighted because a pupil is slow in some one branch of the latter.

Brookline has so many athletic interests that it would well pay her, following the lead of many colleges and large high schools, to secure a Board of Control; to elect to this body an equal number of representatives from school and faculty, chosen for their "squareness;" and to give them the right, within the constitution of deciding all question of eligibility, schedules of games, and awards of letters. But if Mr. Hitchcock's rule is to be forced upon the

school, by all means let us have it in the constitution. Merely repealing the old clause will leave the document silent on this most important question, and the school open to slurs of professionalism. Retaining it will be nullification. Whatever solution is adopted must *solve*, *solve right*, before the matter is finally settled.

A PLEA FOR GOOD FORM

What technique is to the artist, good form is to the athlete. With it he may cover up minor defects, without it all his skill and strength lacks finish. Good form is the right way to do things.

There is a right way and a wrong way to conduct public meetings. The wrong way has been too frequently illustrated in High School gatherings of late. In class meeting a good deal of the procedure has been out of order, "ballot-stuffing" has prevailed, "ripper" methods have gone without censure, large bodies have dispersed without the formality of an adjournment, secretaries have kept no records, treasurers no books, chairmen have failed to call their committees together. At one time last year no one in the Junior class could definitely name the class secretary.

The Senior class-meeting this year was a decided improvement, but even here a nomination made from the floor and properly supported was put to a vote and thrown out, a case of flagrant injustice. At the meeting of the Athletic Association, the whole school was invited to vote, although this would seem to be unconstitutional, and extra officers were elected before the amendment calling for them had been adopted.

A presiding officer may easily make himself familiar with parliamentary usage by spending a few minutes in reading *Robert's Rules of Order* or *Cushings Manual* at the library. The only excuse for a class president who does not know parliamentary law is that his class does not demand it of him.

Why not conduct school meetings in good form?

"Naw, sir, I don' stan' fer this bottle feedin' of infants," said Mr. O'Shaughnessy of the East Side. "Naw, sir, none o' my children never tasted beer before they wuz four years old."

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE

BEING AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF LIEUTENANT LUDWIG HERTZOG, LATE OF THE GERMAN GENDARMERIE.

I HAVE been so often asked to tell the following tale that it seems to me it will be a saving of time to have done with it all by writing it down for the curious public.

Be it known, then, that in the year 1870 I was an officer in the German army, the splendid machine at that time pressing the proud Frenchmen back to their capital. I had been entrusted with verbal despatches which were of the utmost importance. I had been successful up to a certain point, but by a fatal, if not unavoidable slip, I had fallen into the hands of the enemy.

The company which had captured me had taken up quarters in a rough log hut, far too small for them, and both bare and uncomfortable. I possessed the best of the accommodations, though a captive, for I had been unbound and quartered in a rude box or berth at one side of the cabin. As was the intention in this arrangement, there was little or no chance for escape. The room was packed with sleeping or talking soldiers with rifles beside them and revolvers at their belts. The captain was a tiny, fierce-eyed little fellow whom I could have thrown over the house, but who was a soldier every one of his sixty-three inches. But for him the tired men would have dozed off and left me no one but the two sentries outside to cope with, and an arsenal at my disposal. But the little captain was tireless. He talked, joked, and even condescended to take a hand in a game of baccarat,—a great concession for a French officer—but all the time his eye was more or less on me. At my every motion his glance would flash quickly at me. Ah, he was wise. He knew I carried messages that if delivered would cost his country dear, and also that I would risk my life to deliver them.

The evening wore on. The overcrowded room became stuffy with the breath of so many, the smell was augmented by vile tobacco smoke from several pipes. I longed for a breath of the crisp wintry air I knew was outside the logs beside me, and I racked my brain for a plan of escape. As I lay there, apparently half asleep, my attention was suddenly attracted by a rough fellow at the card table who struck the only lamp in the room with his elbow, so that it came within an ace of overturning.

I gave a quick start at the inspiration. A plan at last! But the little captain's catlike glance rested on me suspiciously, and I feigned sleep. After waiting several minutes I began to feel cautiously around my bunk, but could find nothing to suit my purpose until at last my hand encountered a loose block of wood in a far corner.

Now the crisis! I examined the wall closely.

There were but two windows to the place, one in the wall near the foot of my bunk, the other on the opposite side with the door beside it. The latter window was of course out of the question and the former offered the only means of hasty exit. Between this and my resting place sprawled a sleeping soldier, and there beside him loose and loaded lay a revolver! The sight of the weapon heartened me wonderfully, and I felt that when my hand should grasp the cold butt of the Derringer I could withstand the whole French army, to say nothing of the two sentries outside, who I trusted had probably taken shelter from the cold air. The window I had chosen was slightly open, and made of thick, heavy glass, nasty stuff to dive through. It was a desperate chance, but *c'etait à moi*, as the French say.

Seizing a moment when the officer's attention was diverted, I grasped the little billet firmly and hurled it straight for the oil lamp. No bullet sped truer. A crash, and the room was in darkness. What a racket there was! As I leapt from my box a pistol shot rang out through the bedlam of French oaths, and a bullet pinged against a bolt close by me. The little captain had been quick, but I was quicker. I heard his voice above the uproar, "Guard the door and windows, and light that lamp."

I dove for the window, snatching the revolver in the dark — for you may guess I had calculated things nicely. Some one seemed disposed to dispute the matter with me, but his grasp quickly loosened when a random blow with the heavy butt encountered his anatomy. I felt for the window, but was grabbed by the shoulder and dashed from my feet only to be released at the cry of some deceived person on the other side of the room who shouted, "We have him! We have him!" in stentorian tones. I found with dismay I had carelessly lost my revolver. I scrambled up again and sprang through the window. The crash of the glass showed the soldiers their mistake, and I heard the shout of "There he goes! After him!" but

heeded naught, for ahead of me, guarded by ne'er a sentry, stretched in the bright moonlight the road of Verdun and my destination.

The high road was before me, but a company of French marksmen was behind, and then there was the little captain. He was not the man to be easily escaped, and I felt I should see more of him. I had a start of fifty yards on the snowy road before the men trooped out of the house, and they saw they had little hope of overtaking me, accoutred as they were. The little captain stationed them in a long line, from which they began a scattering fire at me. The bullets made no sound in the soft snow, and I was only aware of some narrow escapes by the whistle of the wicked little messengers of death. My hopes for escape were now high, and I kept up running along the highway till long after the hut had disappeared, hoping to reach our lines about daybreak. The night was a fine one. The full moon shone reassuringly, and it was exhilarating to breathe in the biting air and feel the hard snow crunch underfoot.

I was thinking of the little captain and how thoroughly a gentleman and soldier he seemed, when I was brought back to earth by becoming suddenly aware of hoof-beats following me, and, glancing back, there half a mile behind was the object of my meditations. Things began to look serious. It seemed as if the matter was to be settled in an unequal duel between my pursuer and myself; and I was loath to risk my life and message a second time. Moreover I was getting tired, and it was too late to turn aside and seek shelter in the hedgerows by the roadside. A run of several miles over a slippery road is not calculated to put a man into condition to fight for his life or liberty against one armed with a revolver to his bare fists. The hot blood of shame rushed to my throbbing temples as I thought how ignominious would be my second capture, for I felt that as the bearer of messages my life was not my own to risk in a hopeless grapple with my armed pursuer. My case seemed desperate indeed, but once again fortune favored me.

I saw ahead a long hill leading down to a river and railway, some two miles distant. But the special thing which made my heart beat with renewed hope was this: Near the top of the hill a party of peasants were dragging up a large double-runner or bob-sled, to which were attached several small sleds whose owners helped to haul up the whole. It took the dull-witted country youths some

time to comprehend the state of affairs, but as soon as they saw my uniform they understood. Here was a chance for a lark! With gleeful shouts they detached the small sleds, and quickly pulled the big double-runner 'round. By the time they were ready to start I was, as they had planned, but a few yards away. A big, tall fellow was pushing off. He was almost out of reach when, with a supreme effort I caught him, hurled him into the snow at the roadside, and sprang into his place at the back of the sled.

Crack! Crack! Crack! came the reports of my reckless and disappointed pursuer's pistol from the rear, and the peasants yelled with delight, for, see! had they not left the beggarly German sprawling in the snow in a last vain attempt to reach the sled?

The peasant girl in front of me — she was very pretty, and I hope for her sake Pierre was left unscathed by the little captain's fusillade — patted my knee and said, half turning her head, "Well done, my Pierre!" I replied cautiously with a deprecating grunt that seemed to meet requirements. The change of identity had been so quick that even the boys on the detached sleds were taken in, and believed me rolling in the snow at the top of the hill. But as for the little captain, his quick eye had followed all. As he galloped up I saw that his horse was almost gone, and at last considered myself rid of him, for the sled was already slipping along like the wind. But I had reckoned without his devilish ingenuity and persistence. Like a flash he was off his horse and had snatched a small sled from a bewildered youngster who had watched his approach open-mouthed. With a short run he flung himself upon the sled, and took up the pursuit.

He did not gain on me now, however, and I watched with delight the lighter sled lose more and more, till at the bottom of the hill it was three hundred yards behind, but coming, still coming. I was roused suddenly from my gloating over this bit of success by a startled yell from the occupants of my own sled. It took but a second for me to become aware of the cause. We were approaching the railroad crossing, and with a thrill of horror I saw that a long goods train was nearing it so that it seemed impossible that we could get by in time. The peasants were not dispose to dispute the right of way. One by one they rolled off with frightened screams. In a fraction of a second my brain weighed the chances. It was a question of escape from the little captain or the train. I chose the train. By leaning

'way out to the side I managed to guide the sled so that it passed over the crossing on the side farthest from the train, which in an awful fraction of time I evaded by barely a foot. I am no coward, but — well, no matter.

When I could think again my first thought was of the little captain. Now, once and for all, I must be rid of the little devil who had dogged me so persistently. He would have to follow the example of the peasants and — Great heavens! I had been watching the train go by as the sled guided by the ruts, slowed gradually down, and I saw shoot from under the moving train a man on a sled! The little captain! For a moment the feat seemed incredible.

To shoot between the trucks of a fast-moving train and come out alive! A feeling of utter despair overcame me, for it seemed as if God must be with this man, my pursuer, and against me.

But I shook off this feeling in a moment, and considered the situation again. My large double-runner was rapidly coming to a halt with no one to guide it, while his was approaching fast. In vain I scanned the roadside for some shelter, my brain for some plan of action. At last he had me. Well — I could hardly hold back a sob at the bitterness of my disappointment. Why, I must be within less than a mile of our outposts! From behind me rang out the little captain's triumphant command, "Hands up!" I caught the dull glint of the light on his revolver. I put up my hands.

Suddenly from behind me as I faced my captor there echoed short and sharp the report of a carbine, followed almost immediately by two others. The little captain, who had risen from his sled, staggered, gasped, and collapsed limply into the snow. I whirled about. Galloping toward me from around a bend of the road came half a dozen horsemen. In the dim morning light I could barely recognize the uniform of the Uhlans. And I thanked God with wet cheeks.

. . . . . .

Just "in the nick of time, lieutenant," cried my friend Sergeant Bloch, who evidently commanded the detachment, as he rode up and saluted.

"Just," I replied. "You will hear more of this, Bloch. I owe you much." Then I turned again to the little captain.

His face was pale as the snowy ground in the grey light of the dawn. A glance showed he had answered his last *reveille.*

I had to clear my throat before I said to Bloch, "I shall take your mount and proceed at once to headquarters. You will bury this body here with the regulation army burial."

As half an hour later I rode in the glory of the early sunrise over the hill above the camp, I heard faintly behind me the sound of a volley, and I knew that the little captain was in his last resting place.

I bared my head.

"SCHOOL AGAIN"

Elizabeth Bryant, '08
Constance Homer, '08

Vacation days are now gone past,
And sailing, too, is over,
So back to prosy school we come,
From out the fields of clover.

The Freshmen come in numbers large,
And blankly round they stare,
So different from the Sophomores,
All weighted down with care.

The same old rules we hear once more;
"Don't talk in Shailer Hall,"
"Walk two by two in the corridors,"
And "Hug the right-hand wall!"

"Be in your seat when the first bell rings,"
"Leave by the dressing-room doors,"
"Don't run up the stair-way," or
"Throw chalk upon the floors!"

Every morning promptly,
By twos we seek the hall,
Where we hear the same rules over again,
From our new Head-master tall.

The foot-ball games are now at hand,
(Just hear poor Newton sigh!)
We'll get the games and championship!
Three cheers for Brookline High!

THE NOVICE

'05

"89!"
"Here."
"46!"
"Here."
"113!— 113 — 113" —

At the last call a boyish voice answered, "Here!"

It was his first big indoor meet. His nervousness had caused him to forget his number; a friendly tap on the shoulder by a neighbor lad reminded him just in time to answer the starter's third weary "113." He had watched the sprinters limber up, try a few starts, and at the pistol dart forward to try their speed at the 40-yard dash. They all seemed cool and collected, while he was utterly miserable in his fright and nervousness. He looked about the crowded floors and balconies — all was noise and confusion. A crack sprinter beat the pistol for two yards and broke the tape, a winner. He could not start or run like that, what was the use of trying? He even decided once to go and change his clothes and not run, but then the thought of his father watching each heat and waiting to see him start changed his mind. He was not going to disappoint *him!*

His number was called again and he stepped boldly forward and even tried a few starts. Why should n't he do well? He had won the 20-yard dash in his school meet. He heard an "*On your mark!*" —"*Get set!*" — and started, tried to stop, and ended by falling forward on his face. He looked up with fright at the grim starter, who smiled wearily and sardonically. A man next to him with a dirty running suit on grinned broadly. Then the novice forgot his nervousness, the restless crowd, the noisy band, and the official over in the corner calling out the men for the "600" He thought only of beating that man with the grin. He determinedly stamped his spikes into the floor and fixed his eyes on the red yarn extending across the track forty yards ahead. This time he held and was off with the pistol. He watched the man at his side; his only thought was to beat him. His man had a yard start, but the novice found that he was catching him and quickened his stride, it seemed as though he would never reach the tape. He was soon abreast of the man with the grin, whose face was now strangely contorted; with a

heart-breaking effort he passed him at the finish. He had beaten this cool, scornful veteran! The thought made him supremely happy as he paced proudly back to the start.

The novice was a novice no more.

BOOK REVIEW

Each month The Sagamore will publish a review of some book, either fiction or non-fiction, of interest to the school. Criticism of such books is invited.

No. 1. "Practical Journalism," by E. L. Shuman.

TO the reader who takes interest in learning how newspapers are made, this book will be intensely interesting, whether he be a journalist, prospective journalist, or entirely unconnected with the profession. It is wonderful how well the author covers his field in but two hundred and sixty pages. He is, however, fully aware of the humors of his subject, and the book is no dry compilation of rules, but a sympathetic adviser and guide. On every point the reader finds that he is enlightened on the points he needs made clear to him. The book is truly "practical." Every young man or woman who aspires to a position on the staff of a great paper should thoroughly master its contents. It will disclose to the aspirant the several ways of attaining what he desires; with the advantages and disadvantages of each. Every department of a journal except the mechanical and commercial is treated interestingly and practically. The principles of editing, editorial management, special correspondence, reporting, book-reviewing, newspaper drawing, etc., are all clearly set forth in brief detail — if the phrase may be used. It is hard to find a fault with this book as a guide and inspiration to the beginner, or a volume of reference, terse and comprehensive.—*D. Appleton & Co., 1903.*

A doctor was called to attend a professional glass-eater. He found his patient in a very close room.

"Throw up a window," he said.

"I 've been trying to," said the sufferer, "but I can't seem to get rid of the pane."

PARVA DICTA DE DIIS IMMORTALIBUS

(Special correspondence from Olympus)

The Vestal Virgin Basketball team played the visiting Delphie Basketball team, composed of priestesses from Delphi, and defeated them easily, although Vestal Lucia was unable to play because of burns received from the explosion of the sacred gasolene tank in the temple of Vesta Tuesday last.

"Take my place a minute," said Janus, who was taking tickets at the door of the Divine Comedy Opera House, to a youth.

"Nay, nay," said the youth, glancing at the pressing crowd eager to squeeze by untaxed, "I have n't the face."

Ixion has relegated his old wheel to the scrap heap, and now jolts about in vibrating ecstasy on a motor bike.

Neptune's "Submarino" won the Olympic Handicap at the Ossa and Pelian track, jockey Hokenheimer up.

The ethereal breezes whisper that Juno meditates a divorce suit from her unfaithful spouse. She won't have to remove to Dakota to get it by any means.

The "shower of gold" will turn into an alimony perhaps.

At the Rink, — "Pluto is awfully clumsy on the ice."

"Yes, poor fellow, he could n't learn to skate."

"Why not?"

"How in — could he?"

Apollo appeared in the Olympus Police Court the other day and was fined a couple of sesterces for overspeeding. He tried to work the old Phaëthon gag of losing control, but his honor made him foot the bill.

Europa writes us she had a *bully* good time on her recent excursion in the Mediterranean.

P. S. If you want to hear a really good joke on Aphrodite, ask the editor for that little conversation of hers with Neptune.

Gritty George — "Hist, pard! What was that noise — a dog?"
Sandy Pikes — " No; I guess it 's only our shins barking."—Boston Post.

AT three o'clock on September 19th, at St. George's Church, Grafton, Ontario, there took place the marriage of Miss Frances Eleanor Brooks, eldest daughter of Rev. Charles H. Brooks, Rector of Grafton, to Dr. Walter Vose Gulick, of St. Mary's Hospital, Rochester, Minn. The ceremony was performed by Canon Spragge of Cobourg, Ontario, assisted by Rev. H. Fidler of Colborne, Ontario. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a cream-colored gown of Algerian silk gauze with bertha and trimmings of knife-plaited chiffon. Her veil was of tulle, and she carried white roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss Mary Wallace Brooks, as maid of honor, and by Miss Constance Margaret Brooks as bridesmaid. The maid of honor wore white dotted Swiss over pink silk, with girdle of shaded pink ribbon and hat of open work embroidery trimmed with pink roses; her bouquet was of pink roses and maiden-hair fern. The bridesmaid wore pink and white flowered organdie, with hat of point d'esprit and rose-colored ribbon, and carried pink and white asters. The best man was Mr. Richard S. Twitchell of Newark, New Jersey, and the ushers were Mr. J. Hervey Gulick of Butte, Montana, brother of the groom, and Mr. R. A. Newman of Grafton. Dr. and Mrs. Gulick will make their home in Rochester, Minnesota.

TWO RAILROADS WE HAVE MET

I.

ANY drummer in the Middlewest will wax eloquent if you but mention the Pontiac, Oxford & Northern. It was started far back over the pages of history on a pair of crooked sapling rails and a corduroy roadbed,— and it has never arrived. Father Time passed it by at one stride, Pontiac reluctantly took to suburban electrics, and Oxford's ghost patiently awaits its decease. "Added dignity," "Stump Line," and "A dash to the Pole" have been suggested as reasons for the third term in the road's cognomen.

Everything breakable, unscrewable, or springable in the coaches was long ago bumped and thumped into oblivion over the ragged roadbed. Whenever the train fails to take an impediment at the first jump the engine is reversed and another trail made. The most solid

trunk succumbs to the jolting after a few trips and the passenger who can rid himself of the impression that there are no rails beneath the flattened wheels during these manœuvers is exceptionally strong of will.

No one ever timed a P. O. & N. train. Time by the wholesale is too precious even in Pontiac, the city of Insane Asylums, and long-lived watches are expensive.

The line's rolling-stock ought to be in the Smithsonian, its employees in a Home for the Superannuated, and its officers in a warmer clime. But the Pontiac, Oxford, & Northern, Methuselah of Railroads, will never die, because Michigan, Job of travelling publics, will never kill it.

II.

In the northwestern corner of Connecticut there lies writhing and twisting a railroad called the Central New England. The country it runs through is admirably suited to its remarkable gymnastic evolutions as it perambulates, like a hilariously reeling drunkard, through the hills of Litchfield County. There is a believable legend that the engineer who planned it was in a condition similar to the gentleman mentioned above, for the right of way buckles, twists, and ties itself into knots like a python with the colic. It is usually the custom for a railroad to pass through the centres of population *en route*. Not so, however, on the C. N. E. When the line finds itself approaching some such town it shys off and timidly extends a branch to the town. Thus travel is made up of a series of sallies back and forth, slight progress being made by prolonging the sallies in one direction or another. This method of doing things by fits and starts is also observed in running the strings of rattletrap cabooses called trains. On the fiercest, saw-backed, twisted pieces of roadbed the engineer will whoop her up to fifty an hour, and bet with the fireman as to whether they keep the rails or go bouncing off into some pleasant glen. Crash! a tunnel, and one finds the train poising on its outer wheels over a precipice. Z — zipp! We shudder over a rotten old trestle that would collapse if we gave it time. But give the enginemen a ten-mile tangent and the rickety old engine will crawl at five miles an hour, while the engineer eats his lunch, which, as he desired to digest it, he did not dare to take before. Talking of lunch — well, if you contemplate a

meal on the train, for the sake of your doctor's bill bring it yourself. Such is the road the N. Y., N. H. & H. contemplated buying to haul coal east from the mines near Poughkeepsie, but finally gave up the project because they considered coal too valuable to spill.

HINTS ON HUMOR

"OF all sad words of tongue or pen" the saddest are some of the jokes received by the long-suffering editor. Let us give a few hints on this sort of contribution.

In the first place, choose your subject with regard to its fitness. For instance, puns on murders and such subjects are not longed for by the general public. Although it seems this should be a needless warning, some half-dozen jokes have been rejected for this fault.

Secondly, be brief. State your joke in the fewest words possible without detracting from its humor. We cannot give a half page even to one of Mr. Brooks's most lovely ones.

Third, this year *The Sagamore* is going to take a stand as regards so-called "humorous translations." A translation must possess more than mere ridiculousness to be accepted.

Fourthly, Don't neglect exchanges—that is, unusually good jokes you see in other papers. Cut them out and submit them.

Finally, Don't go and get discouraged at all these conditions. Remember that it is much more difficult to originate a dozen good jokes than to write a mediocre short story. Persevere. Never give up! Keep the old Sagamore box full to its cracked cover!—The Editor.

Out West they have devised a convenient way for preventing and punishing automobile speeding. A mound some two feet high with a slope sharp enough to seriously jar a vehicle exceeding the speed limit is erected in the middle of the road. While it occasions no inconvenience to careful drivers, it will sharply jolt a car going twenty miles an hour, probably shock one going at a thirty-mile clip so that it would throw out the occupants, and send a machine going forty miles or over into the ditch in one grand somersault. What is more, this mode of providing against speeding has been upheld as legal by the courts.

WE are inexpressibly grieved to announce the death of Margaret Dana Kelley, one of the members of last year's graduating class. A girl with so keen an intellect is rarely numbered among the pupils of the High School. In her was noticeable what is so seldom to be found in a young girl, — the combination of a remarkably brilliant mind with the ability to acquire great popularity in the social life of the school. Her girlish sweetness and love of fun gained her many friends, and we know that both in the school and outside her death will be widely regretted. We extend our deepest sympathy to her bereaved family.

From Smith College, where Miss Kelley died, Miss Grace Kellogg, B. H. S.,'04, sends the following paragraph on the same sad subject: —

"The sudden death of Margaret Kelley from failure of the heart was a terrible shock to all of us. I think there was no one who ever saw her, who did not admire her and realize that she was a girl of whom great things might be expected. In the one week that she was with us here the girls at Mrs. Session's, where she lived, had become her loyal friends, and she was up for Freshman President, and would undoubtedly, I think, have received the election. The morning after her death, during the chanting of "The Lord is my Shepherd" in chapel, many of the girls broke down utterly, and throughout the two days following the sight of swollen-eyed girls going silently to and from recitations maintained an atmosphere of gloom over the whole college. The Sunday following the funeral, which was held here on Saturday, September 30th, President Seeley spoke of the realization of love in the midst of grief."

"Well," said my aunt, as she laid down her coat and hat, and beamed smilingly around at the assembly of her young nephews and nieces, "the journey was hot and tiresome, and to make things worse I lost my lunch on the way up, and — " Some one snickered, and then we all caught on, and laughed together. But my poor old aunt, when the joke she had unwittingly made was explained to her, blushed and said in vindication, "Oh, I didn't mean to *put it that way.*"

FOOTBALL SONG

Air: John Brown's Body.

Tackle low and tackle hard and never give an inch,
Hit the line and hit it hard to get there at a pinch,
You'll find that you have won the game though Newton is no cinch,
For this must be our day!

Chorus:
Score, oh score for good old Brookline! etc.
For this must be our day!

A little bird has flitted down and whispered this to me:
"The gods are with the fellows who display the Brookline B;
Otis' team will fight it out and win the victory,"
And this we know is true!

Chorus:
Glory, Glory for old Brookline, etc.
And this we know is true.

Some Brookline girls they ran across some Newton girls one day,
And Newton made so poor a show they blushed themselves away,
In football, too, you must admit, it is the selfsame way,
For we come out on top!

Chorus:
Join your voices then with ours, girls, etc.
For we come out on top!

(Last two verses to be sung after the game, IF—!)

The only one that's sorry that the game was won by us
Is the overworked conductor, you can almost hear him cuss
Though our song shakes up the timbers of this blooming omnibus,
As we go riding home!

Chorus:
Give them every one a cheer, boys, etc.
As we go riding home!

From Longwood down to Reservoir tonight will ring the cry,
"The game was won — the game was won — was won by Brookline High!"
And the blazing of our bonfires shall light up the midnight sky,
For this is Brookline's day!

Chorus:
Make the old town look alive, boys, etc.
For this is Brookline's day!

ATHLETICS

ATHLETICS AND PHYSICAL TRAINING

SOME people are prone to believe that the only purpose of a gymnasium and the only work assigned a physical director are the development and training of athletes. This is due to the fact that nearly every periodical gives more or less attention to the athletic events and transactions of the higher schools, because of the popular interest in the heroes of these games and of the contests that have of recent years obtained over football and track record making. Athletics are valued and approved because they have a genuine place in a complete education, and because they give a chance for the developing of interest and of enthusiastic school spirit in regard to physical training; but, after all, the supreme object of this type of education is to develop physique and health in all, rather than athletic capability in the few. The true end of physical training is not an athlete, a mere specialist in form of physical exercise, but a well-developed, thoroughly prepared man or woman.

It is the aim of the Physical Department in the Brookline High School that every boy shall enter into some phase of athletics. At the present time the school has a representative football team in the field, and in addition to this before the season is over every boy in the school will have learned the rudiments of football through class practice. Inter-class games will be played. No one individual will be neglected. During the winter term, in addition to the regular gymnasium work, inter-class games will be arranged for in the different winter sports. The same will be true during the spring term. The thing the American boy wants is natural exercise; and how can we meet this need in any better way than through athletics?

Primarily the college has to do with the soul. But in order to gain the best results in this direction the body must receive its due proportion of education. Athletics, the systematic cultivation of the bodily organism, therefore, are very necessary in every school curriculum.

Guy S. Lowman.

1905 BASEBALL

Owing to the unexpected length of the High School baseball season, the early date which the June *Sagamore* went to press, the final

examinations, and numerous other events of more or less moment, the batting and fielding averages were not made out until later in the summer. The person who made out the averages has taken great pains to have them as accurate as possible and hopes they will be of value to members of the school. In glancing over the following statistics it will be seen that Aechtler, Gaffey, Hann, and Marshall are the only members who have participated in every game. "Moke" Jones leads the team with the bat and Kimball is a close second. In fielding Hann leads, having many more put-outs than any other player.

Batting Averages.

Players.	Games.	At bat.	Runs.	Base hits.	Batting Av.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home Runs.
M. Jones	20	87	29	27	.311	4	3	3
R. Kimball	15	71	21	22	.310	2	0	0
A. High	21	74	21	22	.297	2	1	0
C. Hann	22	86	11	22	.256	2	0	0
R. Marshall	22	88	25	22	.250	3	2	2
G. Hann	4	8	2	2	.250	0	0	0
J. Aechtler	22	81	22	17	.210	4	0	0
J. Gaffey	22	96	19	19	.198	3	1	0
F. Fogarty	5	6	0	1	.166	0	0	0
T. Hill	14	59	17	9	.153	2	0	0
F. Furfey	10	21	4	3	.143	0	0	0
S. Burnham	5	8	3	1	.125	0	0	0
L. Arthur	12	33	9	4	.121	1	0	0
J. Clune	14	43	5	5	.117	0	0	0
E. Brown	9	21	1	2	.96	0	0	0

Fielding and Base Running.

Players and Positions.	Put-outs.	Assists.	Errors.	Fielding Average.	Stolen Bases.
C. Hann, 1b.	144	3	8	.952	15
G. Hann, c.	19	0	1	.950	0
T. Hill. c.	99	24	8	.936	8
S. Burnham, c.	22	4	2	.934	1
A. High, r.f.	52	7	6	.910	15
F. Furfey, p.	2	16	2	.900	1
R. Kimball, s,s.	29	35	10	.870	5
J. Gaffey, 2b.	52	30	16	.840	9
C. Brown, p.	2	13	3	.835	1
J. Aechtler, c.f.	33	12	10	.820	12
J. Clune, p.	6	26	8	.800	0
R. Marshall, 3b.	57	55	30	.790	14
L. Arthur, l. f.	11	10	6	.778	5
M. Jones, l. f. 2b.	31	15	14	.776	12

Compiled by C. H., '07.

GOLF SEASON — 1905

Summary —

Brookline	8	Brown and Nichols	3
"	6	Newton	5
"	8	Allan	4
"	9	DeMerritte	0
"	6	Roxbury	5
"	7	Volkmann	5
"	12	(default) Middlesex	0
	54		22

FOOTBALL

Captain George Otis issued his call for candidates soon after school opened, about twenty-five or thirty fellows responding. About half of them were too light, but they showed the right spirit in remaining out. The day before first practice, Coach Lowman gave the squad a little talk which showed his calibre as a man and coach. Since then he has won the admiration and respect of the boys by his snappy work and business-like methods. The team is bound to do well in his charge.

The squad consists of Daniels, Hann, Otis, Floyd, Shine, Kimball, Jones, Gaffey, McNamara, Fogarty, Howe, Fletcher, Driscoll, Sargent, McMillan, Morse, Gallet, Bailey, Dorman, Robart, White, Reede, Morrison, Nichols, Graham, F. and L. Johnson.

Football Schedule

Oct. 6. Volkmann at Brookline.
" 11. Milton at Milton.
" 13. M. I. T. 1908, at Brookline.
" 18. Haverhill High at Haverhill.
" 20. DeMerritte at Brookline.
" 24. Hyde Park at Brookline.
" 31. Dedham High at Brookline.
Nov. 10* Cambridge Latin at South End.
" 18. Boston Latin at Brookline.
" 24. Newton High at Newton.

B. H. S. vs. Volkmann

Brookline successfully opened the football season October 6th, by defeating Volkmann's team, 6-5. Volkmann kicked off. Brookline started the game with such snappy work that they lifted the Volk-

*League games.

mann team right off their feet, and soon sent the ball over the goal line, but the referee called the play offside and penalized Brookline severely. Volkmann then got the ball on downs and punted. The kick was short and Brookline was again on the way for a touchdown when time was called. Early in the second half, Fletcher was put over for a touchdown and Kimball kicked the goal. While Brookline was working its way up the field again there was a fumble near the 45-yard line, and Cobb, Volkmann's full-back, made a touchdown. Eaton failed to kick the goal. The end of the half found Brookline in Volkmann territory again.

The line-up:—

BROOKLINE	VOLKMANN
l. e. Bailey	r. e. Whitney
l. t. Floyd	r. t. Maxwell (S. Cobb)
l. g. Fletcher	r. g. Kellen
c. Johnson	c. Eaton
r. g. Hann	l. g. Waite (Nelson)
r. t. Sargent	l. t. Blanchard
r. e. Howe	l. e. H. Watson
q. b. Kimball	q. b. Miller
l. h. b. Gaffey	r. h. b. Rogers
r. h. b. Aechtler	l. h. b. Bartlett
f. b. Otis	f. b. C. Cobb

Referee — Delano. Umpire — Whitman. Linesmen — O'Hearn, Estabrook. Timers — Sharp, L. Watson. Time — 10 and 12 min. halves.

Brookline 5; Milton Academy 0.

TRACK ATHLETICS

At Brockton

Brookline was represented at the Brockton Fair by six men— Capt. Schlemm '07, Daniels '07, Treadwell '07, Boyd '08, C. Britten '06 (sub), and G. Hann '08. In the High School relay race there were entered, besides Brookline, Rindge Manual Training School and Brockton High School. Treadwell started for B. H. S., and handed Boyd ten yards over the Rindge man; Boyd gave Daniels twenty yards; Daniels increased the lead to sixty yards and Schlemm finished a hundred yards ahead of Rindge and two hundred yards ahead of Brockton. Time, 3.40.3; distance, 1 mile. Rindge ran a game race, but showed little speed. Daniels ran best for Brookline. Each member of the team received a $15 gold watch.

GRADUATE NOTES

Marjorie Henry, '04, is living, by invitation, at Mlle. Vincen's *pension* on West Street, Smith College. The house is charmingly furnished and is a veritable *pension* where nothing but French is spoken.

Grace Kellogg,' 04, has made the Banjo Club and the Mandolin Club at Smith, and will play on the latter.

Merton Belcher, '05, has been elected manager of Tech's '09 football team.

Miss Helen Gooding, B. H. S., '02, was married to Mr. Daniel A Rollins of Falls Church, Virginia, on Monday, the 25th of September, at her home on Marion street. On this occasion the engagement of Miss Marjorie Gooding, B. H. S. '03, to Dr. Arthur A. Cushing, B. H. S. '99, was announced.

Cards are out for the marriage of Ethel Louise Redding and John Taylor Floyd, B. H. S., '98. The ceremony will take place at the Vineville Baptist Church, Macon, Georgia, on the twenty-fourth of October, 1905.

On the evening of the fourteenth of September, Miss Mary Jackson Seely, B. H. S., '97, was married to Mr. Edson Akin Starks, of Montclair, New Jersey.

William P. Winch, B. H. S., '95 announces that he has opened an office for the general practice of the law at 54 Devonshire st., Boston.

NEWS NOTES

The Senior Class meeting resulted in the selection of the following officers: President, Ralph D. Marshall; Vice-President, Miss Mabel Cushing; Secretary, Miss Dorothy Gooding; Treasurer, Chester Bailey. The following participants in the Class Day Exercises were chosen: Orator, Clarence D. Britten; Prophets, Miss Dorothy Tufts and Robert E. Andrews; Poet, Miss Muriel Seeley; Historian, Everard Pratt; Ivy Odist, Malcolm D. Price.

The class meeting of the III. class resulted in the election of Walter Cady for President; Miss Margaret O'Hearn for Vice-President; Daniel Sharp for Treasurer; and Miss Mary Clark for Secretary.

It is announced that Miss Pearl Skillen will act as Captain, Miss Ernestine Thielscher as Manager, of the Girls' Basket Ball Team. All success for the coming season!

Change in Sagamore Elections

The method of choosing The Sagamore editors will undergo an important change next year. The Editorial Board will at the end of the year elect from the class reporters of the II., III., and IV. classes new editors to take the place of those graduating. Thus the class reporterships are made stepping-stones to service on the Editorial Board, which will demand much more of its members than heretofore. The Class Reporters for this year are: Class II., Cooley and Treadwell; Class III., Miss Bryant and Seligman; Class IV., Miss Wells and Diergin.

A Mandolin, Banjo and Guitar Club has been established and the work is proceeding smoothly, although not nearly as many candidates presented themselves as might be desired. If any person playing the banjo or guitar would like to join the club, by presenting themselves to Malcolm Price or Gordon Sampson they will be given a fair trial.

We are informed by a recently-posted notice from the school health authorities that we are "to always carry handkerchiefs; to never wipe pens on the hair; not to kiss on the lips," during school hours at least, "and not to swap half-eaten candy, gum, apples, etc."

A Russian immigrant of tender age was being registered in a down-town Philadelphia school. The teacher questioned, "What is your name?"

"Katinka," replied the child.

"And your father's name?"

"I never hat one," came the quick response.

"Then tell me your mother's name," said the teacher kindly.

"I never hat no mudder, neither," answered the little child seriously, "I was born off my gran'mudder." — Lippincott's.

KOMIKALS.

"I aint so pertickler as my colleagues up North," said Brother Cottonball as he took the contribution plate, "but der' s one taint I find in dis here money, and dat is 'taint nuff!"

"What is the third word in line twelve?"asked the French teacher.
"Oh," said F-g-rty, "Blonk mange? Some kind of a disease horses have, is n't it?"

In speaking of a certain kind of a life preserver, Mr. Packard said, "With one of those preservers you cannot drown yourself to save your life."

Speaking of society, some people who think they are the centres. are really only the thirty-centers.

Mrs. Nagger—"Perhaps you recall it was on a railroad train that we first met and—"
Mr. Nagger—"Yes, but it 's too late now for me to sue the company for damages."—Philadelphia Ledger.

He—"It 's hard to keep a secret sometimes, is n't it?"
She—"I don't know. I 've never tried it."—Detroit Free Press.

Miss Kremey (in book store)—"Have you Moore's poems?"
Clerk—"Yes, miss, I 'll get 'em for you. By the way, here 's a splendid story called 'Just One Kiss.'"
Miss Kremey (coldly)—"I want Moore."—Phildelphia Ledger.

Lady (getting on Thirty-fourth street car)—"Conductor, do you stop at the Waldorf-Astoria?"
"Conductor—"No, madam. How can you expect me to do so at $12 a week?"—New York Times.

Mrs. Jawworker—"So you are going to leave me, Bridget; have n't I treated you like one of the family?"
Bridget—"Indade ye have, mum, an' Oi've shtood it as long as Oi 'm going to!"

Nice old lady—"Will you kindly tell me if the lady who writes 'The Mothers' Page' every week in your paper is in? I want to tell her how much I have enjoyed reading her articles on 'The Evening Hour in the Nursery.'"
Office Boy—"That's him over there with the pink shirt smoking a pipe."—The Yazoo Bazoo.

"I want to look at a cheap skate,"said the man at the door of a hardware store.
"Very sorry," said the hobo, who had just been turned down and who was leaving the store, "but the boss has just stepped out."—Yonkers Statesman.

OLD STORY

Greening—"Last evening I proposed to a girl who is interested in photography."

Browning—"What was the result?"

Greening—"She got busy and developed a negative."—*Chicago News.*

A DIFFICULT ACCOMPLISHMENT

Patience—"That dentist of mine is a remarkable man."

Patrice—"How so?"

Patience—"Why he can actually smile when he 's looking down in the mouth".—*Yonkers Statesmen*

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VOL. 12 NO. 2

THE SAGAMORE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL, MASS.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Editorials 37
A Youthful Sin 39
The First Race 40
Murphy's Pipe Dream 41
Watermelons in the Corn 47
Book Review, No. 2 49
Athletics 50
Graduate Notes 56
Chronicle of the Month 57
History in the Making 58
The Powers that Be 60

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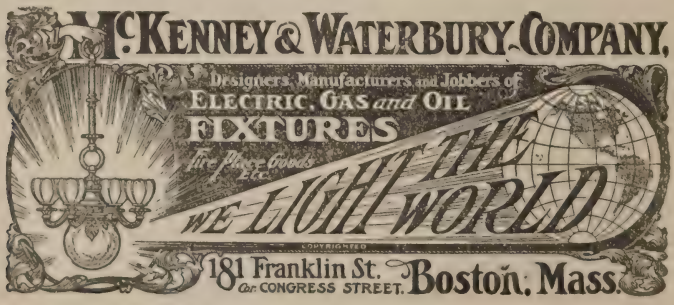

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 12 NOVEMBER, 1905 NUMBER 2

EDITORIALS

DAME RUMOR has spread her wings over the High School. Certain stories concerning the new members of the Faculty and their policies are sifting through the community — some by way of the newspapers, more in gossip. We have investigated every rumor of this kind which has come to our notice and have yet to find one founded on fact. Anything which discredits our Faculty discredits our school. No true member of the institution will help along or believe any such rumor until its truth is proved.

The Sagamore asks the school to join in giving our new teachers a hearty welcome, and bespeaks for them the loyalty of every scholar in order that their efforts in our behalf may be as successful as they deserve to be.

A rather startling suggestion comes to us from a schoolfellow identified with athletics. His plan is that instead of cups or medals as prizes for athletic excellence, the awards shall consist either of running-shirts, or running trunks, or shoes. The idea is theoretically all right and sound, but it would not, we are afraid, meet with unanimous approval. On the one hand is the argument that a prize has much more real value if it can be utilized; on the other, that a prize should be a lasting symbol of victory, and things that are useful are not everlasting or anywhere near it. Also force of custom would make it seem ridiculous to us if the gentleman presenting the prizes should say, " L-- C— has won the first prize shirt for the 440-yard run."

In looking over The Sagamore files recently, we noticed an editorial in the April, 1904, number which incidentally proceeded to an enumeration of the traditions of this school. It mentioned

Commencement, the Senior Dance, "Prize Speaking" and, to quote the expression employed, "especially the 'Friday mornings' which are so unique and so much enjoyed." Since then Senior Class Day has been added to the list. It is the reference to "Friday mornings" which impresses us as especially worthy of reiteration at this time. These occasions have certainly been a charming and valuable feature of the High School, serving, as Addison would say, both the purpose of an "agreeable instruction" and a "useful diversion." Especially have they been unique. As a distinctive tradition we think that the practice is most worthy of perpetuation.

We are in receipt of an article from Miss Skillen, '06, in regard to the prohibition of interscholastic basketball for the girls. For those who are yet in ignorance of this matter, we may state here that the authorities have decided to stop all interscholastic contests in this, practically the only form of athletics open to the girls at school, and the only one in which they have possessed the wholesome incentive of interscholastic rivalry. The only reason given for this action is that the girls are physically unable to bear the strain. Miss Skillen asks that the girls who would play be allowed to undergo a physical examination. This, at first sight, seems a fair proposal, but, on the other hand, such an examination would not cover the whole question. Basketball might undermine a girl's strength so that it would be noticeable in after life, although she might pass such an examination as the above without it being apparent. The question is being hotly debated all the time whether rowing, long-distance running, and other of the more strenuous sports, are not physical detriments possessing weakening effects upon after life. Every one has his own personal opinion on such a question, and whatever ours is we must bow to that of "the powers that be." As Miss Skillen was to be captain of the team, she feels it somewhat hard that the games already scheduled cannot be played. We sympathize with her, and with the desire she expresses in behalf of the girls of the school that they be allowed to take part in the school's athletics. She naïvely states, however, that the girls think "they are in school simply as ornaments." We are loth to disillusion the young ladies, but this is far from being the case. However much we sympathize with them, we cannot but feel that the action of the authorities is, in this case as always, for our best interests.

We take pleasure in expressing our tardy yet sincere admiration and sympathy to him who has sacrificed his activity for a whole winter to the interests of football in this school. Football was the only sport in which Kimball did not participate during his Freshman year; in all the others he had not only done well, but excelled, so it was to be expected that he should do likewise on the gridiron. If he fulfils the promise he showed this fall he will undoubtedly be one of the finest quarterbacks the school has ever had.

Is there an organized Dramatic Club in the school?
If not, there ought to be.
If there is, let's hear from it.
That's all!

A YOUTHFUL SIN

D. R. Stevens, '06

This is not so bad as it sounds —Ed.

THE only time I ever lied to my father was when I was about five years old, but I can remember it as though it happened yesterday.

My father and mother had gone in town, one hot afternoon, to a matinee, leaving me to my own resources. They had hardly been gone half an hour before one of my playmates, a mischievous little imp, put in his appearance. Having nothing better to do, we wandered around the house "seeking whom we might devour." The first thing that met our inquisitive gaze was a neighbor's hose lying uncoiled on the lawn. Happy thought! Why not turn the water on and have some fun? No sooner said than done, and we were soon taking turns running through the stream of water, to see who could run through the most times before he felt it through his clothes. Tiring of this, we pointed the nozzle towards the ground and began boring a hole in the lawn. After we had made the hole at least two feet deep, we began to squirt the water through the kitchen window in my house. A moment later the owner of the hose came out and took it away, much to our disgust.

When father came home he wanted to know what had made the kitchen floor all wet. I told him Mrs. Allen had squirted the hose through the window. He was wondering about the veracity of that statement when Mrs. Allen came in and said, with some emphasis, "Your son has made a big hole in my lawn playing with my hose!" Then father took me quietly but firmly upstairs.

THE FIRST RACE

CLARENCE D. BRITTEN, '06

"YE'R all right, son. Just relax till them signals come. Then jump, and jump quick. Keep ye head up. Some fool Freshies say a feller's wind 's gone 'cause he holds his head high. That 's grand-stand chatter. Don't look as if ye 'r ashamed to run. Sprint if ye 'r passed and spurt on the last fifty. I' m off to take another dollar on ye."

. . . . . .

A long, broad belt of black enclosing an oval of green. A narrow straight-away, twenty yards from start to track. On the left, just at the edge of the oval, a group of clubmen — short-panted Freshmen wide-trowsered Sophomores, great-coated upper classmen—all in black "dinkies" crested with the dear old blue and white which blinked encouragement to the blue and white sash at the starting-line. Across the track a red-badged official in shirt sleeves stretching taut the worsted, a line of twirling white above the dead black of the cinders, of quivering invitation to victory. On the right the weather-beaten bleachers supporting a tropical garden of waving color — the orange of the Beta Zeta, the crimson of the Bachelor, the purple of the P. G. S., and the rainbow tints of spring costumes. Over all the softening gold and red of the sunset.

"Ready!" Four white figures spring to the line. "On your marks!" Forty straining fingers scratch a purchase in the cinders. "Get set!" Four tense faces stare down the course. A sharp, metallic crack. A mad leap forward. Then the gradual settling into a regular pace with the others in the vague behind. Suddenly the quarter post, and with it a challenger for first place. The half is passsed with more effort and the running becomes a dogged struggle to hold position to the next quarter. The post at last. A dizzy swing around the end. Every muscle throbbing in the spurt to finish. Two twitching arms shoot up. The dancing line of white snaps.

. . . . . .

"I knew it, sonny. You had 'em beat out from the gun. Yer old trainer's proud of ye, kid, proud of ye! But I did n't tell ye to hang yer head down yer back."

MURPHY'S PIPE DREAM

CLARENCE D. BRITTEN, '06

I

I FOUND Pipe Murphy in the old lockers tinkering with the rotten canvas and lumped sawdust of an ancient dummy — Murphy, Dartmoor's red-haired, bronze-faced, and orange-blazered trainer — Murphy of the brown-checked trowsers, yellow shoes, and stub pipe. I spent the first of my four freshman years under him, playing quarterback on the '97, which tied Chicago. Pipe therefore welcomed me with a cordiality which few of the press receive and shook hands with a grip that left several particles of sawdust imbedded in my glove. I went through the old formality of proffering a cigar, which he ground between his calloused hands and packed into the dirty bowl. We both knew that the pipe would not be filled again until after the Case game, the end of the season. When he had the strange charge well lighted, he answered, talking between puffs around the left side of the black cob, my timeworn question,

"What 's the prospect?"

"To yez *personally* — foine — g-r-reat — glorious —foive vets, a two-hunderd-twenty fresh, average a hunderd-seventy, Gorton who took the High School mile record from —"

"Can you score?" I asked breathlessly, all my old love of the Red and Gray returning.

The cob inscribed a great arc.

"Score — we 'll bate 'em, murder 'em, ate 'em aloive! Why, God luv' yez! we 've got the crack—"

"I know," I said, "but Yost 's got another bunch of crackerjacks — I 've seen them."

"Crackerjacks — sprinters," his contempt was immense.

Coghlan, the captain, raced down the steps of the new locker-building opposite, trotted across the intervening space, lacing his ragged togs as he ran; dropped in upon us through a broken window; and began to gather up balls and stray bits of tackle.

"Yez may write yer Tribune, Mr. Morton," Murphy addressed me impressively, "as Dartmoor is down on 'er luck this year. There be four men'n the 'orsptal. The team is all feather-weights. We

'aven't a man as could run tin yards widout breaking. Dartmoor 'll play Mich. in 'varsity halves 'cause she 's got sand, but she 'as n't the ghost of a chance to score. But, betwune yez an' me an' the dummy (beggin' yer pardon, Mr. Coghlan), make ivery cint yez can wheedle out o' the Tribune, say *Dartmoor scores on Michigan—scores* not *bates*, me b'y — in the last tin minnits o' play!"

"Come, Pipe," called Coghlan from the door, "get a move on with that dummy. The fellows are all on the field."

"Who are yez to be ortherin' Thrainer Murphy around?" shouted Pipe in mock anger. "If we had a coach now —"

"Yost himself could not do what you 're doing for us, Pipe. Dobson and Gilmore are out there now and think they 're coaching, but no grad. jackasses for ours — we 've got a professional. Come out and watch us, Morton, but don't advertise that pipe-dream of Murphy's."

Out on the gridiron thirty big fellows were manipulating the pigskin in snappy style under the supervision of Dobson and Gilmore, last year's stars. I joined a group of students at one end of the oval, was introduced to the new members of my frat., and was required to answer the usual questions about the big teams before I could get a word with the manager. Finally he took me aside.

"D 'ye remember when Case held Michigan down forty-six to six in '02?" he asked.

"I didn't see the game."

"Case had a team like ours, but not so heavy. They balked every trick Yost's men tried, they found every man's weak point, and worked it till they had the sprinters seeing red and playing reckless. More new men went into that game than any game Michigan ever played. The 'varsity simply had to push Case over the line for every touchdown. Then the inevitable fumble happened, Case got the ball and raced for a touchdown. Of course they were battered some, but they scored."

A light began to dawn upon me.

"You must have seen the Kalamazoo game last year," he continued.

I nodded.

" 'Member how Kalamazoo let Michigan through, under, over, and around them until the U. of M. fellows got careless? Then how

the foxy Baptists put in a crack hundred man — fresh — and watched their chance?"

Michigan fumbled on the fifteen-yard line, Kalamazoo's sprinter got the ball and started with an open field, and—"

"And a Mich. tackle more used to running in padded togs caught him," I finished.

"Exactly."

I watched the practice scrimmage, considering. I was mentally discounting Murphy's exuberance.

"See if I have it straight," I demanded. "Dartmoor's team is heavy enough to hold Michigan for — say one-half. Then at the beginning of the second she lets the Yellow and Blue through, judiciously. Then she holds again. Michigan brings up every man to break through, gets careless, fumbles, and Gorton, just put in fresh, runs the length of the field for a touchdown. Your big ends take care of their tackles."

"Exactly," he said again.

Yost's tackles are picked to prevent scoring through such tactics.

On my way to Chicago I stopped at Detroit and Ann Arbor, — at Detroit to persuade a two-hundred pound nephew of mine that he needed a scientific education at Dartmoor, at Ann Arbor to place a long string of Dartmoor bets, blind ones for the most part, for the secret was zealously guarded, and to take another look at Yost's "sprinters." My nephew went to Dartmoor, and I wrote Murphy that so long as he chose to stay it would cost me a thousand dollars a year, and to get the money's worth out of him.

II

October 7 Dartmoor met Michigan on Regent's Field. If she scored, I stood to win enough — bets and commissions — to marry upon. The second most interested party sat next to me in the Dartmoor bleachers. Across the oval in the press box a Tribune "cub" was covering my story, probably badly rattled with the honor of a whole table and instrument to himself. It was a bitter cold day with the wind in our faces — in fact, we could occasionally hear across the green the *clickety — click — click* of the copy as it sped on its way to the metropolitan dailies.

By way of overture, the band played "The Yellow and the Blue," accompanied by a whistling chorus from the Michigan grandstands.

Then "Old Dartmoor" — the school is twenty years old — was murdered while we sang. The Michigan rooters tried a new "fireworks" yell, with good success. Dartmoor had sent eighty men a thousand miles to see this contest. There were two thousand Wolverines ready to drown us out if we opened our mouths. We saved our wind.

The Ann Arbor men were on the gridiron first— twenty of them, running, scrimmaging, and kicking with the fear of Yost upon them. When Dartmoor's team appeared and followed suit, the effect was kaleidoscopic.

Michigan received the ball on her ten-yard line. By a great tackle Coghlan caught the runner on the thirty-yard line. Michigan gained one yard on the first down, two on the second, one on the third, and the ball went over. Dartmoor held well but made no gains. The kick was strong and left the ball to Michigan on her ten-yard line. By steady line-bucking the ball was worked down to Dartmoor's thirty-yard line. At this point the first accident occurred—Coghlan was kicked in the stomach and had to be carried out. It looked like slugging, and the manner in which the Dartmoor eleven set their shoulders against the opposite line meant business. Michigan lost four yards on the next down; the quarterback lost his head, gave the signal for a kick for goal, and then missed by a bare foot. The Michigan rooters groaned. A bunch of Alpha Nu fellows called across the field in a pleading voice,

"We — are — wait — ing — for — you — MICHIGAN!"

Yost sent three fresh men into the game, calling out among the others the disgraced quarterback.

Michigan caught the ball on her thirty-five-yard line, was downed on the forty-five, and commenced another line-bucking campaign, which carried her within twenty yards of the goal. Here she was penalized fifteen yards for persistent offside playing. Dartmoor held the line and blocked the kick.

There was another heavy groan across the field. Ten minutes to play, Dartmoor's ball, and not one touchdown! Even the "locomotive" failed to rise their spirits. Several more Michigan men were changed.

Dartmoor made good her distance once, but was finally forced to kick from her forty-yard line. Michigan was downed on her thirty-

yard line and once more started down the field. The weaker eleven was unmistakably tired and the ball got within ten yards of a touchdown before time was called.

We were cheering wildly now, though often our voices were lost in the sea of sound which swept across from the banks of Yellow and Blue.

"Jack," said a voice at my side, "it's getting dark. They can't play thirty-five minutes more."

Then I shouted for pure joy. Dartmoor had delayed the game at first and had been killing time all along. Yost would spend some time lecturing his men and the last half would be cut down to fifteen or twenty minutes.

The game re-opened after twenty minutes' intermission. Gorton caught the kick-off on our ten-yard line. That husky nephew of mine broke a path for him and he reached the centre of the field. When Dartmoor was forced to kick, Michigan caught the ball on her ten-yard line and was immediately downed. Then began the finest specimen of line bucking I have ever seen. I expected to see our line open and let them through, but the defence was just as thorough and strong as ever. Every trick play was blocked as in the first half. Evidently the plan of giving way had been abandoned. The ball came back up the field slowly but surely. At our twenty-yard line the Michigan quarterback slipped out of the scrimmage and made for the goal. He was tackled, broke himself free, and was tackled again, but this time dragged his man over the line for a touchdown at the very corner of the field. The position and the high wind prevented a goal.

"Jack, is the score five to nothing?"

"Yes," I shouted, "it was fifty to nothing last year."

Dartmoor kicked off. The Michigan runner was tackled and downed on the thirty-yard line. Michigan was now thoroughly awake. Our men were pushed back to the centre of the field and two runs brought the ball to the ten-yard line. There were two minutes left. Could we hold them?

Our yell-master's voice gave out, and I found myself leading the cheering, a big red and gray megaphone in my hand. We sent yells ten years old out to the team — yells which had given their brothers a victory over the Yellow and Blue before days of "Hurry-Up" Yost.

A 'varsity tackle was carried out and play resumed. Another break and two of our fellows were helped off the field. Suddenly we saw the pigskin roll coquettishly out of the melee, saw Gorton rush around the scrimmage, scoop up the ball at full speed, and race down the field. There was no one in front of him, but the new tackle behind was gaining every second. Forty yards — thirty yards —he 's closing on you — run, for the love of Dartmoor, *run!* —twenty yards — ten yards —Hurrah! Squarely between the posts and just time for the goal!

Pipe Murphy removed his empty cob as I handed over his share of the spoil.

"Yer nephy 's got a kick in the chist fer holdin' down a tackle; Spencer's got a broken tendon; Gorton's head 's cut open; Coghlan's out of the game for good — sorry a way to begin a season— Of course we bate 'em — I tol' yez we would. And we 'll trim Case worse nor the 'Varsity trims 'em."

I fervently thanked the football god for Murphy's pipe-dream.

Badly flustered bridegroom, who stutters, to minister officiating— "Er — i--is it kistomary t--to cuss the b--b--bride?"

She — "Did you come in during the course of the play?"
He — "Yes, the second course. I was the supe."

Frantic Father — "How is it that I find you kissing my daughter, sir! Tell me, you scoundrel, how is it!"
Appreciative Young Man — "Fine, sir, fine!"

Landlord — "We have been forced to raise your rent."
Tenant — "Oh, thanks. I couldn't do it myself."

Reporter — "I understand that one of your guests committed suicide last night by hanging himself out of a third-story window.
Proprietor —"Well, there was such a roomer in the air for a while."

Senior — "Professor, I am indebted to you for all I know."
Professor — "Don't mention such a trifle."

Fuddled Freshy — By the hypothenuse the angles are equal."

WATERMELONS IN THE CORN

M. D. Price, '06

IT was in a little town in the State of Iowa at about half-past six in the evening of a late August day. I had just finished my supper and was wondering just what I should do on that particularly fine evening, when I saw wandering up the street "Fat" Williams and "Bill" Edmunds, two of my chums. Fat gave a peculiar little whistle and held three fingers out at his side so that no one could see but myself. I gave an answering signal and hurried into the house to don an old sweater and some old shoes. My mother and father were sitting on the veranda, and as I was about to join Fat and Bill, who were waiting for me, I was stopped by the question from mother as to where I was going.

"Oh, I am just going for a litle stroll with the fellows." I answered.

"Well, don't be out after 9.30!"

Father glanced inquiringly at my old clothes, but said nothing. However, I noticed an amused twinkle in his eye as he remarked to mother that it was strange how the boys liked to take such long walks in the evening. I did not stop for any reply, but rushed off, delighted at not being bothered by any more troublesome questions. I soon reached my companions, and we started off at a brisk walk.

"Where are you going, fellows?" I asked.

"Out to Magoon's," said Bill.

"Are they ripe yet?" I again queried.

"Sure! I went by there today with pa, and I saw some beauts, and right close to the fence, too. Say, ain't it a great old night?"

"You bet, and the moon will be just right. It 's good we 've all got something dark on. We got to be mighty careful, as I hear old man Magoon is just aching to catch some one in his patch."

"Well, he won't catch me," said Fat, who, by the way, was not fat at all, but had acquired his name in some way or other, as boys do.

After half an hour of steady walking, we came in sight of a large farm, with great fields of corn and wheat stretching as far as the eye could see. The group of farm buildings was situated quite near the road and the great barns loomed up in the dim light like phantoms. Now, the road ran right beside a cornfield, and we knew that somewhere in that field there was a watermelon patch. The

farmers usually plant their melons in among the corn, having several good reasons for doing so; but, nevertheless, when the corn is small a perceiving eye can spot where, later on, there is going to be a fine patch of melons.

We slowly sauntered along until we came to the spot where Bill had seen his "beauts," and after a careful survey of the land we made an entrance into the field. Soon a disgusted grunt coming from Fat, who had gone ahead, reached my ears, and was in substance, "Say, Bill, you got an eye like a pertater. These ain't nothing but dinged old squashes." Sure enough, squashes they were.

I then took the lead,and said that if they would follow me I would show them right where the melons were. Once in the corn we were comparatively safe, for in one of those great fields no eye can perceive a moving thing twenty feet from the road. I walked straight towards the farmhouse, and, sure enough, we soon discovered some more vines. We raced impetuously forward, but again were disappointed.

"It's only pumpkins," said Bill.

"Now just you wait," said I, and we had not gone ten feet before we struck some big melons. And perhaps you think they were n't good? Well, say, I have never eaten any since that tasted like those, and I never expect to again.

We had become separated while engaged in our luxurious pastime, and I was just thumping a fine big one when I heard some one coming towards me in the corn.

"Is that you, Bill?" I asked, for I could not distinguish the figure in the dim light.

"No, it ain't Bill, it's me," said a wrathful voice, which I recognized as that of "old man" Magoon.

You can imagine that I did not stop to eat any more melons. No, sir! I put off in the opposite direction about as fast as I could run, for, if I was not mistaken, it was a horse-whip that I saw in Mr. Magoon's hand. Oh! how I did run! If I could only run that way in a race, why I would be a champion. I had one great advantage over my pursuer, that being that I was short and my head was below the tops of the corn stalks,whereas the sharp blades brushing against his face impeped his progress, but I could hear him plodding along after me, swearing steadily.

After a while, however, as I no longer heard him, I thought it safe to take a breathing spell. Nothing stirred around me except the rustling corn, which sounded like the surges of a great ocean. I cautiously made my way to the road, and peered up and down. Soon I heard a low whistle and was shortly joined by Bill. He said he did n't know what had become of Fat; but he did not think that he had been caught, as he had always succeeded in escaping up to this time. Bill and I, however, did not stop for any lengthy conversation, but took a short cut over the hills and arrived home a little after nine. We were just in time to get some ice-cream that mother was passing around, and after saying good night to all I went to bed to dream of being tied to a tree with old man Magoon, throwing watermelons at my head.

BOOK REVIEW

Each month The Sagamore will publish a review of some book, either fiction or non-fiction, of interest to the school. Criticism of such books is invited.

No. 2. "The Silent Places," by Stewart Edward White

"THE SILENT PLACES" is considered by competent critics as the best work of fiction dealing with the American frontier which has been produced since Cooper's Leather-Stocking series. All who have read the book will agree that it is a piece of real literature. The story is a simple and charming one, the scene being laid in that fabled country of the Canadian Northwest, which was formerly known as the Hudson Bay Territory. Mr. White's simple and forceful style is the one which may best be employed in such a work where an oratorial and verbose style would be horribly inconsistent. The reader is made to picture the cold, white wastes and the desolate pine forests of the North, and to know the old trapper, the young woodsman, and the sombre redman as though they were alive. He is imbued with the spirit of vastness and of cold. This book is, in several respects, better than any of the Leather-Stocking series. Its style is much more direct, and it lacks those tiresome and overdrawn descriptions which are so general with Cooper. The spirit of "The Silent Places," rather than its diction, is what fascinates the reader.— *McClure, Phillips & Co., 1904.*

ATHLETICS

B. H. S. vs. Milton Academy

BROOKLINE HIGH won its second game October 11th, by defeating Milton Academy at Milton, 5-0. Brookline kicked off, and at once Milton began to force Brookline slowly back, while Quarterback Kimball kept shouting, "Charge 'em low, Brookline, low!" and a large number of supporters led by Youngman cheered "Hold 'em!" until on their four-yard line Brookline held for downs and began to rip up the Blue's line. Time was called when our team reached Milton's 40-yard line. In the second half, Gaffey made a long run and Kimball drop-kicked unsuccessfully, a Brookline player recovering the ball after it was fumbled by a Milton man. Following a good quarterback rush by Kimball, Gaffey made another long run, placing the ball on Milton's 3-yard line, from which Fletcher was put over for a touchdown. Kimball failed to kick a goal, owing to the difficult angle. Milton was held for downs again, and Gaffey punted well after Brookline had been severely penalized. The noticeable absence of fumbling showed that the team had learned its lesson from the Volkmann game.

The line-up:—

BROOKLINE	MILTON
l. e. Shine	r. e. Pond
l. t. Floyd	r. t. Jordan
l. g. Fletcher	r. g. Houston
c. Emerson	c. Morris
r. g. Hann	l. g. Robinson
r. t. Sargent	l. t. Dewey
r. e. Bailey (Graham)	l. e. Green
q. b. Kimball	q. b. Davis
l. h. b. Gaffey	r. h. b. Pope
r. h. b. Daniels (Aechtler)	l. h. b. Evans
f. b. Otis	f. b. Parker

Referee — Hallahan. Umpire — Fischel. Linesmen — Howe and ——— Timers — F. Johnson and Mr. Bennett. Time — 12 and 10 min. periods.

B. H. S. vs. Tech, '08

Friday, October 13th, the team went to the Tech field, where the Technology Sophomores were defeated, 5-0. Although the '08 team was heavy, Brookline held it for downs and forced a punt. Each team fumbled once, Brookline's occurring on the Tech 5-yard line, but Floyd and Sargent recovered the ball and Gaffey scored. Kimball's two quarterback runs were features of the game.

The line-up:—

BROOKLINE	TECH, 1908
l. e. Bailey	r. e. Heilman (Gregory)
l. t. Floyd	r. t. Ellis (Allen) (Hall)
l. g. Fletcher	r. g. Allen (Schiefer)
c. Emerson	c. H. E. Allen
r. g. Otis (Hann)	l. g. Elsworth
r. t. Sargent (Otis)	l. t. Glover (capt.)
r. e. Howe	l. e. Smith (Joslyn)
q. b. Kimball	q. b. Soule
l. h. b. Gaffey	r. h. b. Boylston
r. h. b. Aechtler	l. h. b. Barnes
f. b. Jones	f. b. Wemple

Score — Brookline, 5; Tech, '08, 0. Touchdown — Gaffey. Referee — Delano. Umpire — Rapelyer. Linesmen — R. Marshall and Friedman. Timers — J. Shine and Sewall. Time — 10 min. halves.

B. H. S. vs. DeMerritte School

On the wet, slippery campus, Wednesday, October 18th, Brookline tied with DeMerritte School, 6-6, when they should have won, but fumbling spoiled their chances. DeMerritte scored in less than two minutes, having received the ball on a fumble near the goal line and putting it over by hard playing. In the second half Fletcher made a touchdown and Kimball kicked the goal. Wallis played well for DeMerritte, Gaffey and Fletcher excelled in ground gaining for Brookline.

The line-up:—

BROOKLINE	DEMERRITTE
l. e Bailey (Graham)	r. e. MacGaffey
l. t. Floyd	r. t. Johnson
l. g. Fletcher	r. g. Beal
c. Emerson	c. Gott
r. g. Hann (K. White)	l. g. Harkins
r. t. Sargent	l. t. Brush
r. e. Howe	l. e. Linehan
q. b. Kimball	q. b. Dunne
l. h. b. Gaffey (Robart)	r. h. b. Loveland
r. h. b. Aechtler	l. h. b. Wallis (capt.)
f. b. Jones	f. b. Donnelly

Referee — Delano. Umpire — Perkins. Linesmen — F. Johnson and Evans. Timers—W. Kerrigan and McMahon. Time — 20 min. halves.

B. H. S. vs. Hyde Park

Brookline won her fourth game October 24th, by defeating Hyde Park, 17-0. It was the best defensive game Brookline has yet played. On the offensive, the improved team work was very noticeable. On Hyde Park's 30-yard line, Brookline got the ball on downs. Kimball made two long quarterback runs, but in the second run his leg was broken when he was tackled. This is the most unfortunate

accident which has happened to any of Brookline's team for a long time and will incapacitate one of the school's best athletes for several months. Pete Fletcher scored and Aechtler kicked the goal. Hyde Park fumbled twice and punted, but held Brookline for downs and was again forced to kick. Aechtler made a long run around left end and Pete Fletcher made twenty yards in three downs, and scored. Aechtler's try for a goal failed. After the kick-off in the second half, Fletcher again started at five yards and more per down, helped by Hann, who stayed by him well. Brookline was penalized fifteen yards, but Pete broke through and made it up. Fletcher went over the line again, and Aechtler kicked the goal. After the kick-off, Hyde Park took a brace and gained rapidly until they lost the ball on a fumble. In this and previous games the team has been penalized too often. The fellows should be more careful. A loss of fifteen yards might easily lose the game.

The line-up: –

BROOKLINE	HYDE PARK
l. e. Bailey (Howe)	r. e. Emerson
l. t. Floyd	r. t. R. Harlan
l. g. Fletcher (K. White)	r. g. Darling
c. Emerson	c. D. Emerson
r. g. Hann	l. g. Davie
r t. Sargent	l. t. W. Harlan
r. e. Howe (Graham)	l. e. Andrews
q. b. Kimball (McNamara)	q. b. Towle
l. h. b. Robart	r. h. b. Finn
r. h. b. Aechtler	l. h. b. Baxter (capt.)
f. b. Otis (Fletcher)	f. b. Roman

Referee — Delano. Umpire — Smith. Linesmen — Gaffey and Bates. Timers—Cleary and MacIntyre. Time — 20 and 15 min. periods.

Brookline vs. Dedham

In this game, played on the playground the last day of October, Brookline began to show something not unlike the form which they will have to have to win the championship. The only great fault they displayed was a tendency to holding and off-side play, losing over fifty yards during the game by penalties. Though Gaffey, Hann, Jones, Howe, and Otis (until the last minute of play) were on the side lines, the team had no difficulty with their rather light opponents. Dedham kicked off, and Brookline walked through them to her opponents' thirty-yard line where she was penalized for holding. Shortly afterwards Aechtler dropped back as if for a try for goal, and then circled right end for a touchdown, but missed the goal. Dedham kicked off, and the home team was able to push Floyd over after rushing the ball the length of the field by long gains, Fletcher and Aechtler carrying the ball most of the time. Johnson kicked the goal, and time was called shortly after. Dedham received the kick next half, but was unable to gain. It was the first time

she had the ball. In a few plays Fletcher broke loose and crossed the line for the third touchdown. This time Johnson missed the try for goal. Brookline received the kick, and again carried the ball steadily along the field, and over the goal line. Johnson by kicking the goal made the final score 22-0.

The line-up :—

BROOKLINE	DEDHAM
l. e. Bailey	r. e. Finn
l. t. Floyd	r. t. G. Rogers
l. g. Johnson	r. g. Eastman
c. Emerson	c. Grant
r. g. White (Otis)	l. g. Ward
r. t. Sargent	l. t. Harris
r. e. Morse	l. e. Biddle
q. b. MacNamara	q. b. Staples
l. h. b. Robart	r. h. b. Hurley
r. h. b. Aechtler	l. h. b. Ames
f. b. Fletcher	f. b. D. Rogers

Referee — Delano. Umpire — Hallahan. Linesmen — Howe and Hine. Timers — Kerrigan and Watson. Time — two 15 min. halves.

Brookline, 6; Cambridge Latin, 15

Fighting hard every inch of the way, playing clean, fast football, and showing the finest spirit any team has shown at Brookline for a long time, Otis's eleven went down to defeat before a better team last Thursday at the South End grounds. While one touchdown is disputed — that will be dealt with later — there can be no doubt that the defeat was a fair one, and that our team did its best. Credit is due to the fourteen men who won their B's in this contest, and credit is due to Mr. Lowman for the splendid fight the team put up. The story of the game: Brookline kicked off to Cambridge, which was unable to make first down on the third try, with one yard to gain; and the ball went to Brookline on about the twenty-yard line. In seven rushes Gaffey went over for the first score, and Johnson kicked the goal. Score, B. H. S., 6; C. L. S., 0. Johnson kicked off for Brookline, a rather short, high kick, and the Cambridge quarter darted back to the middle of the field before he was downed. On the next play Brookline was off-side, causing Cambridge to fumble; and Otis's team was penalized five yards. Then followed a series of fierce plunges through the left side of Brookline's line. Otis was hurt, but pluckily played on, and on the next play broke through and nailed the runner for a four-yard loss. Cambridge dropped back for a punt, and the kicker fumbled the pass, dropped the ball, but actually got off the kick without being blocked —a very pretty recovery. Brookline received the ball on her twenty-yard line, and after gaining first down once, was held for downs on the thirty-yard line. Cambridge again began to batter Brookline's left, and finally crossed the goal line on a play which

looked like a forward pass to every one but the referee, who allowed the touchdown. The goal was missed. Here Sargent went in for Otis, who was badly used up; and Pitkin took Floyd's place. Score, B. H. S., 6; C. L. S., 5. Time was then called. Next half Cambridge kicked off, and Brookline brought the ball with steady gains to the thirty-five-yard line, where the leather went to Cambridge on a fumble. Brookline, however, braced and held for downs on her own twenty-five-yard line. Next play Gaffey made the longest run of the day, breaking clear of the bunch for thirty-five yards. Then Cambridge held for downs and took the ball on her forty-yard line. Cambridge began her hammering tactics again, and drove Brookline steadily back. On her thirty-yard line Brookline braced and held for downs. The referee, however, did not allow it. Discouraged by the apparent inefficiency of the officials, Brookline nevertheless fought on. Robart took Gaffey's place. Finally, after holding for a down on the one-yard line, Brookline was forced back, and Cambridge scored in the corner of the field, but was unable to kick the goal. Score: B. H. S. 6; C. L. S. 10. Robart who caught Cambridge's kick-off was nailed in his tracks. On the next play, however, Aechtler made a spectacular twenty-yard run. As before, shortly afterwards Cambridge held for downs, and received the ball on the forty-yard line. Though still struggling hard against fate, Brookline was evidently tired by the fight, and Cambridge pushed the ball over soon after for her third touchdown, failing again to kick the goal. Score: B. H. S. 6; C. L. S. 15. Shortly after Brookline had kicked to her opponents' ten-yard line time was called, with the above score as final.

The line-up:—

BROOKLINE	CAMBRIDGE
r. e. Shine	l. e. Grostein
r. t. Otis (Sargent)	l. t. Walton
r. g. Hann	l. g. Welch
c. Emerson	c. Boyer
l. g. Johnson	r. g. McLean
l. t. Floyd (Pitkin)	r. t. Harris
l. e Bailey	r. e. Crowley
q. b. Aechtler	q. b. Stiles
r. h. b. Jones	l. h. b. Pearson (Marvin)
l. h. b. Gaffey (Robart)	r. h. b. Kelleher (Hickey)
f. b. Fletcher	f. b. Grant

Referee and Umpire (alternating each half) — Roberts and Hurley. Timers — Chandler and Cleary. Linesmen — Delano and Small. Time — two 20-min. halves.

The game was noticeable for its lack of kicking, there being only one punt. Both teams were well-balanced in the evenness of their offence and defence. Brookline had her ends weakened by the ineligibility of Howe to play. Bailey was no match for the Cam-

bridge captain Crowley, who is a star man. Time and again the latter opened up big holes for plays outside tackle. Brookline's backs were all there every minute, and the play of Emerson and Otis was noticeable in the line. The game was remarkably clean and well-played. Brookline has nothing to be ashamed of, and Cambridge much to take pride in.

It is a pity in a game so closely matched as this was that the least ground for dissatisfaction should be given by inefficiency in the main officials. We admit that we were beaten by a better team, but we maintain that twice the two head officials were guilty of gross errors of judgment, especially in the case of Cambridge's first touchdown, when absolutely unbiased spectators on the side lines — Hallahan of the Journal, for instance, who knows the game down to the ground stated that Cambridge was guilty of a forward pass, and should have been called back and heavily penalized. We do not like to speak thus; we are aware we may be criticised as unsportsmanlike; but we feel it our unpleasant duty to speak of this matter. Let us hope the Newton game will be marred by no such inefficiency in those who hold the all-important positions of referee and umpire.

We can and will lick Newton, cheer up!

The cross-country squad has been running regularly Tuesdays and Thursdays. After five practice runs varying from two to four miles, a five-mile hare-and-hound run took place October 26th. Cooley, '07, and Britten, '06, were the hares, and won. The hounds were led by Phelan, '07, and the pack included Shine, '08, Mittier, '07, Glaizer, '07, Untersee, '07, Andrews, '07.

Brookline, Mass.,
October 30, 1905.

Messrs. Greenough and Kittredge,—

Gentlemen, —I used your Vergil four years ago in beginning that author. Since then I have used no other.

I find that it improves with age.

Sincerely,
Rollo Reynolds.

Mr. Case (Senior Algebra) — "Avery — how many right?"
Avery — "Didn't get one."
Mr. Case (shocked) — "What! Not one?"
Avery (waking up) — "No! One wrong!"

Mr. C—e to student whose writing is not distinct — "Write louder, please."

GRADUATE NOTES

T. C. Defriez, 2d, won points in both the Freshman and the Open Track Meet at Harvard this autumn.

Emile and Henry Erhard are 1909 at Dartmouth.

Arthur Tylee is a member of the Tech Board at the Institute this year.

Hatherly Foster has been playing regularly on the 'Varsity football team at Harvard.

Harold Tomlin and Ray Potter have both made the Harvard Mandolin Club.

Carl Lincoln played on the Harvard 'Varsity against Williams College.

Ward Meagher is attending school in New Rochelle, N. Y., preparing for Harvard next year.

Arthur C. Bush is working in a banking house in New York.

Sidney Strickland and his bride are living in Paris, France, where Mr. Strickland will continue his studies during the year, returning next year to follow up his profession of architecture.

Chester Brett, '05, is managing the '09 football team at Dartmouth.

Miss MacMillan, a recent graduate of Radcliffe, is now teaching German in the Mansfield High School.

Gladys Wells, late vice-president of the Class of 1907, is attending Miss Winsor's school, Boston; and Irene Snow of the same class is pursuing the course of studies at Miss Curtis's school for young ladies, on Commonwealth avenue.

J. Alvin High, '07, will warm a seat at Browne and Nichols this winter.

James Cook, '03, is a member of the Tufts Medical School and plays tackle on the football team.

Harry Lemoyne, '03, was very strongly urged to come east and attend Harvard this fall, but could not be persuaded to do so. He would be a great addition to the football team

Eugene Allen, '05, has been admitted to the leading fraternity at Wesleyan.

Dorothy Clark, once a member of the Class of 1906, B. H. S., entered Vassar College this year. Some of her classmates in this school will not be surprised to learn that she passed the physical tests with honor and was found to be the strongest girl that ever entered Vassar.

Florence Lahee, B. H. S., 1904, has gained the Ella Lyman Memorial Scholarship at Radcliffe.

Hudnut, '06, is now attending the Steinert Hall Preparatory School in Boston.

We are glad to hear that Miss Corinne Bryant, B. H. S., '07, is enjoying her new school life at Blair's Hall, Blairstown, New Jersey.

Charles C. Marshall, formerly B. H. S., '08, is attending the University Preparatory School in Ithaca, New York.

Miss Lucie Collins, Class of '07, returned to High School about the last of September, after spending nearly three very enjoyable months abroad in Germany, Belgium, and England.

The Freshman Class wish to express their sincere appreciation to the Sophomores for the most enjoyable reception tendered them on October 3, 1905. EUGENE B. FLOYD for the Class.

CHRONICLE OF THE MONTH

It is reported that the Sanford School and its head-master spent a very enjoyable day at the Danbury (Conn.) Fair.

A recent letter from Lancaster Peter Clarke, B. H. S., '02, says that L. P. C., Jr., is seven weeks old and tips the scales at 11 pounds. L. P. C., Sr., is the Connecticut manager of the Westinghouse Machine Co , address, Greenwich, Conn.

The Senior Physics Classes have been given a treat in the form of a stereopticon lecture on the Brookline Water-works System by our instructor, Mr. J. C. Packard. The High School should consider itself especially favored in having such admirable facilities for lectures and also in having an instructor who can give such interesting and instructive talks

The boys are very glad to see the new benches in the locker-room.

Significant scores:—

Newton High, 6 — Hyde Park, 0.
Cambridge Latin, 6 — Waltham, 0.

The Class of 1908 opened the social year by giving the Freshmen a reception in Shailer Hall on Tuesday, the 17th of October, at 3.30 p. m. On the receiving committee were Miss Bryant, Miss K. Page, Miss M. Moore, Miss F. Wyman, Miss C. Stevenson, and Miss Jacobs. After the new class had been introduced and seated, the address of welcome was read by the vice-president, Miss M. O'Hearn. Then both classes had the pleasure of listening to a violin solo by Mr. Ben Roberts, accompanied by his brother, Mr. Morris Roberts. Miss Pauline Chamberlain then gave some of her witty monologues, and by request repeated the selection which won the prize for elocution last year. An informal dance followed, music being kindly furnished by Miss Wyman and Mr. Brooks. On the

assisting committee from the faculty were Miss Frye and Mr. Brooks. Mr. Daniel Sharp acted as floor director. The affair was largely attended and proved a decided success.

Gordon Gallert has been elected captain of the Freshman football team.

Mr. George P. Morris, associate editor of the Congregationalist, was at the school Wednesday, the 25th.

HISTORY IN THE MAKING

Mr. Brooks (Senior Class Meeting) — "Is there no Marshall in this class — no regular Marshall — I *mean* is there no Marshall officer?"

Voice — "Sargent ——, he 's martial."

Professor — "Britten, what are you doing in this class?"
Britten, '06 — "Nothing."

MacPhail made a sensation by discussing "de pewty governor" in Pol. Sci. I.

Member of Senior Class (translating Homer) — "Thus spoking he them forth."

Pupil (translating French) — "I am neither God nor demon — "
Teacher — "Hold on a minute! I don't know about that."
Look out for a strike in Room 20 when Hammer raises his hand!

Mr. Packard (after turning a stream of water from a suction pump upon his Senior Physics class) — "Did you get the full force of that pump, Miss Perry?"

Reynolds (Senior English B) — "Hamlet succeeded with a vengeance."

Mr. Brooks (Senior Class Meeting) — "Are there any members of last year's drum corps here?"
Floyd (modestly) — "I carried the bass drum."

Bailey (I. German A) — "*Sundengeld* is tainted money."

Bashful Reformer, —

Since cigarettes seem less provoking
Unto the ones who do the smoking,
Oh, won't some power please compel 'em
To smell themselves as others smell 'em?

Mr. Brooks (Senior Class Meeting) — "If you don't want to march, what do you want?"

Voice — "Carriages."

Is this hackneyed?

The girls of '06 made $26 for the Athletic Association by the Candy Sale at the Volkmann game. Thanks and sympathy are extended to the kind purchasers.

Pupil (continuing translation after a remark by the teacher) —"You lie! It is the police."

Reed, '08, translates — *Mou maitre ne voulait pas se laisser emporter par le colere*, "My master didn't want to be taken away by the collar."

If '08 would appropriate a quarter to defray the expenses of a hair cut for Britten, it would take a great load off his mind.

Andrews, '07, translates: *Accidit ut esset luna plena*—"It happened that the moon was full."

Mr. Snow — "Were the clouds dissipated?"

Carver, '09 (translating) *Spectant in septentrionem et orientem solem* — "They only see in September and October."

Mr. Brooks (Senior French poetry) — "Not really sleeping — slumbering."

Mathematics Professor — "But, Hann, you have left out zero."

Hann, '07 — "Well — er, that 's nothing."

Mr. Packard—" If any one is absent let him speak."

Torrey (translating) — "I therefore propose to you."

Teacher — "This is so sudden!"

Senior (translating Vergil) — "They settled Bola."

Mr. Johnson hotly denies the insinuation.

Senior (translating Greek) — "Agamemnon's son, Atreus."

Chandler (translating Senior French) coins a word — "voluptuosity."

A letter really received by Henry James: —

Dear Mr. James, I read with much pleasure your review of my book. Will you kindly let me know whether you liked it or not?

Yours truly,

GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

THE POWERS THAT BE

CLASS OFFICERS, 1905-1906

Seniors. First Class. Class of 1906

President, Ralph S. Marshall
Vice-President, Miss Mabel M. Cushing
Secretary, Miss Dorothy Gooding
Treasurer, Chester A. Bailey

Juniors. Second Class. Class of 1907

President, Charles Hann, Jr.
Vice-President, Miss Helen Slagle
Secretary, Miss Marion Baxter
Treasurer, Lloyd C. Cooley

Sophomores. Third Class. Class of 1908

President, Walter H. Cady
Vice-President, Miss Margaret O'Hearn
Secretary, Miss Mary C. Clark
Treasurer, Daniel Sharp

Freshmen. Fourth Class. Class of 1909

President, Eugene B. Floyd
Vice-President, Miss Mildred Hammond
Secretary, Miss Agnes Schlemm
Treasurer, Irvine W. Elliott

Senior Class Day Officers

Orator, Clarence D. Britten
Prophets, Miss Dorothy J. Tufts and Robert E. Andrews, Jr.
Poet, Miss Muriel Seeley
Historian, Everard S. Pratt
Ivy Odist, Malcolm D. Price

Brookline High School Athletic Association

President, Richard C. Floyd, 1906
Vice-President, Paul Brackett, 1906
Secretary, Guy S. Lowman
Treasurer, John C. Packard
Undergraduate Members, George Otis, Jr., 1907, and Sullivan S. Sargent, Jr., 1906

League

President, Richard C. Floyd, B.H.S., '05-'06
Vice-President, S. A. Fritz Ely, N.H.S., 1907
Secretary } H. D. Chandler, Harvard
Treasurer }

Executive Committee

Messrs. Meserve, Thompson, and Ely, Newton High School
Messrs. Durrell, Crowley, and Bendimoll, Cambridge Latin School
Messrs. Lowman, Delano, and Floyd, Brookline High School

Glee Club.— Director, William L. Snow
Mandolin Club.— Director, Macolm D. Price, 1906 Manager, Gordon Sampson, 1906

OFFICERS OF ATHLETIC TEAMS, 1905-1906

Football.— Captain, George Otis, Jr., 1907 — Manager, Paul Brackett, 1906
Golf.— Captain, Richard R. Kimball, 1907 — Manager, William F. Howe, 1908
Track.— Captain, John P. Schlemm, 1907 — Manager, Undecided
Basketball.—Captain, Richard C. Floyd, 1906 — Manager, Undecided
Hockey.—Captain, Paul Brackett, 1906 — Manager, George Otis, Jr., 1907
Crew.— Captain, Sullivan S. Sargent, Jr., 1906
Baseball.— Captain, Moses Jones, 1907 — Manager, Richard C. Floyd, 1906

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John C. Packard, A. B., A. M. (Wesleyan), Sub-Master, Physics, Mathematics.
Edward P. Hutchinson, Manual Training, Mathematics.
Minot A. Bridgham, Manual Training.
Maro S. Brooks, A. B. (Tufts), French, German.
Arthur W. Roberts, A. B., A. M., Ph. D. (Harvard), Greek, Latin.
William L. Snow, A. B. (Wesleyan, Harvard), A. M. (Harvard), Latin, Mathematics.
Elmer Case, A. B., A. M. (Brown), Mathematics.
Joseph A. Frizzell (Massachusetts Normal Art School, Sloyd Normal Training School, M. I. T.), Mechanical Drawing.
Millard F. Perry (Potsdam Normal School), Mathematics, Latin.
Miss Mary P. Frye (Boston Normal School), History, English.
Miss Anna M. Johnson, A. B. (Vassar), A. M. (Cornell), English.
Miss Lula G. Adams, Ph. B. (Wesleyan), German, French.
Miss Abbie L. Paige, B. A. (Wellesley), Secretary, Latin.
Miss Bertha C. Marshall, B. S. (Lake Forest, Wellesley), History.
Miss Mary I. Platt (Radcliffe), Physical Geography, Biology, Meteorology.

Miss Lillie C. Smith (Boston Normal School of Household Arts) (M. I. T.), Domestic Science. Chemistry.
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Miss Anna R. Liden, B. A. (Radcliffe), Physics, Mathematics.
Miss Claribel Moulton (Boston University), French, German.
Miss Mabel P. Bailey, B. A. (Tufts), German, French.

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Miss Edith H. Snow, Music.
Miss Anna M. Schwindt, (Privat Seminar für Lehrerinen, Würzburg, Germany), Needlework.
Miss Irene Weir (Yale School of Fine Arts), Art.
Miss Elizabeth Stone, B. A. (Radcliffe), Art.
Miss Bessie L. Barnes (Boston Normal School), (Boston Normal School of Gymnastics), Physical Training.
Guy S. Lowman, B. P. E. (Springfield Training School), Physical Training.

Compiled by C. H., 1907.

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When it is too late to correct it we find a mistake in our report of the Cambridge Latin game. Cambridge was called back on the play which through a forward pass resulted in a touchdown, *but she was not penalized.* As a result, in a few plays Grant was pushed over for a score.

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VOL. 12 NO. 3

THE SAGAMORE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL, MASS.

R. E. ANDREWS, '06 . . . . . EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIALS 69
THE BOOK-WORMS TURN (Story) 73
GASOLENE (poem) 77
BOOK REVIEW 78
THE BEAR THAT LIKED CHICKENS (Story) 79
ATHLETICS 81
EXCHANGES 87
GRADUATE NOTES 88
"TO DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY" 88
AT THE EDITOR'S DESK 91

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are whimsical, more or less. Shoes that are extremes of the fashion get their most peculiar characteristics at the expense of plain sense and, as a natural consequence, they cost more to make than do simple shapes and things unadorned. Thus it follows that Sorosis Luxurious shoes are expensive. Still the interesting fact remains that no other strictly fashionable shoes made today equal them in elegant appropriateness and perfect finish. The above represents this class: Price, $14.

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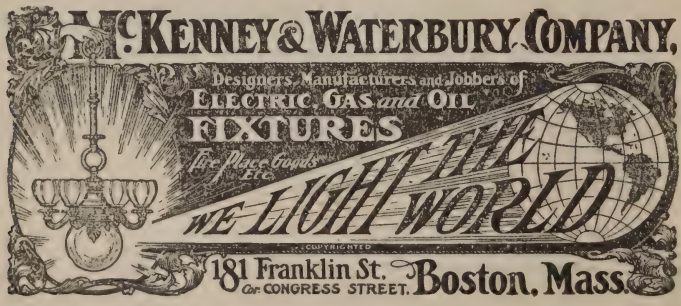

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 12 DECEMBER, 1905 NUMBER 3

EDITORIALS

HERE'S to the much-abused—our teachers;
Here's to the haughty Senior, the careless Junior, the coltish Sophomore, and Timid Tommy Traddles, the Freshman — here's to the whole bunch, and a fine crowd they are;
Here's to our subscribers, and to every one who reads this —
May they all have the merriest Christmas and the happiest New Year in all their several and long-to-be-continued-lives!

Brookline's '05 football team was the best she has had in many years, and its record is one the school may well be proud of. Of greatest importance, of course, was the victory over Newton, which was the first in seven years, and which our team secured by a splendidly clean, courageous struggle. This victory gave Brookline the second place in the new Preparatory League, of which Cambridge Latin won the first football championship. The game with this school was marred by grossly incompetent officials, and it resulted in the only defeat which our team suffered during the season. Brookline fell into her old fault of playing herself out in the first half, with the result that Cambridge scored twice during the second period of play; and proved conclusively that she had the better team, as well as the better physical condition. In the Newton game, also, Brookline men were more frequently injured; but the superb team-play, the snap, courage, and head work of the eleven won out for Brookline. The school must attribute a very large part of the credit for the success of its football team to Mr. Lowman, who has certainly proved a fine coach, and earned the confidence of the fellows. May he send many more winning teams from Brookline.

It is a great pity that there should be, as there undoubtedly is, an element in the town which takes its lawless recreation by joining in the celebrations by the High School of its athletic triumphs, and introducing into these occasions a spirit of malicious ill-doing, which, although wholly foreign to the High School, is often attributed to it by the general public. Upon investigation of a deplorable occurrence in connection with the celebration of the victory over Newton, it was found that, with the exception of one boy, the school was entirely unconnected with the matter, *except that many students had been spectators of it.* In other words, scores of High School boys stood by and watched a thing done which they must have realized upon a moment's thought would reflect discredit on the school. Those fellows were not to blame for the lawbreaking; but they owe the rest of the school an apology for not doing their utmost to ward off at the time the discredit which their schoolfellows incurred through that lamentable affair.

In past years the best workers for The Sagamore have not always been rewarded with positions on the Board of Editors. The knowledge of this fact was one of the considerations which led to the recent change in the method of choosing the Board, and, under the new plan, editorial positions are guaranteed to the pupils who show their qualifications by making frequent contributions of merit to the paper. At the end of the school year the present editors will choose their successors, and the only consideration which will influence their choice will be that of literary merit, as developed in the numbers of The Sagamore which shall have come under their observation. We, therefore, advise all those who desire to become candidates for the Board to favor us with as many and as good samples of their work as possible during the coming months.

We have received from one of our most skilful and faithful workers, one whose opinion we always hold in respect, a short essay on that much-discussed problem of this present time — the question of the amelioration of the game of football as it is played today. In his well-meaning attempt to get to the bottom of the ques-

tion, our friend takes the standpoint which many others have adopted in the matter. He says: "We are confident that all the present evils of football, such as 'slugging' and 'kneeing,' be can readily eliminated without the creation of one more rule. The insuring of fair and clean play rests in the choice of competent and observing officials who will not hesitate to penalize a team severely or inflict summary punishment for individual transgressions." The author of these words, and those who take the same stand, have neglected this point in their calculations—*i. e.* that it is utterly impossible for any two men, no matter what their strength of purpose may be, to detect even a small proportion of the dirty playing that goes on in a game of football today. Take, as one of many such instances, the incident in the last Harvard-Yale game in which thousands of people on the bleachers saw Quill of Yale deliberately slug Burr of the opposing team, knocking him almost senseless and breaking his nose. Paul Dashiell is the finest referee in the country. He has attained that position through his unvarying honesty, adherence to duty, and keeness of eye. Yet his gaze was directed elsewhere when this occurred, and the brazen brutality of the deed went unpunished. We repeat it: not only is one man unable to detect every breach of clean playing in a modern American football game, but a dozen men would be unequal to the task. It would seem, then, that a remedy must be sought through other means than by raising the general standard of the officials.

The following letter speaks strongly and well for itself:—

Brookline, Mass.

Editor of The Sagamore:—

Dear Sir,—Your editorial in the November number regarding Cooley's suggestion about substituting articles of athletic apparel for cups, medals, and ribbons is very interesting.

Now, it is my opinion that when he made the suggestion, Cooley was not conscious that such a change would be a step towards professionalism and money prizes.

Primarily sport is a recreation. A race is nothing more than a contest between two or more men to prove which has the greatest

prowess. A prize is nothing but a souvenir, or should be only such. A man who runs only for the prizes is not the highest type of athlete. Amateur athletics should be actuated by love of the sport rather than by desire for gain.

Let us hope that no such change as Cooley advocates will be made, for it would not be an improvement on the present custom.

Yours truly,

CHESTER E. DURGIN, '09.

Not only everyone who is out for a good time, but everyone who is interested in the school's athletics, should buy a ticket for the Amherst Musical Clubs' concert, to be held in Shailer Hall, December 22d. The Athletic Association has had so much to combat this year in the way of accidents to players, inefficiency of officials, and increased strictness in regard to eligibility that every member of the school owes it to himself to lend his bit of aid to make this affair a success.

Not long ago a Boston paper reported that Radcliffe had defeated Newton High in field hockey. Good for Radcliffe! This makes us wonder, now that the girls from Newton can no longer be made to blush for themselves in basketball contests with Brookline, why our young ladies do not, as soon as weather permits, organize a field hockey team and imitate the doings of their schoolfellows on November 24th. Field hockey means outdoor instead of gymnasium exercise, and, though it is a vigorous sport, it is not so taxing physically as basketball. Why not have such a team?

The Board wishes to acknowledge the hearty co-coperation which the English teachers of the school are extending to The Sagamore. Besides their general advice and criticism, which is invaluable, we wish to thank them for the manner in which they have materially aided us by assigning composition work suitable for this paper, and handing us the best of the resulting efforts.

We learn that "a new feature has been introduced into the girls' gymnasium work this year. In the Senior class one of the two periods every week is devoted to æsthetic dancing." If the "chorus girls" who sing in the Hall every Tuesday and Wednesday are in these classes, it would seem as if, between them, Miss Barnes and Mr. Cole have supplied us with all that is needed to produce a comic opera in lieu of the usual play this winter.

THE BOOK-WORMS TURN

Dorothy Nesbitt, '07.

"Wie geht's?"

I looked up to see who was speaking — there was no one but myself in the room, and I went to studying again.

"Ach ja, ich bin sehr traurig."

This time there could be no doubt, and I listened.

Again came the soft voice, and I located it as coming from under the bed, where a little while before I had thrown my German dictionary. Too astonished to move, I did just what any one else would have done in like circumstances, that is, I sat still.

Almost at my elbow a small voice piped up, "What is the matter with Dutchy?"

Immediately an answer came from the window seat, whose only occupants were the Latin lexicon and the Greek grammar, "Videre non est credere!"

Now I realized that I was having an experience that comes to few. The school books were talking among themselves, and I was there to hear them.

"Can't you fellows speak English?" asked the half opened Geometry, that I came to know later as "Corners."—"You know I don't pretend to go in for the classics — a scientific education for me everytime. Give me a good hypothesis and half a conclusion, and I'll show you what's what; but as for that outlandish talk about weak gates and what not, I don't see any sense in it."

"When in doubt, use the aorist," came in the mild, sure tone of the Greek grammar.

"Who said anything about being in doubt?" snapped Corners, "What you need is to put a grave accent on your speech; you're altogether too a-cute!"

"Children, children, don't quarrel. It grieves me sorely." It was Webster's Unabridged this time.

"Well, old Circumflex here needn't be so free with his aorists then."

"Let's change the subject," suggested Allen and Greenough's Revised Edition. "What is Dutchy doing under the bed, anyway."

"Ach, mein back gebrochen is now already! That person over there has me in here gethrown, and I have to her no harm at all done!"

"Hard luck!"

"She ought to be shot!"

"I'd like to reconstruct her with an acute angle!" All were sympathetic.

"What are you fellows so angry about?" spoke up the owner of the aorists. "She never abuses me. Why, she hardly ever opens my cover even! I am sure she wouldn't throw me around."

"Of course not. She has better taste than to consort with the like of you. Now she holds me on her lap for an hour at a time, and it seems as if she would devour me with her eyes."

"Doesn't it make you blush? It would me!"

"Well, when she gets through, I'm read all over, as you might say." It was the irrepressible Corners.

"I'll tell you what you want to do, Dutchy," spoke up a small, retiring young volume without any school labels. "You want to be willing to sacrifice yourself a little. Now she tears a leaf out of me nearly every day, and it does hurt sometimes, but I know she likes to do it, and I don't complain. She never throws me around."

"Yes, we meet quite often," commented Virgil. "Aeneas would say—"

"Oh, keep still! There you go into the classics again, and you know I can't stand them."

"Corners is a little out of sorts to-night, isn't he?" remarked a wad of history paper to the theme book lying near. "I guess the girl must have failed in that second corollary again to-day."

"Where is Mademoiselle to-night? I have n't heard a word from her. Oh! I say, Graisseux, are you anywhere around?"

"Oui, monsieur. It ees a, what you call it, pain in my stomach to-day. I cannot talk with pleasure."

"Has she been maltreating you, too?"

"Well, she has covered my face with what she calls pictures, and has written so many words on my inner pages that I really feel quite upset, and — "

"Fellow books" (Xenophon had waked up at last), "It seems best to me, now, for us all to do something. Indeed this has now gone far enough. In truth it is no longer fitting that we, brave and true books, should submit to this unspeakable treatment, and so, therefore indeed, I move that we inflict punishment upon the girl. I have spoken."

"Hurrah for good old Kai Gar!"

"We 'll do it!" burst forth simultaneously from Corners and Circles, the compass.

"Go slow, my children. Remember that I am the father and mother of you all, and I don't want you to do anything rash." It was Webster's again.

"Never mind the old gent, he does n't know what it is to be thrown around. Let's get to work and plan our revenge. I nominate Kai Gar Chairman pro tem of this assembly. Come now, give us your bright ideas, but don't all speak at once, please."

Presenty a small voice broke the stillness which was becoming oppressive. "If Circles would be willing to sacrifice his comfort and dignity a little, I think I have a plan that would — "

"Go on, old man, let 's have it," broke in the generous-spirited Circles.

"Well, if you would just stand on your head in this chair with your legs in the air, the next time she starts to sit down, it would have some effect, I am sure."

"Yes, and get my neck broken for my pains! You don't get me into any such scrape as that. If I 'm going to get killed, the rest of you have to come, too!"

"But you just said — "

"Never mind what I just said! I won't do it, so there!"

Just as it began to look as if Circles and the Ruler were going to have a mix-up, the Paper Weight said, in a slow voice, "Friends, I could not help hearing what you have been saying, and while I have

no personal grudge against the Girl, I would like to help you out a little. Now it strikes me that what you complain of is the hard knocks that you get from being thrown around. Am I right?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Yes."

"Please go on!"

"Well, such being the case, it strikes me that if you could give her a good whack it would settle all scores —"

"But that's just what we can't do. None of us come higher than her ankles, and she is so used to having people step on her toes, that we might hammer away there till we split our bindings, and she would not know the difference," spoke up the Chairman pro tem.

"Precisely, there you have the whole case in a nutshell, and it is evident that you must get up higher to be effective, is it not? Now, perhaps you have noticed that that baseball bat up there on the wall is directly over her head, and if you can dislodge that —" He paused, suggestively.

"Well, I don't see that you have got anywhere after all. We might just as well talk about eating the moon as —"

"Order! Order!" thundered Kai Gar. "Doubtless the gentleman with the highly original plan is able to explain himself more fully."

"Now you 're talking. Of course I can. Just follow my directions, and the result will surprise you. Will Father Webster kindly stand up straight on both feet with his back to the wall — so? Thanks. Now, Herr Dutchy, will you please climb up on his shoulder? You perceive my plan, do you not? Shakespeare comes next, I believe." With a charmed fascination I watched the pile of books slowly mount higher and higher. Even Kipling jumped down from his shelf to join the good work, and closely following "The Blazed Trail" came "The Man from Glengarry" with a photograph album tucked under the cover. The last book was in its place and was reaching towards the bat when Crash! Bang! the whole lot came tumbling down about my head, and I awoke with the cold sweat standing out on my forehead to see the books scattered about me, with innocence depicted in every attitude.

GASOLENE

The Lord invented gasolene, and hid it in the ground,
Where by the probing Standard Oil 't was subsequently found;
The servant girl said, "Ain't it fine? It makes the fire burn!"
And poured a gallon in the stove with easy unconcern;
And when the stove exploded, like a lyddite magazine,
Slow science learned a thing or two regarding gasolene.

They put it into motor boats that plough the briny sea,
And into automobiles that go whizzing o'er the lea.
The roses bloom along the path, but now their perfume rare
Is killed by a more pungent scent that spices all the air;
When winter covers all the world with snow and icy sheen
How pleasant in the nostrils is the breath of gasolene!

Milady down the avenue in stately splendor goes;
No longer follows in her wake the attar of the rose,
Nor essence of the violet, nor commonplace cologne,
But a chic and stylish scent of far more regal tone.
And as she grandly sweeps along men say, "Ah! There's a queen
Of swagger, swell society. She smells of gasolene!" M. L. F., '08.

TWO posters executed in the Art Department by Miss Warren, '05, and Miss Holton, '06, for the Blind Babies' Nursery Bazaar, have attracted very favorable attention. Each is decorated with a double panel of clever baby poses and colored in excellent taste. They are more than six feet high. Miss Weir not only pronounces them the best work of the kind ever done in the school, but also rates them among the best examples of poster art.

Thompson, Rand, Blanchard, and Nicholls, of the Freshman Class, have produced noteworthy posters for the Grand Army and Woman's Relief Corps Fair.

Wishing to give all High School pupils an opportunity to secure the High School group post card at a very reasonable rate, Paine the Stationer has decided to offer them for a limited time for one cent each. He also offers fine linen stationery with a cut of the High School upon it at twenty-five cents per box.

BOOK REVIEW

Each month The Sagamore will publish a review of some book, either fiction or non-fiction, of interest to the school. Criticism of such books is invited.

No. 3. "The Lure of the Labrador Wild," by Dillon Wallace

LEONIDAS HUBBARD, Jr., a young writer on the staff of Outing, set out early in the summer of 1903 on an expedition through that portion of North America which today is the largest area of the New World remaining unexplored,— the barren desolate tract of land north of the St. Lawrence and east of Hudson Bay, called by the Indian name Ungava. With him Hubbard took a lawyer friend, Mr. Dillon Wallace, and a half breed Cree Indian called George Elson. The party planned to cross about four hundred miles of country on a trail which no white foot had ever traversed, and which the Indians had ceased to use for fear of starvation on its barren route. Hubbard had traveled some before in the Labrador, as the whole region is called; but his experience must have been overcome by his ambitious young blood. Saner and more experienced heads attempted in vain to dissuade him. Hubbard planned, after he had traversed this four hundred miles of wilderness, to connect with a meeting of Indians, which is held on an inland lake in October. With them he would move southward to the province of Quebec. To attain the lake in time for the assembly of the Indians rapid travel was necessary, and the packs had to be light. No provision was made in case the party should fail to reach the rendezvous. This, in fact, was what occurred. The old Indian trail was lost early in the trip, but, unaware of this, the party pressed on farther and farther into the barren, uninhabited wilderness. Provisions grew scarce, and before they decided to turn back they were living on a few tiny trout and a sip of pea-soup per day. They had no luck in getting game. How these three men fought to regain the Hudson Bay Company's post at Northwest River; how, feeble with hunger, half-clad in the cold rain and snow-storms of the sub-Arctic fall, these three men — Hubbard, weakest in body, but strongest in spirit and trust in God; Wallace, brave and self-sacrificing, bearing the unaccustomed hardships like one inured to them; Elson, cheerful, tireless, who saved the party from starvation again and again, and who finally saved Wallace's life, a hero

if there ever was one — how these three men staggered on, encouraging each other and praying, talking wistfully of home and good things to eat; how finally Hubbard had to give in to his weakness, and was left to die, and his comrades escaped only by the grace of God—all this is told in "The Lure of the Labrador Wild" by Dillon Wallace. When Wallace was about to leave his friend there in the wilderness, Hubbard asked him to write the story of the trip some time "when he got home," and Wallace promised, with the tears running down his cheeks, but protested his unfitness for the work. But the literary faults of the book are more than counterbalanced by the detail and sincerity with which it is written; and, above all, by the intense interest of the story. In its depth of motion and dramatic power it is a book which once read never can be forgotten.

—F. H. Revell & Co., 1905.

A BEAR THAT LIKED CHICKENS

David Patten, '06

A NUMBER of farmers were assembled in the village store of a western wheat town. The topic of conversation was the constant disappearance of farmyard chickens owing to the nightly depredations of a number of foxes which were known to be in the vicinity. A drummer, who for the last half hour had been demonstrating to the storekeeper the superiority of Lyman's Chicago hosiery, joined the group, and, after listening to the conversation for a while joined in.

"Your Kansas foxes may have a great reputation for chicken stealing; but I reckon nothing can come up to a Tennessee bear in that line.

"When I was a young chap, about twenty, I guess, I joined a party of surveyors at Knoxville, which was to run a branch of the K. S. & N. up to Hodges Creek at the foot of the Great Smokies. We had surveyed the route to within a dozen miles of the Creek when we were informed by the natives that a bear was making nightly excursions to their poultry coops, leaving one less occupant each time. They asked us to help them trap the thief, and, prompted by our love of adventure, we readily accepted the invitation. We

decided to watch a chicken house which was situated in the midst of a thick corn patch in which we could easily hide ourselves to await the coming of the intruder.

"Accordingly, we took our station there at evening, bringing with us a strong net with which we might hopelessly entangle the bear and thus render him an easy victim. We waited silently for about an hour, to be suddenly startled by a heavy rustling in the corn. Some of us prepared to cast the net, while the rest cocked their rifles so as to shoot the animal after he had been rendered helpless by the cords.

"The moment had come. A dark head was thrust through the corn opposite us, the net was cast. It fell about the victim, and we waited for the fierce struggle and the growls of the enraged beast. They did not come. Thoroughly armed we rushed across to investigate; when instead of a threatening grizzly crouched to receive our attack we saw a black woolly head upturned toward us with a large pair of boots projecting from the other end of the net. We recognized the voice of our cook:—

"'Fo' Gawd, boys, yo' scared me.'

"Yes," concluded the drummer, "Tennessee bears certainly excel in the act of chicken stealing."

Miss Bragg's illustration of correct enunciation and delivery of the English language created quite an impression,—much more so than her stories. The Mandolin Club's performance was wonderful, considering the small number of players. The managers of the club earnestly request that more boys and *girls* come out for the mandolin team.

HIS WIFE'S WILL

"What makes Peck look so worried?"

"He 's been contesting his wife's will."

"Why, I did n't know his wife was dead."

"That 's just it; she is n't."—*Cleveland Leader.*

Sophomores, 5; Freshmen, 0.

TUESDAY, November 14th, the two lower classes struggled for twenty minutes for the honor of being beaten by the winner of the upper-class game. The Freshies showed up strongly, and only lost through two trick plays by which they were taken in, their minds having not yet received the training in our school that their foxy opponents' had. Bug Brown was the most evident constellation of genius on the gridiron.

Seniors, 5; Juniors, 5. Then Seniors, 13; Juniors, 0.

Thursday, November 16th, the Juniors expected to find a little diversion in beating the dignified Seniors. Billy O'Hearn and his team upset calculations, and tied '07 5 to 5. On the following Tuesday, though lacking O'Hearn, who had joined the regular squad, the Seniors won in a canter, trouncing the haughty Juniors 13 to 0.

Seniors, 6; Sophomores, 0.

In the deciding contest for class supremacy in football, Tuesday, November 29th, 1906 scored five points, which, at the end of the game, happened to be five points more than their opponents, and enough to give them the championship and the right to wear their class numerals. The game brought forth many amusing incidents, all of which gave the rooters of one side or the other a chance to cheer. It was a close game, the Sophomores showing unexpected strength at times. Brown and Hammer played well as ends for 1908, while Arthur and Williamson excelled for 1906, as half backs. Mr. Lowman instituted these class games so that everyone might

learn the rudiments of football, and the games have certainly done much good; but the crowding on the field of the spectators forbids sensational trick plays or end runs. This will have to be corrected next year.

1906	1908
Dormon, l. e.	r. e. Hammer
O'Brien, l. t.	r. t. Read
Brackett, l. g.	r. g. Driscoll
Brownell, c.	c. Kendrick
Pratt, r. g.	l. g. Kittredge (Snow)
Britten, r. t.	l. t. Seligman
Burnham (Chandler), r. e.	l. e. Brown
Johnson (capt), q. b.	q. b. Burlen (Slocum)
Arthur, l. h. b.	r. h. b. G. Hann (capt.)
Untersee, f. b.	f. b. Heilborn
Williamson, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Boyd

Score—1906, 5; 1908, 0. Touchdown—Williamson. Referee—Aechtler. Umpire—Rich. Timer, Elliot. Linesmen—Reynolds and High. 15 and 20 minute halves.

Brookline, 5; Newton, 0.

That score will stand out in the annals of Brookline High as if written in letters of gold; for many years that game will be remembered — "one of the finest games ever played on a schoolboy gridiron" an authority has called it. It was! Hooray! Hoor — But let us be calm and run through the story as a dignified journal should.

Promptly at 3.15 — you all know when and where — Johnson booted the leather down to the five-yard line at the eastern end of the field which Newton defended. Brookline's ends downed the runner before he had got far. Then, before Newton had advanced the ball more than a few yards, Howe, on his toes at the edge of a scrimmage as an end should be, was seen to drop suddenly to earth. When the pile got up it was also seen that he had the pigskin clasped snugly to him. Yell? Oh no, we just chuckled quietly! Why, of course they put it over! In four plays big Pete ploughed through for a touchdown. The Brookline bleachers spent a wild minute. Brookline had scored in the first three minutes of play! What if Bowler did miss the goal, never mind! Newton received the kick off on her fifteen-yard line, and, after a no-gain play, punted to Aechtler, who fumbled but luckily regained the ball, and made several yards. By using Aechtler Brookline gained ground consis-

tently for several first downs. On about the forty-five-yard line Brookline was forced by a penalty to punt, and Gaffey booted the leather to the ten-yard line. Newton fumbled the kick, but Ely regained the ball and dodged through for five yards. On the next play Ely skirted Brookline's left end for twenty-five yards, the longest run of the game. Brookline seemed to be on the run, for the next two downs netted fifteen yards for her opponents and carried the ball into Brookline territory. When the players got to their feet after this last down Floyd was found unconscious beneath the heap. It was ascertained that he had received a severe kick in the face, and he was carried from the field amid the sympathetic cheers of his comrades on the bleachers. Comerford went in for him. A play or two had been run off with good gains for Newton, when there was a fumble, and Brookline snatched the pigskin. Brookline started off in a businesslike manner, but was called back five yards on her second down. Jones, by a splendid effort, made up the five yards lost by the penalty, and so injured himself in doing it that he went to the side-lines, Otis dropping into his place in the back-field, and Sargent filling the vacancy in the line. With the ball carried principally by Otis and Aechtler, who did splendid individual work, the Red and Blue finally reached Newton's ten-yard line, only to fumble. Newton had just time to punt out of danger before time was called. Can Brookline hold her lead through the last half? This was the question asked everywhere during the intermission; and many were the heads that shook dubiously at memory of the Cambridge game, and rumors of poor condition. The reappearance of the players soon cut short the anxious interval.

Howe received Newton's kick on the fifteen-yard line at the eastern end, and sped along for a good run-back before brought to earth. Now Newton began to show fight. Her secondary defence smothered every play, and Brookline was forced to punt. Brookline's defence returned the compliment and more by spilling a Newton back for several yards loss. Having failed to make the distance Newton punted to Aechtler, who fumbled, and only regained the ball by chasing it back dangerously near the goal line and falling on it there. MacNamara signalled a punt, but it was very weak, and resulted in giving Newton the ball on Brookline's twenty-five yard line. The Orange and Black were closing for the death grapple, and a prayer went up from every Brookline heart. A gasp of dis-

may cut short all prayers as Ely shot round Brookline's left wing, and got to the fifteen-yard line before Otis and Fletcher slammed him to the ground. Two yards; one yard; two yards, and first down! It looked like a sure score for Newton. But on the next play Newton was over eager, and was penalized five yards. Another try resulted in no gain. A sigh of relief rose from the Brookline bleachers. Porter dropped back for a drop-kick. But the eleven of the Red and Blue did not intend to be scored on. Before poor Porter could put foot to the ball almost, Howe came shooting on top of him, and while Howe attended to the unfortunate Porter, Bowler Johnson attended to the ball—and the crisis was over. Gaffey made fifteen yards, Aechtler fifteen more, Pete added five to the list; but then, in the middle of the field, Newton made a last desperate stand. A fumble and loss when it was third down, one to gain, gave Newton the ball. But it was no use, they had to punt. Brookline had no difficulty in bringing it back to the middle of the field, aided by Aechtler and penalties incurred by Newton. Then the longed for whistle blew, "and it was Brookline's day!"

Team-play won the day for us, but team-play was mightily aided by the magnificent work of Aechtler, Gaffey, and Howe. Jones played a fast, hard game till he was taken out. "Old Pete" was as consistent a ground-gainer as ever; and Comerford, another rival for the title of "Pigmy of the Team," did wonderfully for a comparatively inexperienced man. As for the rest, they played splendidly, every blessed one of them. In regard to Mr. Lowman, we take off our hats to him as a coach and a good fellow, and echo the sentiments of the little ragamuffin whom we saw pointing a grimy finger at our coach and proclaiming to the world, as we proclaim it, "There's the feller done it!"

BROOKLINE	NEWTON
Shine (Moss), r. e.	l. e. Bowen
Otis (Sargent), r. t.	l. t. Somers (Caldwell)
Hann (White), r. g.	l. g. Safford
Johnson, c.	c. Fisher
Fletcher, l. g.	r. g. Van Tassell
Floyd (Comerford), l. t.	r. t. Hinds
Howe (Bailey), l. e.	r. e. Salmon
McNamara (O'Hearn), q. b.	q. b. Richards
Aechtler, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Ely
Gaffey, l. h. b.	r. h. b. Ranlet (Burrison)
Jones (Otis), f. b.	f. b. Porter

Touchdown — Fletcher. Umpire — Piper. Referee — Hapgood. Linesmen — Pitkin and Hobart. Timer—Watson. Time—Two 20 minute halves.

B. H. S., 0; B. L. S., 0.

On Friday the 17th of November the team tied Boston Latin in one of the best games of the season on the playground. The Boston school had the reputation of being a heavy, fast aggregation, and, when it was learned that six of the regular eleven would be unable to play, the prospect seemed blue for Brookline. Comerford, Andrews, Moss, and MacNamara were new men who made good in fine shape; while Howe, Aechtler, and Gaffey played well, so that Boston Latin, though she was all she was cracked up to be, was unable to score.

Line-up:—

BROOKLINE	BOSTON LATIN
Howe, l. e.	r. e. Lyons
Comerford, l. t.	r. t. Elcock
Floyd, l. g.	r. g. Jowett
Emerson, c.	c. Thompson
Andrews, r. g.	l. g. Cleary
Sargent, r. t.	l. t. Emery
Gaffey, l. h. b.	r. h. b. Conroy
Moss, r. e.	l. e. Ayer
MacNamara, q. b.	q. b. Merrill (Duffey)
Aechtler, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Cowan (Capt.)
Jones, f. b.	f. b. Flynn

Referee — G. Delano. Umpire — W. Aechtler. Halves — 20 and 15 minutes. Timers — L. Rich and Humphrey. Linesmen — Graham and Amadon.

FOOTBALL NOTES

"Buster" Clune and Dick Keleher, water-boys, deserve many thanks for standing by the team all the fall.

Paul Brackett, manager, and "Babe" Kyle, his assistant, cleared about seventy dollars for the High School at the Newton game. That's the proper spirit!

Dick Kimball and Billy Daniels, our two football cripples, left their respective hospitals just in time to take in the Newton game. Dick and Billy were greatly missed.

Mr. Newton, last year's football coach, spent two or three days, during the latter part of the season, helping Mr. Lowman develop a winning team. Newton is loyal to Brookline.

The members of the football squad desire to thank the teachers for the helpfulness they have showed in aiding the players to meet the more stringent eligibility rules of the season just completed.

The following members of the football squad have the right to wear a block B; Aechtler, Bailey, Comerford, Emerson, Fletcher, Floyd, Gaffey, Hann, Howe, Johnson, Jones, McNamara, Moss, O'Hearn, Otis, Pitkin, Robart, Sargent, Shine, and White.

To lose one game in nine is not a bad record. It might have been worse. The credit for such a splendid season should go to Mr. Lowman. He spent days and nights in behalf of the team, and in more than half of the games he could not have all his material.

The class football games afforded great pleasure to those who witnessed them. The final game between 1906 and 1908 was by far the best in the line of amusement. C. H., 1907.

Hockey Squad: — Brackett (Capt.), Jones, Shine, Howe, Gaffey, Andrews, Aechtler, Fletcher, Cady, Young, and F. Johnson.

Hockey schedule: —

Dec.	13.	Harvard, at Harvard.
"	19.	Stones, at Brookline.
"	23.	Rindge M. T., at Brookline.
Jan.	2.	Roxbury Latin, at Brookline.
"	4.	Cambridge Latin (Undecided).
"	6.	Andover, at Andover.
"	10.	Tech., at Huntington avenue Rink.
"	13.	Brown University, at Providence.
"	19.	Newton High (Undecided).
"	27.	St. Mark's, at Southboro.
Feb.	10.	Pomfret, at Pomfret.

Basketball Squad: — Hatch, Williamson, Wright, Brennan, J. and F. Driscoll, Schlemm, Jones, Aechtler, Gallert, Hann, Blodgett, Brownell, Stevens, MacNamara, Comerford, White, Britten, McMahan, Casey, Fletcher, Andrews, Otis, Kelleher, Graham, Brackett, Sampson, Kellogg, Kyle, Gaffey, Clune, Brown and Crafts.

EXCHANGES

We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of The Pingry Record; The High School Herald; The Penn Charter Magazine; The Pinkerton Critic; The Southern Workman; The Saugus High School Advocate; The Delphian.

The Prayer of a Devonshire man:—
Oh, Lord, grant that I may nayther chayte or be chayted, but if it so be that wan of us must be chayted, I 'd raythor of the raytherest be the one to chayte.—*The Delphian.*

The Southern Workman for November contains some very interesting and instructive articles.

The Penn Charter Magazine has, it would seem to us, too much space devoted to athletics.

The Delphian expresses a very frank desire to be criticised. We would suggest a better quality of print if possible.

There seems to be a lack of system in the arrangement of the Pingry Record.

The first number of the Advance gives promise of a successful year.

"What do you think now, Bobby?" remarked the mother, as she boxed his ears.

"My train of thought has been delayed by a hot box."—*Exchange.*

We sincerely wish success to the High School Record in the coming year, and hope that a good paper will be established. M. D. Price.

The Californian was asked if the fruit out there was not very large. "Oh, yes," he answered, "three policemen can sleep on a beet."—*Exchange.*

"Edith, there is one thing that I like about you."
"Really. What 's that?"
"My arm!"—*Exchange.*

GRADUATE NOTES

Miss Mary Seeley, B. H. S. '97, was married September 14th to Mr. E. Akin Starks of Montclair, N. J.

Miss Blanche Lauriat and Mr. Benjamin C. Lancy, both of B. H. S. '99, were married the 17th of October.

Mr. Charles Lewis, B. H. S. '00, is taking a trip around the world

Miss Rosalie B. Simpson, B. H. S. '96, was married to Mr. John B. Fowler, October 11th. They will reside in Bellevue, Pennsylvania.

Miss Charlotte Clarke, once a pupil at the B.H.S., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Clarke of Dean road, is engaged to Carl O. Zerrahn.

The engagement of Miss Dorthy Allen to Chandler Hovey, B. H. S. '98, has also been announced.

"TO DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY."

This notice came to Dr. Roberts during the bi-centennial: "Hold the chorus girls in the class rooms."

We always laugh at teachers' jokes,
No matter how bad they may be,
Not because they are really funny folks,
But because it is policy.

Senior (translating) — "The soldiers excavated the city."
Professor — "You mean evacuated."
Senior — "No, they dug out."

Aechtler (II. German) — "*Flunk 'em, flunk it, ye flunk* — yes, it' s regular."

Mark Twain has bequeathed his head to Cornell.
"It will be the only time any one ever got ahead of me," says Mark.
"Every little helps," says the beneficiary.

Price — "Is Mr. Perry Miss Perry's father?"
Hann, '07 — "I suppose Miss Perry's father's was a Mr. Perry."

'Tis wrong for any maid to be abroad at night alone. A chaperon she needs till she can call some chap her own.

Avery compromises — "Two right triangles are equal when the legs of one are equal *respectivefully* to the legs of the other."

Dr. Roberts (referring to Pluto and Prosperina) — "I suppose if any one broke his oath they would make it hot for him down there."

Patten (I. Physics A) — "When I evaporate I get cooler."

If knowledge were beer and not dry but wet,
I 'd have a real thirst for knowledge, you bet!

Mr. Brooks, translating German (just after "Bug" Brown has left the room) — "Little Sophie has gone."

Mr. Case had spread an equation upon the board.
"What do we do now, Avery?"
"Gather up the terms."

Open fires are gratedelights just now.

One cent doubled every day for a month will amount to $10,737,418.24. If you don't believe it ask Mr. Case, or — better still — try it.

I know a sweet laddie named Rollo,
Whose head is exceeding hollo.
Alas! Cupid's dart
Has punctured his hart,
And Heav'n only knows what will follo.

There was a young lady named Perkins,
Who was awfully fond of gherkins.
With sugar and spice
And everything nice
She pickled her internal werkins.

Roberts (I. English B) — "They used the top story for Heaven, the second for earth, and the lowest for — er — a dressing room."

Mr. Perry — "If any one desires to speak, they must do so through me."
Voice — "Is the line busy?"

Junior — "Why was n't Miss Cushing made a Marshall for the bicentennial?"
Senior — "Ministers were all busy, I guess."

Pupil — "I 'm not sure what the next word means."
Teacher — "Wretch, go on."

Miss Perry (I. Latin) — "Crassus had been ordered to go to Aquitania with his feet."

Teacher — "Fifteen pages in advance."
Bold Voice — "Is that all?"

Miss Spaulding — "Pluto — what *am* I talking about?— Plato."

Chandler (translating Homer) — "He gave him assent to go home."
Carfare, or hurdy-gurdy hush money?

Mr. Case — "Why are you late, Aechtler?"
Aechtler — "Slow in getting here."
Mr. Case — "I guess you will be slow in getting home today."

Crafts found upon his arrival at school the other morning that the swift moving hands of time had stolen a march on him — it was 8.35. When Crafts emerged from the sanctum he remarked, "Say, I 've got to write an autobiography of Thomas Jefferson." Well might he look sorrowful.

Dormon, '06 — "The man was a fool; he married a woman." Well, we sympathize with him.

Dave Hudnut, formerly of '06, the boy who found his studies at B. H. S. too hard and attempted to find rest from his labors by entering Williams, was in the balcony one day not long ago during the music period in Shailer Hall. Dave seemed to be watching the work of the singers with great interest, especially that of the first sopranos. Although now attending Steinert Hall School, he finds it impossible to break the ties which bind him to the old school. Dave's heart still requires considerable care.

If you don't use your imagination in making good excuses for tardiness, you'll have to use it in writing compositions on American history.

AT THE EDITOR'S DESK.

In our modest opinion, we are offering two especially good things to our readers this month. They are our story "The Book Worms Turn" and the poem "Gasolene." The former is certainly one of the brightest bits of writing which The Sagamore has published since we became acquainted with it. There is many a hidden laugh in it for the reader with a keen sense of humor. As to "Gasolene," it is such a contrast to most of the poetry received, which as a general thing disregards all rules of metre and rhyme, that it is a gem of real rarity. We hope for lots more work from the pen of "M. L. F., '08."

Many queries have been received in regard to our promised new cover. The fact is, that several covers have been designed; but, although they met with very general approval, they were adjusted by the Art Department to be of insufficient merit artistically, and therefore could not be used. The Art Department approves of something more on the style of the Graduation Number cover last year. This being the case, it seems probable that the present cover-design will be retained for the present.

Aeneid Book IV., Lines 305--310. —— by Frances A. Perry, '07.

"Did you really, hope, O treacherous man,
To depart in secret from this my land?
Does neither our love nor your marriage vow
Restrain you as you are going now?
Nor the thought of Dido, about to die,
Keep you from breaking the sacred tie?
Come, speak, cruel one, and tell me true
Why you are building your fleet anew;
And why, with the cold blasts from the North,
Upon the deep you are setting forth."

PARVA DICTA DE DEIS IMMORTALIBUS.

Romulus and Remus were building the walls of Rome.

"Look here," said Romulus suddenly, pausing, trowel in hand, "are you a member of the Bricklayers' Union?"

"No," answered Remus, "but — "

"Scab!" shrieked Romulus, and hurled a half-brick through his brother's cranium.

"The Union had triumphed!

"I say," remarked Atlas complainingly, after supporting the heavens for several aeons, "this affair is beginning to weigh on my mind."

Hercules was seeking the Golden Apple.

He came to the Oracle and dropped in his penny, turning the pointer to the question "Where?"

"The Oracle played "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree."

Take warning, ye high-flyers, from the fate of Icarus!"

Jason called his ship the Argo, and the battle-cry of the Argonauts was "Ar — go on!" later modified to "Ar — go on, Me-dea!"

The author of "The Powers that Be," which appeared in our last number, was told by one of the teachers that his list was very good, but not exactly complete. When asked what was lacking, the member of the faculty suggested that the names of the members of the School Committee and Mr. Aldrich should have been "tacked on" at the end. This was a good hint; but the compiler would like to have it strictly understood that the printers are to be blamed (the same old story) for placing the names of the pupils above those of the teachers. As long as every one considered it a good joke on the faculty, and no one contemplates suicide or murder on account of the mistake, we will pass over it this time, hoping such a dreadful mistake will never again appear in The Sagamore. C. H., 1907.

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VOL. 12 NO. 4

THE SAGAMORE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL, MASS.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Editorials 101
The Loss of the Great Korean Pearl 105
Book Review 112
A Fish Story 113
At the Editor's Desk 114
Graduate Notes 114
Exchanges 115
Athletics 116
Bubbles 121
Memorial 124

ULTRA-FASHIONABLE THINGS

are whimsical, more or less. Shoes that are extremes of the fashion get their most peculiar characteristics at the expense of plain sense and, as a natural consequence, they cost more to make than do simple shapes and things unadorned. Thus it follows that Sorosis Luxurious shoes are expensive. Still the interesting fact remains that no other strictly fashionable shoes made today equal them in elegant appropriateness and perfect finish. The above represents this class: Price, $14.

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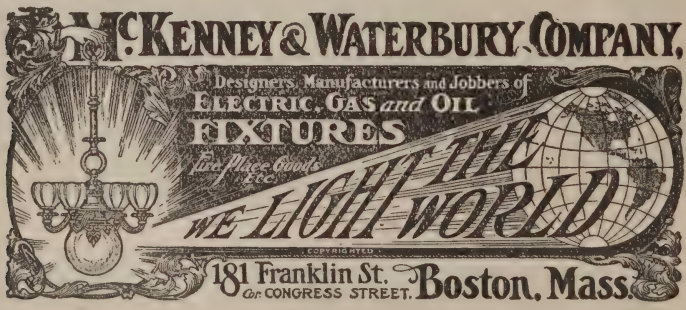

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 12 JANUARY, 1906 NUMBER 4

EDITORIALS

IT is our sad duty to record two deaths which occurred during the Christmas vacation. Mr. Frizzell will no longer instruct us in his quiet, kindly way about the intricacies of mechanical drawing. He was suddenly stricken with appendicitis, was hurried to the Faulkner Hospital, Jamaica Plain, where an operation was performed; but the patient passed way without regaining consciousness, on a Friday, December twenty-ninth. His sudden death was a shock to his friends, and among his pupils the deepest sadness and sympathy for his widow was felt. In expression of this and of the kindness and patience which their teacher always showed to them, the mechanical drawing pupils have sent the following note of sincere condolence to Mrs. Frizzell:

Mrs. Joseph A. Frizzell,
Roslindale, Mass.:

The pupils of the Brookline High School wish to express to you their sympathy and their grief at the sudden death of Mr. Frizzell — a man whom every pupil that knew him respected and admired. This letter was unanimously adopted at a meeting of Mr. Frizzell's pupils.

For the pupils:—
WILLIAM FITZPATRICK
EVERETT ST. JOHN
WALTER BROWNELL

The Sagamore is also grieved to chronicle the death of Miss Phyllis Johnstone of the Fourth Class, who died of scarlet fever December fourteenth at the Hospital for Contagious Diseases, Brookline. Miss Johnstone had been in the Brookline schools only

a little more than a year, and had graduated from the Devotion School. Previously she had been carefully educated at home and in the Horace Mann School of New York, where our former superintendent, Mr. Dutton, is principal. She possessed a very sweet nature and was remarkably earnest and able. Being an only child, the loss in her home is irreparable. She was a bright little character, taking a keen interest in the school, and her loss will be deeply felt throughout her classes. The sincere sympathy of the whole school is extended to her parents.

The fact that much is actually being accomplished towards the improvement of football is perhaps obscured by the great amount of criticism and the unauthorized rumors that are current in the newspapers. The movement is steadily progressing and will soon bear fruit. Meanwhile, not one of the least interesting results of the outcry against the game is the attempt on the part of many ingenious people to devise other sports to take the place of football. Out in Kansas a game on the same plan has been invented in which the ball is ten feet in diameter. To kick a goal the ball is upheld on the shoulders of two men, while another two run simultaneously at the huge pigskins, and, by butting it violently in unison with their heads, attempt to send it over the regulation goal posts, which are ten yards distant. It seems doubtful if this game will, any more than cricket, Rugby, quoits, tiddledy-winks, or, in fact, any game whatsoever, take the place of football. The reform idea is the right one; not the prohibition or substitution method.

By far the most valuable set of reference books on American history in our school library is that which the late Brookline Historical Publication Society has just given to the School. Justin Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History of America" is a comprehensive and authoritative work of eight volumes, fully illustrated, and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, in 1889. In the front of every volume is an autograph of the author. It will be remembered that the society mentioned was composed of five members: Mr. Charles K. Bolton, Miss Ellen Chase, Mr. Daniel S. Sanford, Mrs. Annie T. Sanford, and Miss Mary P. Frye. On the breaking up

of the society because of the removal of Mr. and Mrs. Sanford from town, it was found that the society treasury contained a little surplus money. It was with this sum that the books were purchased. The gift adds much to the debt of gratitude that the school already owes to this society whose publications may be found in the library of the school.

Hockey is the most healthful and invigorating of winter sports. Basketball is also pretty lively and gives little chance to the participant to gather superfluous fat. The High School has good facilities for each of these sports, and many of the boys engage in them. But there is one sport for which we have extraordinary facilities but which has no official recognition from the school. Swimming is the best exercise for all-round physical development which can be indulged in; and, moreover, it is practicable at all seasons. We certainly have enough natatorial talent in the school to make it interesting for other scholastic swimming teams with which we could compete if we ourselves had a similar organization.

We desire to say in regard to the numerous resignations, all on the part of girls, from The Sagamore Board since the beginning of the year, that, though in one way we regret them, we are very strongly of the opinion that the spirit which has prompted them is of a kind very much too scarce heretofore in connection with The Sagamore and many other things. The girls who have resigned have done so, in a word, because they do not feel that they are capable of doing the work which they feel they should do, and, they are unwilling to remain on the board simply as figureheads. Therefore, they resign. We want to personally thank them for the feeling they have shown in this matter, and the sensible way they have acted.

A man out in Ohio has, we understand, much to the scandal of his God-fearing neighbors, erected a monument to the devil in his front yard. Even in Boston there are monuments enough to the devil and, as we doubt if Ohio is any exception to the rule, it seems as if this diabolic shrine is really uncalled for.

What with roller-skating, association football, and other pastimes which have long roosted deep among the cobwebs taking their places again in the business of furnishing the world with amusement and exercise, is it impossible that ere long we should be once again enthralled by the jolly click of the giddy little ping-pong ball?

Apropos of the numerous grievances which are tendered to The Sagamore for airing:

What 's the use in kicking?
Leave that to Moran.
Remember that, in this respect,
The ass excels the man.

"Where 's that umbrella I lent you yesterday?"

"Jones borrowed it. Why?"

"Oh nothing; only the fellow I borrowed it of says that the owner has been asking him for it." — Cleveland Leader.

Zoo visitor — "What an immense snake! Oh, he 's a rattlesnake, isn 't he?"

Keeper — "Yes, mum. He has twelve rattles and a button."

Visitor — "How can you make him rattle?"

Keeper — "Touch the button."

"Oh, George dear," she whispered, when he slipped the engagement ring on her tapering finger, "how sweet of you to remember just the sort of stone I preferred. None of the others were ever so thoughtful."

George was staggered for but a moment. Then he came back with, "Not at all, dear; you overrate me. This is the one I 've always used."

THE LOSS OF THE GREAT KOREAN PEARL

"NEVER heard of the great Korean pearl? 'Tis no wonder. Sir Baring Brown — the traveller, ye 'll mind — bought this pearl for one-seventieth what it was worth in the London jewel market from an ignorant Chinese fisherman. Home to Kensington he brought it. Then times grew hard, and when an American collector offered the baronet a sum well above any jeweler's previous valuation, Sir Baring handed it over and fitted up for a trip to South Bangoliland with the cash; there, as you know, unfortunately he made an entrée on the menu of the local potentate.

"The American, J. S. Cupples he was called, was held to be a crank in all senses of that vague and misused word. Men said he had a great collection of precious stones, but they judged only by the record of sales to him, for no one claimed to have ever had a glimpse of the collection. Money he had — bankfuls. Money he spent — bankfuls; but all for precious stones. Every new stone that made a sensation in the market he would price, and no small number he would buy. Man," the narrator leaned forward and lowered his voice, "Man, ye 'll never ken how nigh he came to getting the Kohinoor.

"About then they were founding the newest of the great London museums. Six hundred men they had buying for them. It was a sight indeed to see the cases and boxes coming in daily; one marked 'from Borneo,' the next 'Chilcoot Pass, Alaska' or maybe 'Buenos Ayres.' I was one of the six hundred of the jewel buyers' department. One by one they all went out, these buyers of the most precious of minerals, till I alone was left. Then the great man called me up in my turn. 'McBride,' says he, 'Listen close, for I 've no easy task for ye; and he told me at length what I have given just now. 'McBride,' he finished, 'We want the Korean Pearl.' It seems old Brown had blabbed of the stone to him. ' 'T will be the central glory of our exhibit,' said the head, 'and we must have it at all costs. Good day.' 'T was a brisk little way the head had with him, but pretty generally what he ordered was done.

"Forty-eight hours later I was churning my way westward, toward 'Vermont Turnpike, near North River Corners, Cambridge Co., Vermont, U. S. A.' — the detailed address of J. S. Cupples, collector of precious stones. In the course of time I was dropped by

the stage at the North River Inn one March evening. 'T was summat cold, so they brought out some vile stuff fasely labelled 'Scotch.' But the good man meant well and hospitably, and told me more of my quest. 'Aye,' he said, 'A queer man, a verra queer man. He is away much, but when he is here we see naught of him. A lass from the village lives in the house and serves him. Truly she has a brave heart, for more than once old Cupples has shown his mind to be none too steady.'—'Ye call him old?' I asked. 'Who knows,' answered mine host. 'I have seen him, and his hair is grey. Why, I canna say. Also he is bent, and his eyes are shifty as with some great fear. But ye may judge for yourself on the morrow.' And I was glad to stretch my weary limbs between the cool sheets that night.

"Next day at maybe ten o'clock I walked up the hill to the house they pointed out to me. It was a well-built place, though not large. From the rear two huge hounds strained howling on their chains at my approach. The windows were strongly barred, and shuttered to the daylight. I also thought I saw a little wicket-like opening appear in the shutter of an upper window, but I couldna' be sure. To my knock came, with a promptness born of expectation, due no doubt to the belling of the hounds, a lass whom I did not hesitate to put down as the maid from the village. Comely she was; dark, verra dark — eyes and hair; with a quiet light under her black brows; a rich coloring, and lissome as a willow.

" 'What would ye?' she broke in, sharply, as I, taken summat aback, drank in her beauty. 'Mr. Cupples. I would see him on a matter of business,' I answered, giving her my trade card. 'Come in,' she returned, none too cordially, thought I. And I could feel her searching gaze upon me as I passed into the dark interior. I was left in a bare room, with three chairs, a worn carpet and a small table as furniture. There was a little metal box attached to the sash of the window; I recognized a burglar alarm. Then I recollected that the front door had been more suited to a fortress than to a dwelling, so thick and reinforced with iron was it. 'So he fears robbers,' I thought, 'Well, who can blame him, if his collection is all they say of it?'

"There was a shuffling step in the hall, and I found myself facing Mr. Cupples. He offered a bony hand, though his beady little eyes showed anything but greeting. His hair was very grey and face

much lined, but I should not have called him over fifty. He sat down on one of the limited supply of chairs; I resumed mine. Evidently he was taking stock of me. A dour old fellow he was. I began on the object of my visit; there was no chance for small talk. At the mention of his precious stones the sharp scrutiny of his glance became more piercing even. 'No,' he answered quickly, 'my collection is not for sale, nor any part of it. 'T is poor as yet, but I hope to better it.' In the settled purpose of his tone I foresaw trouble.

"I argued. He only blinked cunningly and shook his head. I pleaded. 'No,' crabbedly, 'Ye might have known I wouldna sell any of my stones.' Finally I rose and said: 'Of course, Mr. Cupples, ye canna be expected to decide one way or t'other without time for deliberation. I owe ye my apologies for being so pressing, and will drop in again tomorrow. Should ye make up your mind meanwhile, I'm at the North River Inn.' Ignoring his protests of a mind already made up, I bade him good-day and went out.

"It was verra good to get out into the sunshine from the dark stuffiness of that house. I looked out upon the rolling American landscape and admitted it was second only to Scotland. As I strolled down the path I put away all thought of the Korean Pearl, and wondered how to spend the day. Presently my thoughts were interrupted by a clear voice, singing, 'A Highland Lad My Love Was Born!' as the lasses at home would say it. I looked up and there was the maiden of the dark eyes coming up the path swinging a package on her bared and shapely arm, and as yet unaware of my presence.

"Suddenly she perceived me and broke off, blushing. 'Hoot, lass, geh an, geh an!' cried I, all my Highland tongue brought back by the spirit of the song, 'It minds me of all I love.' But she would not go on, for all my pleading, though she flushed with pleasure at the sound of the Scotch.

"'So ye're a Highland lassie,' said I. 'I thocht ye were ower bonny for a New Englander.' 'I was born in the shadow of Ben Vollich,' answered she. 'And I but half a score miles away, at Loch Ramoch,' I returned. For half an hour we talked of the old Highlands. She told me how her father had died at home, her mother after they had come across to Vermont. I told of my errand

to Cupples. 'He is really unsettled in his mind,' she said. 'He fears with a great terror that he may be robbed of his jewels. Even to me he has never shown them. Doubtless ye noticed the alarms and locks?' I nodded. 'But after all,' she went on, 'He is nowt but an old man and helpless. Some one must care for him. All the same,' her black eyes blazed suddenly, 'Yon evil-minded, gossiping pack of hussies must taunt me with doing what I do for the sake of his — his — ' But the tears dimmed the indignation in her eyes, and she sat down by the roadside, face in her hands, shaken by sobs. No doubt the thought of this vile misjudgment was a deep hurt to her. Black rage possessed my spirit, and I comforted her as tenderly as I knew how.

"In time she jumped up, smiling shamefacedly with wet cheeks, and ran lightly away with but a wave of her hand for farewell. I sat where I was and watched her slender figure mount the hillside. A song sparrow warbled from the hedge nearby, and something answered and echoed his note of joy in my heart. Just as the girl was about to turn the corner of the house, once again she turned, and waved her hand. I could have sworn she had brushed her lips in raising it.

"The day passed pleasantly and quickly enough, with a long stroll through the woods. On my return at five o'clock my landlord informed me that Mr. Cupples had left a message begging me to come to supper. That this invitation had made a deep impression on my host was evident; as for me, my heart leapt up with renewed hope of success.

"When she answered my knock this time, I could see anxiety writ plainly in the features of the Highland maid. 'Whist,' she whispered, bending so near that her hair brushed my cheek in the twilight.' 'There's a strange light in the laird's eye the night. Take care. He may mean harm to thee.' As she spoke I could feel her warm breath on my cheek. An irresistible impulse possessed me. I kissed her.

"Cupples greeted me a little more cordially than before, but did not mention the precious stones during dinner. I told him at length of the work of founding the museum, while he kneaded bread pills with his nervous, restless fingers. Alice — for that, as I afterwards learned, was her name — served us; and never was servant more distant in manner than she, though I knew she was listening to every word.

"Finally we rose. As we left the room Cupples remarked, 'Now I 'll show you something worth seeing.' He led me upstairs, lighting the way with a lamp. We paused outside a door which Cupples unlocked and signed me to enter. The room was scantily furnished like the rest, except that a large bed stood with its head to the wall and its foot stretching out into the room. The old man set the lamp on the table, and turned back to the door, which he locked, saying apologetically as he did so, 'We must be undisturbed. I propose to show you my collection.' He glanced sharply at me. I doubtless showed all the interest I felt. 'Now,' he continued, 'I don't want you to think I do not trust you, but I have always kept my hiding place for my jewels a perfect secret. I should have asked you to wait outside until I got them out. However since you have come in do you mind turning back to the room in that corner a minute?' He spoke so pleasantly, even courteously, and so differently from the Cupples of the morning that I assented readily, and took the position he asked.

"There was a click, a shuffle as of a chest being dragged, then a sudden ominous pause. Alice's warning flashed through my mind and my simplicity in laying myself so open to assault. In an instant I had half turned, when something struck me on the side of the head.

. . . . . .

"When I came to my senses I was bound and gagged on a chair by the wall. My eyes fell on Cupples on the other side of the bed. Scattered over the blanket before him lay the most splendid collection o' gems, sir, it has ever been my luck to behold. I have seen three hundred newly cut diamonds in the shops of Van Druck, Amsterdam; I have seen and handled Zeitzer's collection, considered the finest in the world; but none I have ever set eyes on equalled this unknown, unfamed treasure of precious stones. No one, I am sure, ever looked upon it save its owner and myself. Cupples was on his knees at the bedside, oblivious to all but his jewels, which he gathered in handfuls and let slip scintillating in the lamplight back to their resting place in the lap of the dull grey blanket.

"I strained stealthily at my bonds, but he had secured me with remarkable strength for such a seemingly feeble man, and I gasped in-

voluntarily as my greatest effort proved in vain. Cupples looked up, leering. If ever I saw madness in the eye of man it flamed bright in his. 'Ah-hh!' he snarled, after glaring at me in silence for a time, 'I knew ye, ye thievin' brat of a Scotchman! With your cock and bull stories of a great museum ye have come to rob me of my treasures.' He bent and touched his rough cheek to the gems. 'My treasures that I live for! More to me weight for weight than the blood in my veins! And ye thought I woulna' see through ye! But I was ready, damn you, yes I was ready! I saw you stop my girl — Alice, the only creature on God's earth that ever cared for me; working on her innocence, ye were no doubt, for information to accomplish your thieving ends. I watched it all from this very window here; and I cursed you, cursed, cursed you; and vowed you should pay — and, my God you shall!'

"Then I noted what I had not before — a revolver lying on the corner of the bed. I began to realize I was in an unpleasant situation. The madman raved on, while I considered the state of affairs. My gag I did not mind in the least, for there was no one within reach of a shout but Alice — if indeed she was still in the house, — and I thanked God she was out of the matter, praying she might remain so. My ankles and knees were firmly bound together, my elbows were almost touching behind my back, my wrists fastened as near as possible to each other across my chest. *But* — I was not bound to the chair, and the room was lighted by a kerosene lamp on a small and flimsy table. Here was a last resource in a crisis. I looked up.

"Cupples was fingering the revolver, and still muttering curses. Suddenly he laid the weapon down. 'After I've done to ye as ye deserve,' his beady eyes glittered balefully, 'After that they 'll come to do justice on me who have dealt out justice, and by hook or crook they will try to take my jewels for their damned fees for costs. But they shall not succeed, curse them, damned if they shall!' And he produced a stout wooden box lined with padding into which he poured the treasure, handful after handful. Presently he finished his task, padlocked the chest and stood up.

"'Now,' said he, 'your time has come to go to the devil who made you!' He raised the revolver; I gauged the distance to the little table and my muscles tightened for the spring.

"A quiet knock sounded on the door. In the dead hush that ensued, it was repeated. Cupples' arm sank limply, and his jaw dropped; he looked all at once like a broken old man. His lips framed the name that was in both our minds: 'Alice.'

"'Uncle,' came the voice I loved, 'I have brought your milk.' From the man by the door came a great choking sob — and it was the sound of a heart breaking. Without a word he unlocked and flung open the door. There was a rustle of skirts, a little cry, and she was on her knees beside me, tugging at the knots. I had little eye for anything save her face then, but I caught a glimpse of Cupples standing in the doorway, box of jewels under his arm, watching us; and the tears were coursing down his worn cheeks. When I looked again he was gone.

"After a time we remembered him. A search showed that the house lacked its master. 'There 'll be no use looking abroad for him tonight,' said Alice verra sadly, and with troubled eyes. 'We will find him in the morning,' she said, but hopelessly. I kissed her good-night, but there was a certain sadness mingled with the joy in my heart as I strode home through the moonlight, which showed me never a sign of the lost one.

"Even in the brightness of the sunlight next morning we could find no trace of him. Our hopeless search extended as far as the North River where the highway crosses on a flimsy timber bridge. We rested our weary limbs, leaning over the rail, and listened to the hum of busy Nature on the noon of a warm spring day— the drone of the bees, the rustling of the grasses, the chuckling of the water among the piles.

"Suddenly my wandering gaze was caught by a bit of cloth fluttering from a splinter in one of the timbers which projected out over the black water. I reached and detached it with some difficulty. In silence I handed it to Alice. The question in my eyes was answered by the tears which welled up in hers as she examined the bit of cloth.

"But the happiness of our married life has almost made Alice and me forget the incident which brought us together — the time I failed to purchase the Great Korean Pearl."

BOOK REVIEW

Each month The Sagamore will publish a review of some book, either fiction or non-fiction, of interest to the school. Criticism of such books is invited.

With Kuroki In Manchuria, By Frederick Palmer.

AFTER a war, of greater or less importance, the book markets are invariably flooded with hundreds of good, mediocre and poor works pertaining to the subject — war. The correspondents of the various periodicals and newspapers are a fertile source of this kind of literature. In one sense, therefore, Mr. Palmer's book is decidedly conventional, and in extenuation of this we cannot plead that it differs radically from the usual post-bellum production of the war correspondent. But the author certainly presents newspaper English in its best form, and, in the narration of events of which he was an eye witness, he employs it in its best function. The book covers the advance of the right wing of the Japanese army, under the command of General Kuroki, from the Yalu River to Liao-Yang; and it tells of the brilliant strategy of the leaders, as well as the patience and courage of their men. We are not altogether in, clined to pronounce this book a work of merely temporary interest and we make no hesitation in earnestly recommending it to all those who are interested in this particular subject or who are fond of romance and adventure of any kind. For romance and adventure will be found here in plenty, and with an intensified interest, which comes from the fact that "truth is stranger than fiction." — *Charles Scribner's Sons, 1904.*

She — "You would not be my husband today, Henry, had not John been killed at Gettysburg."

He — "Oh, what a curse war is!"

He — "This affair is deuced tiresome, don't you know. Guess I 'll go."

She: "Do so — it might help a little."

A FISH STORY

HENRY F. DUNBAR

IT was four o'clock in the morning when Fred was awakened by Ben, who said in a loud voice as he stood in the doorway: "Come on, Fred, you sleepy, come along if you 're coming fishing. This is the time of day, and just the right day."

"Oh, let 's not go yet," said Fred with a grunt, as he turned over towards the wall; and, with a dreamy, muffled voice from the depths of a soft pillow, he added, "It 's too early, and the fish won't be up yet."

"Well, I never!" said Ben to himself, "but if he 's going to play lazy, I 'll prove to him that, if the early bird catches the worm, the early worm catches the fish."

While Ben was pondering on this addition to the old proverb he was going out into the damp, chilly air of the early morning. He took up his bait box and other things and paddled off to the mouth of the creek, which was hidden from view by the dense mist.

A little later, just as the first rays of the morning sun were making the snow caps of the distant mountains blaze like a fire, a second canoe was seen to speed from the same beach, but headed in an opposite direction.

That canoe was also lost in the mist, and soon the last ripple from the paddle had disappeared, all was quiet and still except for the croaking of frogs and the occasional splash of a fish at play.

Suddenly a soft moan was heard from the pine grove and a strong breeze swept before it every trace of mist, and sent it rolling up the hillside in one great white billow, leaving behind it the purest and freshest air of the day. As the mist rolled away from every portion of the bay, way off to the right could be seen a canoe anchored at the mouth of the creek. It was the early-rising Ben hard at work fishing, and having great luck.

Two hours later Ben weighed anchor and paddled quickly back to the beach. As soon as he landed he scanned the horizon and the water and gave a little exclamation of surprise when he saw Fred rounding a neighboring point in the other canoe. As Fred neared the beach he asked Ben in a matter-of-fact tone if he had had any luck that morning.

"A little," answered Ben, triumphantly holding up a goodly string of pickerel, bass and perch, weighing two pounds apiece on the average.

"Did you?" asked Ben, seeing a landing-net in Fred's canoe.

"Oh, a little," Fred answered carelessly, "Only I was so stupid as to let him tangle my line and smash my pole," and he held up a seven-and-a-half pound bass before the astonished eyes of the other lone fisherman.

AT THE EDITOR'S DESK.

THIS January issue has been gotten out under some difficulties. The reduction in the number of the board, coming as it did at a time when the pressure of work was very great, due to the interference of vacation, threw the whole burden of the task to be done in this limited time upon a few heads. Being unwilling to sacrifice the order and quality of the paper to the less important point of punctuality in issue, we here apologize if this number comes into your hands a day or two late.

With regard to "The Loss of the Great Korean Pearl" we would say that it is not our policy to publish stories quite so long as this, as a rule, but we were brought to do so by the exigency spoken of above, combined with lack of first-class material.

GRADUATE NOTES

Nathan Beals, formerly of '07, has become associated with S. D. Bush & Co., cotton brokers, of Boston.

Miss H. Dorothy Clark, formerly of '06, visited the school the week before Christmas vacation.

"Shorty" Heintzmann, at different times identified with various B. H. S. classes, is now at Andover, playing forward on the hockey team of that institution.

Chester Brett and Emile Erhardt are both playing hockey at Dartmouth.

EXCHANGES

WE have received with pleasure the following exchanges: The Penn Charter Magazine; The Megaphone; The Pingry Record; The E. H. S. Record; The Glazebrook Rumford Bulletin; The Milton Orange and Blue; The Cricket; The Skirmisher; The Southern Workman.

What, may we inquire, is the point to the story entitled, "Communion" in the Penn Charter Magazine? It reads more like an account of some murder in a yellow journal than anything else.—The Penn Charter football team is to be congratulated on its successful season.

We are glad to add a new exchange to our list in the Skirmisher. The Christmas number of this paper is a great improvement over the preceding one.

The Cricket, true to its name, is a lively chirper and is quite entertaining.

The Milton Orange and Blue would be improved by the addition of a few jokes.

LATIN.

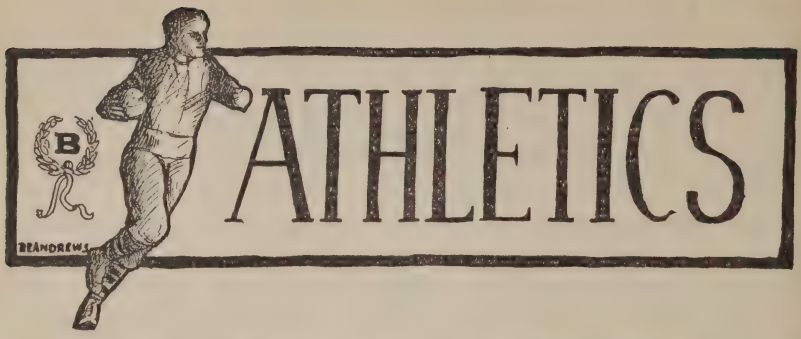
They are all dead who wrote it,
They are all dead who spoke it,
They all must die who learn it,
A happy death! — they earn it.—Ex.

This is how Johnny recited one stanza of Longfellow much to his mother's delight:—

Liza grape men alla mindus,
Weaken maka Liza Blime;
Andy Parting Lee B. Hindus
Footprin Johnny Sands a time.—Ex.

The Megaphone is living up to its past reputation and is certainly one of the best of our exchanges.

The Southern Workman for December contains, as usual, several very interesting and instructive articles. M. D. P.



In choosing the team which will go down in the annals of Brookline High as the eleven of 1905 Captain Otis and Coach Lowman were influenced by two considerations: the excellence of a man's play, and the earnestness and helpfulness he exhibited during the season. In our opinion, the boys of the school assumed that the former consideration was the only one to be borne in mind; hence the criticism which the appended allotment of positions has occasioned from some quarters. The fellows who know our coach well must realize that the very last thing of which he could be accused is unfairness. The eleven men whose names appear below on the first team have, in the honest opinion of the two men best qualified to judge, earned the positions of honor which they have received.

BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM, 1905.

W. Howe, '08, and C. Bailey, '06, L. E.; R. C. Floyd, '05, L. T.; C. Hann '07, L. G.; F. Johnson, '06, and L. Emerson, '08; C.; C. Fletcher, '09, R. G.; S. A. Sargent, Jr., '06, R. T.; B. Shine, ' 08, R. E ; MacNamara, '09, Q. B.; J. Gaffey, '06, L. H. B.; J. Aechtler, '07, R. H. B.; M. Jones, '07, and G. Otis (captain), '07, F. B. In addition those awarded their letter B's: — Manager P. Brackett, '06; W. O' Hearn, '06; C. Robart, '09; K. White, '07; L. Pitkin, '07.

The injury which has incapacitated Lloyd Cooley for many weeks has deprived us of the services of a reliable and trusted athletic editor and reporter — one who has covered his work so entirely and

well that when he was missing we suddenly found that our news of athletics was sadly lacking. Now that Cooley is back we hope to maintain our former standard, and regret the brevity and incompleteness of our accounts this month.

BASKETBALL.

Brookline 11 — M. A. H. S. 4.

Chiefly by the individual excellence of Hann, Hatch, and Condrick, Brookline won her first basketball victory. The lack of team play was due no doubt to the earliness of the season; the Boston school had more of it than our team, but were outweighed and inaccurate in their shooting. Many men were given a show in the last half, but the team with which the game began was undoubtedly most effective: Forwards, Hatch, Condrick; centre, Hann; guards, Floyd (capt.), Williamson. The game was played at Brookline, Dec. 15.

Brookline 16 — English High 17.

Again outclassed in respect to team play and handicapped by frequent fouling by Hann, Brookline lost to English High in the Boys' Gym. January second. Hatch, by phenomenal shooting in the first half, enabled Brookline to close the half tie, 10 to 10, with her opponents. In the second period English High combined accurate shooting with clever passing, and pulled out one point to the good. The line-up for the greater part of the game was as above, except that Daniels took Williamson's place at guard.

Brookline 21 — Chauncey Hall 8.

Friday afternoon, Jan. 5, the team defeated that of Chauncey Hall School 21-8. At the end of the first half the score was 7-6 in favor of Brookline. Brookline repeatedly shot at their opponents' goal but missed very often. Floyd and Daniels did well in breaking up the Chauncey Hall team work, and Hatch played, as usual, the star game.

B H. S.	goals	fouls	C. H. S.	goals	fouls
Hatch f.	4	3	Leonard f.		
Condrick f.	1		Connelly f.	1	
Brownell c.			Brown c.	1	
Daniels g.	3		Burgess g.	1	2
Floyd g.	1		MacFee g.		
Total 21				8	

Referee — Heilborn. Umpire — Brown. Timers — Gaffey and Nickerson. Scorer — Burnham.

HOCKEY.

Brookline 1 — Rindge 1.

On Hammond's Pond December 15, B. H. S. met Rindge in hockey. The play was in Brookline's favor throughout the game, the puck continually threatening the Rindge goal, which was defended by intentionally driving the rubber out of bounds. Rindge scored toward the close of the first half, and at the beginning of the second half Shine scored for Brookline. Lack of team-play, tripping, and time-killing marred the game. Shine excelled in individual work. Line-up for Brookline: Forwards, Cady, Shine, Gaffey, Howe (Aechtler); cover point, Aecthler (Howe); point, Fletcher; goal, Brackett.

Brookline 1 — Stones 3.

On Tuesday, Dec. 26, in another ragged game the Stones eleven under the wonderful Don Cutler defeated B. H. S. without much trouble. Brookline learned lots about hockey in a rink with which they were unfamiliar. The line-up was the same as the Rindge game, except that Jones took Aechtler's place at cover-point.

Brookline 4 — Roxbury Latin 1.

On Tuesday, January 2, Brookline outclassed Roxbury Latin with ease at the Commonwealth Skating Club's rink. The game gave an opportunity for Jones to be tried at forward and O'Hearn at cover-point, and both made good. Line-up: Forwards, Cady, Shine, Gaffey, Jones; Howe (O'Hearn) cover-point; Brackett, point; Fletcher, goal.

Brookline 3 — Brae-Burn 2.

At the Brae-Burn pond Saturday, January 6, Brookline defeated the local club and put up the best hockey she had exhibited up to that time. Three halves were played owing to a protest by Brae-Burn, but Brookline came out ahead of her exceptionally fast opponents. The line-up for Brookline: Cady (O'Hearn), Gaffey, Shine, Jones (Howe), forwards; Brackett, cover-point; Fletcher, point; Andrews, guard.

Brookline 1 — Cambridge Latin 0.

It is a pity that such an important game should be won under protest, but there is no doubt that to Brookline belong the laurels; and the victory was perfectly fair. The first half was fiercely fought, but the puck was always nearest Cambridge's goal and their defense was continually hard put to protect the posts. At the end of the half Brookline had not succeeded in scoring, and the figures stood 0 to 0. Early in the second half Jones shot the puck through, and Hill called the goal, although Cambridge claimed it had gone outside. Several times thereafter Brookline's defense had to work to keep the puck away, and a few even reached Andrews at goal. The game was remarkably fast and hard, especially the latter; many a hockey stick was splintered. Gaffey and Shine were quick and in the play at critical moments; Brackett was more or less of a stone wall. The game was played on an improvised (very much so!) rink on the Old Reservoir, Jan. 9, before about 150 spectators. The line-up: —

B. H. S.		C. L. S.
	Forwards	
Cady	"	Delaney
Gaffey	"	Beard
Shine	"	A. Chase
Jones	"	Goodale
Brackett	cover-point	Clark
Fletcher	point	Chapin
Andrews	goal	G. Chase

Referee — Whittemore. Judges at goals — Foster and Hill. Timers — Boyer and Rich. Time — Two 20-min. halves.

We take the liberty of printing the following summary of the Collegiate Championships for the year 1905 as of interest to those boys preparing for higher institutions, and to almost every girl:—

EAST.

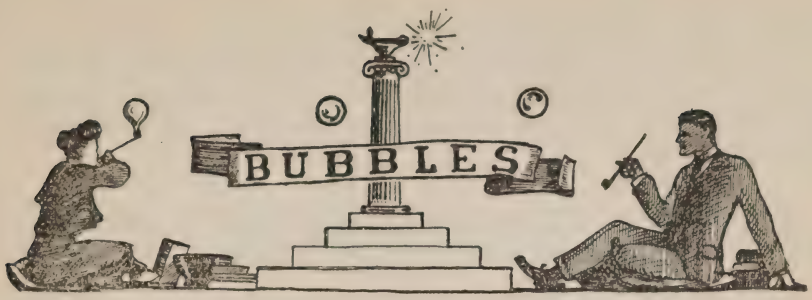
Football	Yale, Pennsylvania.
Baseball	Yale.
Track athletics	Cornell.
Rowing	Cornell, Yale.
Association football	Haverford.
Basketball	Columbia.
Gymnastics	Columbia.
Swimming	Pennsylvania.
Water polo	Columbia.
Cross-country	Cornell.
Cricket	Haverford.
Chess	Harvard, Pennsylvania.
Fencing	Annapolis.
Golf	Yale.
Hockey	Harvard.
Lacrosse	Swarthmore.
Shooting	Pennyslvania.
Tennis	Pennsylvania.
Wrestling	Yale.

WEST.

Football	Chicago.
Track athletics	Chicago.
Cross-country	Chicago.
Baseball	Michigan.
Basketball	Wisconsin.
Swimming	Chicago.
Tennis	Chicago.
Gymnastics	Wisconsin.

TIME'S CHANGES

Under a spreading motor-car
The village Smithy lays.
The Smith, a foxy man is he;
He struck a job that pays.
No horse he shoes, for o'er his door
The sign "Garage" displays. —Brooklyn Life.



A little nonsense now and then
Comes bubbling from the wisest men.

Mr. Packard — "People go there in the summer for a cool time and in the winter for a hot time."

Junior (American History) — "The French sailed down the St. Lawrence to Louisiana."

Reynolds had just left Senior Greek to post a forgotten letter when Mr. Snow strolled in.

"Is this all of your Greek class, Doctor?" he asked.
"This is 75 per cent; 25 per cent is out mailing a letter."

Senior (translating) — "Oh, this is hellish torment — "
Teacher — "Mr. Cook, please turn off all the heat."

Mr. Packard — "I know a man who has an ideal system of ventilation. He can heat his house in Summer and cool it in Winter."

Miss Marshall — "Put that notice on the side board, please."

Patten inadvertently suggests that "Tarantula" would have been a much better name for Cicero's wife, Terentia.

"Oh, wretched me!" exclaimed Marshall in I. Latin. Perhaps he was one of those who, according to Miss Canning, "perished to their foundations."

Mr. Packard told I. Physics A. that many people go down to Deer Island to feel the cool breezes from the sea. In the same period he spoke of "'extry dry rain." Now we seem to recall some liquids referred to as *extry dry*, but rain is not in this class. Perhaps Mr. Packard had some of the *extry dry* liquids in mind when he made the remark.

Botany teacher — "If you have the third period vacant, Blank, you might come into the laboratory and finish that onion with me."

Miss Adams is said to have raised this weighty question for settlement: "Do frogs croak?"

After investigation at a neighboring swamp with a trusty *twenty-two* we take pleasure in definitely answering: "They do, provided you are a good enough shot to spot them before they dive."

The English High-Brookline basketball game was thus advertised: —

NO ADMISSION! —— ALL COME!

SENIOR GREEK MOTTO

When all our thinks in vain are thunk,
When all our winks in vain are wunk,
What saves us from an awful flunk?
Our "Trot."

Mr. Hitchcock — "What is a demagog?"
Voice — "A teacher."

Examinations are formidable even to the best prepared, for the greatest fool can ask more than the wisest man can answer.

We have n't had many puns on names this year; we don't care much for that sort of thing Annie Moore, Annie Howe.

"Sagamore S. P. D. Ralpho Marshallo." I. Latin will understand.

Oft in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me
Fond Indigestion brings the blight
Of Stomach-Ache around me.

The wines, the beers,
The evil leers
Of lots of rarebit taken
Without a chew
Or thought of you,
O Indigestion Kraken!

Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me
Fond Indigestion brings the light
Of Stomach-Ache around me.

There was a young maid of Cologne
Who, wearing a sigh and a grogne,
Said, "I'm going to elope
By means of a rope,
I'm tired of living alogne!"

The attendance during the year 1904-1905 of the High School averaged 371 daily, the registered number being 449, 228 boys and 221 girls.

S. B. Blodgett, '07, already known to the school as an accomplished prestidigitator, recently gave a successful exhibition of his skill before an admiring audience at a church sociable in Boston. He has given several other performances for charities, and Sunday-schools.

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Joseph Arthur Frizzell

Died December 29, 1905

Phyllis Johnstone, 1909

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VOL. 12 NO. 5

THE SAGAMORE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL, MASS.

R. E. ANDREWS, '06 . . . . . EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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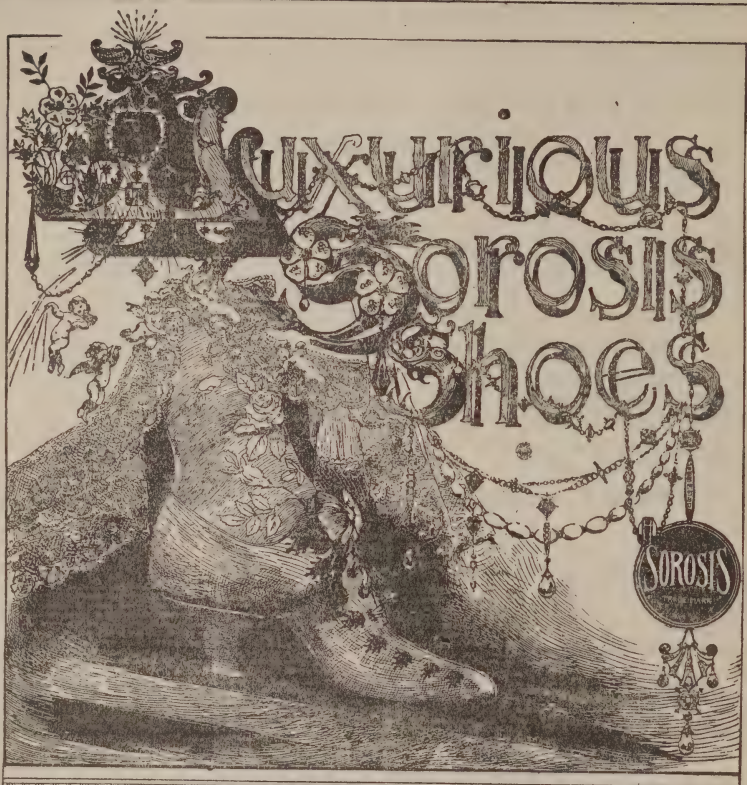
TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIALS 133
RAFFLES II. (Story) 138
CONCERNING THE P. S. A. L. 142
IN CAMP (Story) 143
BOOK REVIEW 146
THE HIGH SCHOOL PUPIL 147
OUR NEW MASTER 148
GRADUATE NOTES 149
ATHLETICS 150
BUBBLES 154
AT THE EDITOR'S DESK 156



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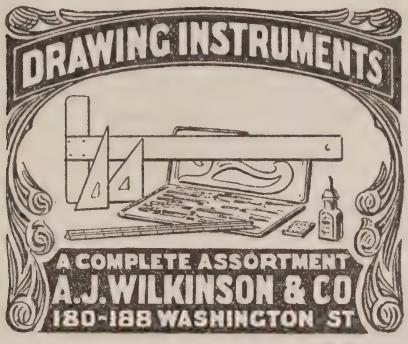

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 12 FEBRUARY, 1906 NUMBER 5

EDITORIALS

THE Indoor Triangular Meet between Brookline, Cambridge Latin, and Newton will take place in Mechanics Building on the afternoon of Wednesday, February 28, at 3 p. m. Captain Schlemm will have ready by that date a team which in our opinion will carry home with it the first track championship of the Preparatory School Athletic League. There is really not much genuine enjoyment in watching a track meet in which but one or two of the contestants are well known personally to you. When, on the other hand, one out of every three men is a fellow you see several times five days of every week, and moreover, when, as we trust will be the case at the Triangular Meet, that fellow happens to be winning his race — then it 's worth while being there. Invitation team races in which outside schools will compete are sure to add interest to the program and to help the venture out financially. But without the heartiest kind of support in attendance from Brookline High, as well as the other two schools in the League, the meet cannot fail to be unsuccessful from a pecuniary point of view, in which case no such meet can be held next year. Now, we know Newton is going to turn out and that Cambridge Latin will support her boys to the utmost. Is Brookline going to fall behind? We hope, and in our hearts we know, that she is not.

Of special interest to us who have yet our way to make in life is the career of the late Marshall Field of Chicago. The life of this great merchant does not concern us because of the enormous fortune he left, but because of the policy and means by which he accumulated it — methods so totally unlike those of certain of our wealthiest

capitalists that the discrepancy cannot pass without comment. The essence of this difference is that, while some men attain success by crushing competition, by the ruin of other men, Marshall Field won his fortune by devoting all his energy to honestly surpassing his competitors, and not to throttling them out of existence, or forcing them to sell out to him so that he might gain a monopoly. In spite of the great wealth which he had gathered by his honesty and industry, and the notoriety it occasioned, no well-founded accusation was ever made against his character as an honorable gentleman, such was the universal esteem in which he was held. He was the finest type of the self-made American millionaire.

When we looked back over the wonderful record of Captain Brett's team, and when in one dire moment a bone snapped in one of the most athletically useful pair of legs in the school, disabling Dick Kimball for hockey, we doubted a little whether the high hockey standard which had been established was not going to smash, whether after two winning seasons Brookline was not going to relinquish the league championship. But we had not been familiar with the second hockey team which flourished inconspicuously last year; the names of Gaffey, O'Hearn, Jones, Cady, Howe, and Fletcher, however well recognized in other sports, we did not associate with hockey. Every one of these fellows has, nevertheless, played a part in turning out a championship team, and together with Captain Brackett, Shine, and Andrews, the Sagamore thanks and congratulates them for the school. As a matter of fact, a great majority of the school apparently has been unaware that such a thing as a hockey team has existed at Brookline High this winter. As soon as the school wakes up to the fact that a good, fast game of hockey, such as our team puts up, is as pretty a sport to watch as can be seen anywhere, both it and the hockey team will be so much the gainers.

As is known by those who see the bulletin-boards of Rooms 10 and 11, the subjects for the J. Murray Kay Prize Essays are "A Picture of Brookline Town and Family Life between the Years 1820 and 1840" and "The Awakening of the Civic Conscience as shown by the Elections of November, 1905." The choice of either of these

two is offered to the contestants, who must be members of the Senior Class. While one subject is perhaps difficult from the fact that there is a comparative scarcity of material available for reference, the other is difficult because just the reverse is true. A majority of writers will probably attempt the latter topic, but it will be hard to treat it with originality. Mr. Hitchcock suggested the two subjects.

We seem to have, stored away in our dim recollection, a faint memory of how a school called Brookline defeated a school called Newton in a game of football. Sometimes, after a well-digested dinner, a sweet dream visits us of a school called Brookline beating a school called Newton in a game of baseball. Then we awake with a sigh of ecstasy, to pray for the fulfilment of the dream. Will it come true? On the baseball outlook an undergraduate authority on the game writes:—

"All but two of last years' team will be on hand when Captain Jones gives the call for candidates. Of course pitcher Furfey and fielder High will be missed, but there should be little difficulty in filling their places.

"Much will, therefore, be expected of the team this year; but the uncertainty of the good marks of some of the members in their studies is apt to greatly handicap the team.

"The schedule has not yet been published, but in this respect the team will have as good opportunities to show their abilities as last year's nine. Manager Floyd has been working hard, and has a fine schedule well under way. Games have been arranged with the leading high schools near Boston, and several very attractive games away from that vicinity have been planned.

"In all probability there will be a call for candidates shortly after the indoor meet, February 22. It is hoped that everyone with the 'baseball habit' will respond to the call and make the old-timers hustle for their positions. A second team will probably be picked if the number of candidates warrants it.

"In Mr. Lowman, our honored and admired athletic adviser and guide, we certainly have a good coach. He played on one of the fastest teams in the state last summer, and we are indeed fortunate to have him for a coach.

"If the baseball team under such favorable conditions does as well as the hockey team did against such hard luck, we shall have another championship coming to roost in Brookline."

That the classic drama differs very widely from the modern popular drama as typified by such a play as William Gillette's "Clarice," was, if we neglect for a moment the intense admiration for the great actress, the foremost impression left with many after seeing Bernhardt play Racine's "Phèdre." In that play there is no approach to "action;" everything happens off the stage, and the audience is thrilled by the awful progress of the tragedy through the impassioned lips of the actors as they tell of it. On the other hand, the type of play on which we have been brought up, leaves little or nothing to the imagination; the studied, but apparently natural, and undoubtedly clever realism of "Clarice," is the extreme of this kind of play. It is the drama of realism in contradistinction to the classic drama.

With this in mind, let us turn to the actress whose genius outshines that of all her predecessors and contemporaries as the moon outshines the stars. One is most impressed by the magnificent way in which the French actress throws herself heart and soul into her work and at the same time conforms to the finest demands of art. The word "acting" has a nobler, broader significance since we saw Sarah Bernhardt; to see her is to realize that great acting and great art still exist in the realm of the spoken drama.

On another page we print a singularly observant and sympathetic analysis of the ideals and character of a boy or girl in that crucial period of life through which most of us are now passing, the period between the ages of fifteen and nineteen. It cannot fail to be a source of interest and self-explanation, perhaps, to many of us, and the clipping is worth careful perusal. The lectures were delivered for the benefit of teachers in the Twentieth Century Club course, and the article we present is from the final lecture, entitled "The High School as the People's College."

This is the first year that we can remember in which the girls have taken a back seat on the Sagamore. We have been long ac-

customed to consider the feminine literary talent of the school as in excess of that of the boys, but this appears at present to be an hallucination. Perhaps the girls are content in their achievements of past years and are now willing to give the boys a chance. If, however, there is any dormant literary ability on the part of either sex in the school, let us hope that it will speedily discover itself, and take advantage of the hearty welcome that will be accorded it by the editors.

⁂

It is so rarely nowadays that the voice of a girl makes itself heard in the Sagamore that when one evinces a desire to speak we are eager to give it the best of chances: "Mr. Hitchcock and Miss Barnes have given the girls permission to play field hockey in the spring. We may have class games but outside ones will be barred, as in basketball. We are rather sorry for this, as we would like to beat Newton very much. Practice will commence as soon as the weather permits, and it is to be hoped that all the girls will turn out and try for their class teams."

⁂

A few Seniors can, perhaps, recall the existence of the Debating Society which was disbanded four years ago. This organization filled a definite place in the activities of the school, and it is very much to be regretted that a combination of petty circumstances should have been allowed to put an end to its career. As this issue goes to press, however, a number of upper classmen, with the co-operation of Mr. Hitchcock, are forming a new society. The success of the undertaking depends upon the response made by the boys of the Senior and Junior classes, to which it is proposed to limit the membership. Although considerable discouragement was met with, the opinion of promoters of this enterprise is being vindicated by the hearty response made and the evident interest that has been displayed. There is no question as to the profit which is secured from the practice of debating. The old debating society graduated at least one member who subsequently gained high collegiate honors, and we do not doubt but that there are other incipient forensic geniuses who would profit by just this kind of training. The Brookline Chronicle, in commenting on the movement, calls it "a measure worthy of the hearty support of the school and of the town."

RAFFLES II.

W. J. Seligman, '08.

THE evening started wrong, anyway. I didn't want to go out, but as I had accepted the invitation it was now too late. I never did like bridge and was only too glad to have a bad headache as good excuse to bid my hostess good evening. I paused in the hall to look at my watch. It was an hour earlier than I had thought. Outside I felt the keen edge of the high wind which usually accompanies the first cold wave of the winter season. The short walk home seemed to have doubled. The house at last. No lights? Nobody at home? The hall gas was burning low but not low enough to cover with darkness a note lying on the table addressed to me. I read: —

"Robert, — Please wait up for me as Jane took the latch-key. I don't know exactly when I shall return, but it will be as soon as possible."

It needed no signature. I knew the hand only too well.

"Dee-lightful," I mused. "Come home early to get some sleep and then have to stick in this hole for — well, next year some time. Ma doesn't know when she 'll get home; Pa had a good excuse for the club; Sis is spending the night out; Jane is good until breakfast — and I have the pleasure of holding down the house. Well, I shall have plenty of room, anyhow."

I went into the library after something to read. I picked up "The Castaway" and stretched myself out on the lounge, preparing to make the best of circumstances. After removing my collar and tie I was soon interested in the pages before me. But my headache was too strong. I laid down the book a minute, closed my eyes, and —

I was awakened by the violent ringing of the door-bell and a tapping on the window. I jerked myself to a standing position and dizzily opened the front door. Finding myself in the presence of a total stranger I made one of my best formal bows and said:

"Excuse me for keeping you waiting. Won't you step — is that you, mother?" I asked as another person appeared.

"Yes, Robert. Please make a light." I turned on the lights. "Robert," went on Mother, "this is my friend — Robert! Where is your collar? You 've been asleep!"

"I beg your pardon," I apologized, rushing after the missing article which was hurriedly replaced.

After being introduced, I was only too glad to be told to retire. I had only taken off my coat, vest, and shoes when I heard Mother's voice calling.

Ye gods! Was I never to sleep again ?

I slipped on a pair of slippers and Pa's smoking-jacket before I put in an appearance.

"Son," said Mother in answer to my questioning look, "Miss Wheeler has left her medicine at home. It is imperative that she should not go without it. You would love to get it for her, would n't you, son?"

When Mother calls me "son" in front of company, that is the sign for me to do or die.

"I would be pleased to be of any service to her," I replied as politely as I could.

"Thank you so much, Master Robert," she said, turning to me: "I live in Mrs. B——'s boarding house on S—— street; do you know it?"

I informed her that I did know it and had been inside once.

"Well then," she continued, "here is my latch-key. My door is the first on the second floor just at the head of the stairs. The staircase is right in the front hall — you can't miss it. Go right up; there will not be anyone about at this time of night. There is a sharp turn to the right and then the landing. Go straight ahead and you 'll find the first door unlocked. That 's my room. My bottle is on the mantle; it 's a blue bottle. Do you think you understand?" She spoke with such elaborate gestures that they took more of my attention than her words.

"Perfectly," I murmured, returning to dress.

It caused me some pain to put my shoes on again, but at last the feat was accomplished. I threw my heavy overcoat on over the smoking-jacket, pulled my old felt hat well over my face, and with a few yawns I was ready to start. At the door I tripped over something. It was Mother's fur neck-piece. Just the thing! After putting my little flash-light in my pocket I wound the fur piece around my neck and for the second time faced the night against my will.

I knew the house. That was a cinch. It was nothing but a big square box painted a dirty yellow which in the moonlight reminded me of custard pie. The latch-key fitted and I stepped inside. It was warm in there at least. I switched on my little light.

Did she say the second on the first floor or the first on the second floor? There are the stairs. Oh yes, I remember now.

I crept upstairs as if my life depended on absolute silence. Then I looked for a door. There were two. I tried the first. It was open. I tripped with a great deal of noise and fell forward. It was a closet. I kicked a dustpan and knocked over a carpet-sweeper in backing out. There was only one other door, so I boldly walked up and pushed it open. Ah! This was surely a lady's bedroom. I flashed my tiny stream of light around, looking for the mantlepiece. Suddenly a feminine shriek came from the bed:

"Help! Help! Police! Burglars!"

Merciful Heavens! I had broken into someone else 's room and they took me for a thief! There was only one thing to do, so I dove into the closet I had previously discovered.

Worse and more of it!

The key turned in the lock and I heard everybody running from everywhere. There must have been a hundred of them. Most of them yelled, but I could hear one person above them all saying:—

"Be still, you idiots! The man is in this closet. Now be quiet while I talk to him. Be sensible, can't you ! No! He can 't hurt you. I 'll shoot him if he doesn't step lively."

The door opened. What a queer sight! Men in pajamas, women in kimonos stared with frightened looks at me. One little man with nothing but a pale blue bath-robe and side-whiskers shakingly pointed a pistol at my head. His large whiskers gave him a "big" look and he threw out his chest as if he were the whole of Wall street.

"What do you want?" he asked in as big a voice as he could comfortably use.

"A bottle — blue — medicine — on the mantle-piece — Miss Wh — Wh — Wh — " I stuttered in my embarrassment.

"Are you crazy as well as a sneak thief? Come! Take off those furs and that jewelry. Do any of you people recognize these articles as your belongings? How did you get in?"

At last I found my voice, but I was so angry that I could n't use it. Now, as I remember, it almost makes me laugh to think what a funny picture I made. My shirt-front, bulging out under the smoking-jacket, and the fur neck-piece, helped to make it more complete.

I told old Wall Street the story and mistake as straight as I could, except, confound it, that name, and I couldn't remember it to save all I possessed. Two maids of sixteen began snickering and giggling until I felt myself grow as red as a parboiled lobster.

"That's too thin," said Wall Street when I had finished, seeing that I was peacefully inclined, "You must stay in that closet until the police come."

The police! Whew!

Things began to look serious, for in spite of my objections I was pushed into the closet again and the key was turned.

I heard the telephone ring and then I began to explore, whistling "Tammany" to put them off their guard. I found that the closet was long and narrow, running parallel to the hall and containing only household utensils; and, joy of joys, there was another door. But it only led into the chamber where I had caused so much excitement. Then my flash broke and I was in total darkness. I began to grope for the other end of the place. Then it became clear to me that the closet was only a passage-way between the two rooms on that side of the house. I had had all I wanted of the rear room; now for the front. I tried the door. It was locked. In my disappointment I let go of the knob too suddenly, making a slight noise. Then I heard a footstep. Somebody was opening that door. Was I discovered trying to break out or had the police arrived?

The door opened.

"Don't make any noise," some one whispered.

I looked up. A young lady scarcely my age and dressed in some filmy pink, blushing furiously, stood before me.

"Which way?" I asked.

"This window leads to the balcony over the door."

"Thank you ever so much —" I paused.

"Alice," she whispered.

"Good night, Alice, you 're an angel."

It took me about five seconds to shin down one of those posts, and then I ran straight into policeman O'Toole.

"Hurry, officer, we can't hold him much longer."

O'Toole made a dash for the door and Wall Street interrupted his dash about midway. When they picked themselves up I had broken the four-forty record.

Mother met me at the door.

"I 'm sorry you had your trip for nothing. Miss Wheeler's medicine was in her bag. Now go right to bed, son, it 's very late."

But that was not the last trip I made to Mrs. B. — 's boarding house.

CONCERNING THE P. S. A. L.

A COPY of the constitution of the Preparatory School Athletic League, as the organization of which our school is a member is officially called, has recently fallen by chance into our hands. It is a document which every member of the school should read, and the Sagamore very much regrets that lack of space prevents it being printed in full. Copies of the constitution, which is published by J. W. Brine & Co., Cambridge, may be had of Mr. Packard. We quote some of the most important and interesting clauses: —

Article II. The purpose of this association shall be to hold contests in football, track athletics, baseball, and whatever other sports may from time to time be adopted, in the interests of pure sportsmanship. The association shall be composed of three schools, Brookline High, Cambridge Latin, and Newton High. The personnel of the league shall remain unchanged for three years.

Article III. The administration of the affairs of this league shall be in the hands of an executive committee. This committee shall consist of one undergraduate, one graduate, and one teacher from each school. (From Brookline: R. C. Floyd, George Delano, and Guy S. Lowman.) A quorum of the committee shall consist of six members. (Thus it will be seen that if all three representatives of two schools agree on a question, the measure is adopted.)

Article V. The series in football shall consist of one game with each school; in baseball, two games with each school. These games shall be played upon grounds mutually agreed upon. In track athletics

the contest shall be an annual one before June 10. In baseball and football the winner of a series shall be the school winning the most games; the championship must be decided the same season. In track athletics the school that wins a plurality of points shall be champion. In each event the winner shall score five points for his school; the second, three; and the third, one point. In case of tie there will be no award of the championship. All games shall be played by Spalding rules, except as follows: —

All games shall begin at three o'clock, or as near that time as possible.

The halves in football shall not be over thirty minutes.

The referee may take out time indefinitely in case spectators encroach upon the field.

The schedule season in football shall close on or before Thanksgiving day; in baseball, on or before the second Saturday in June.

Track athletics must be held before June 10.

Article VII. Anyone shall be eligible who shall present the following certificate properly filled out: —

I hereby certify ..... to be under twenty-one years of age, and to be pursuing a course of study in a manner to satisfy the requirements for promotion in my school.

Signed:

Master of School.

IN CAMP

Elsie Macdonald, '06

I.

THE First Corps of the Edington Cadets pitched camp on June 24, 1897, for a two weeks' outing at Kirkland, which at this time proved to be very popular. The camp was situated on an ideal stretch of wide, green plain, to the left of which arose Mt. Celx. The narrow mountain trail had come to be a good-sized foot-path, worn and trodden by the feet of many summer visitors and the men of the corps.

The cadets had been in camp two days and the excitement was beginning to wane, when Kingsman returned to his duty of guard. From the distance he could hear his friends in rifle practice, and occasionally, amid the bursts of applause, the cadets would shout, "Hurrah! A good shot; but you can't beat Ellison."

As he looked searchingly toward the mountain, Kingsman's fingers unconsciously tightened along his rifle. Suddenly he scowled and drew the lines on his forehead into deep furrows as he watched a graceful, girlish figure flitting along the mountain path, accompanied by a man wearing the cadet uniform.

Kingsman sighed and turned down his beaten path. He had been deep in thought for several minutes when, to his surprise, he encountered a small boy who looked up at him and asked: "Do soldier men always do this?" Hereupon the small boy wrinkled up his forehead in exact imitation of Kingsman's.

"Guess not," came the reply.

"I 'm visitin' you," piped up the small voice.

"Indeed!" laughed Kingsman. He wished this youngster would leave him in peace, and not interfere with his reflections.

"What 's your name?" questioned the small boy, looking up at the guard's grim face.

"Kingsman."

"It 's too long. I fink I could not 'member. I fink I 'll call you "Randy." So "Randy" it was, and today Kingsman is called by that name.

Every morning the small boy, or in other words "Johnny," could be seen walking by Randy's side. The guard grew very fond of his small friend, and often confided to him his own private feelings. Johnny seemed to understand exactly, and one morning surprised Kingsman by saying, "Randy, I — I fink I got a sweetheart."

"And who is she?" asked Kingsman, gravely.

"Why, she 's the new lady that — that brings me my break'ust, an' my dinner, an' my supper, an' papa's an mamma's break'ust an' — "

"Oh, you mean she waits on the table? A waitress, perhaps?"

"Y--es," sighed Johnny, pressing his small, chubby hand to his heart, "I got it bad. Say, Randy, must I call her 'Miss'?"

Randy was deep in thought. He was thinking of his own friend, Miss Seglent. How foolish of him! What a —

"Must I, Randy? Randy, *must* I?" shrieked Johnny impatiently.

"I guess so," Kingsman answered slowly. "She said she liked that kind best."

"Who?" Johnny asked.

"I 've got something for you to do, Johnny," replied Kingsman, and so saying he stooped down, whispered a few words in the little fellow's ear, pulled out some money, and called the astonished Johnny a good boy.

Johnny grinned triumphantly. "I 'm a soldier now," he called out as he scampered across the parade ground.

II.

Miss Frances Seglent settled herself comfortably among the sofa cushions of her piazza chair. She looked anxiously toward the cadet ground dotted with rows and rows of white tents. She was what is commonly termed pretty, but there was more than something pretty about her. There was a certain indescribable something, which captivated every man and woman the moment they gazed into the depths of her dark gray eyes. Miss Seglent was declared to be the most popular girl of the season. The officers found her charming, and the cadets a delightful companion.

Miss Seglent turned over the page of her book. Somehow, her thoughts kept wandering and again she looked towards the camp. Had it been her fault, after all? Was it jealously on his part and on hers?

Ellison! He *was* a fine athlete, he *was* popular, he *was* good looking, he *was* entertaining; but he *did*, she knew he did, every one knew it, he —

Miss Seglent started. Was she dreaming? Before her stood a chubby-faced boy holding in both hands a huge bunch of forget-me-nots, for which the old town of Kirkland had been famous for years.

"Liebchen, oh! Liebchen," Johnny wailed, "I — I forgetted what I had to say, an' I 'm a soldier man. Oh — Liebchen," he sobbed.

Miss Seglent gathered the little fellow up in her arms. "Never mind," she said, soothingly, "Where did you get these pretty flowers?"

"My Randy," murmured Johnny, "He told me to give 'um to you. He — "

"Who says 'Liebchen'?" asked Miss Seglent, blushing.

"Randy does, an' it means some fing awful nice, 'cause Randy says you 're *his* Liebchen, an' you 're mine, too," cried Johnny, and put both his arms round her neck, saying, "An' you 're coming to p'rade, now, are n't you, Liebchen?'

And very, very slowly Miss Seglent nodded an assent.

BOOK REVIEW

Each month The Sagamore will publish a review of some book, either fiction or non-fiction, of interest to the school. Criticism of such books is invited.

NOTE.— All books criticized in The Sagamore wil be found in the Public Library, unless otherwise specified.

NO. 5. "FOOTBALL FOR PLAYER AND SPECTATOR," BY FIELDING H. YOST.

WE can briefly characterize Mr. Yost's book by saying that, if football should, as the extremists are wishing, pass entirely out of existence in this country or be so radically modified as to be unrecognizable, this volume would offer out and out the most complete source of information on the game as it was played in the hypothetically final season of 1905. Indeed, as it is true that the game will probably be considerably modified next season, Mr. Yost's book will from this fact gain some value as a history, while it loses as a future text-book or manual for the game. The little volume is concise, yet comprehensive and easily undersood — this latter being all the more so because the book is illustrated on every other page. These illustrations are very clever photographs and in themselves constitute one of the most valuable features of the book. Like the text, they treat of football from various standpoints. There is a good photograph of every important football field in the country, a photograph of a team from each of the great colleges in play, and finally a very interesting and cleverly taken series of photographs illustrating the methods of tackling, passing, kicking, catching, etc., which subjects are also covered in the text with reference to the cuts, the two combining to form an excellent text-book for the

novice. But the game has first been treated, as the title promises, from the standpoint of the spectator. In the earlier pages of the book are given a brief history of the game, a well-worn statement of its benefits without mention of the other side of the question, and a description and sketch of the game as it is and has been played at a score or so of America's great universities. Taken all in all, this effort of "Hurry Up" Yost's is without any question the clearest, concisest, most interesting, least technical, though most instructive book that has ever been published on football. — *University Pub. Co., Ann Arbor, Mich., 1905.*

THE HIGH SCHOOL PUPIL

THE attainment of full growth and of large muscular power, the large heart and lungs, the well oxygenated, hot blood driven at high pressure, the activity and young vitality of all the tissues and systems, give buoyancy and courage, a sense of power and longing for complete freedom, and revolt against control. A new world opens before him, as fresh and fair as on the morning of creation. The glory of life, the joy of mere living, dawns upon him. He sees parents and teachers plodding in a humdrum round. He is sure that they cannot understand him, and that they know very little of the glories of life and of the world. He has not yet been saddened by experience, or disillusioned by disappointment and failure. Nature is now loosing her leading-strings. He is set free to complete his individual development, and to forge his own character.

He has hardly clearer conceptions of the meaning and value of time than a child. He cannot play a waiting game. If the sun shines today it will always remain cloudless. If the maid of his adoration has frowned upon him, she will never smile again. He lives on the Delectable Mountains or in the depths of the Valley of Humliation; more frequently in the latter region than you suspect. He betrays all his conceit; his humiliation over blunders, failures and sins he feels, but keeps to himself. Such is, or soon will be, the boy or girl instrusted to the care of the teachers in the high school.

Authority has only a superficial hold upon him, tradition far less. But the influences of home training, which have rooted themselves deep in his sub-conscious life, are still very powerful. He has not yet gained self-knowledge or self-control. Much of the child still lingers in him.

It is the period of promise in the life of the boy and girl. It is often our privilege to catch a glimpse of these promises, to "see them afar off" before they are even suspected by parent or friend. They "see visions and dream dreams." There are endless possibilities in these dim and far-off visions.

The all-important question now is: Can the promise be made good and the visions realized? The dream has more substance and value than all the rules of prosody, propositions of mathematics, or facts of anatomy.

If there is any high school teacher who cannot understand and feel this, to whom it is all meaningless and hazy, there is one thing for him to do. Go abroad, study, write a very large and learned book on any useless subject. Come back and you will be invited to lecture at any one of our great universities. You can win fame and renown. You are not big and deep enough to teach in a college or high school. — Prof. J. M. Tyler (Amherst) in his final lecture on "Laws of Growth and Development as Related to Education." — Boston, Jan. 13.

OUR NEW MASTER

MR. ALEXANDER MILLER, who took Mr. Frizzell's place as Instructor in Mechanical Drawing at the Manual Training School on the first of February, is a Scotchman and was born in Edinburgh. The early part of his education was received there at James Gillespie's School and in Daniel Stewart's College for Boys. After coming to America he graduated from the Massachusetts Normal Art School in the class of Industrial Drawing. He has also taken several special courses at Tech, Harvard, and other institutions. For the last fifteen years he has been principal of the East Boston Evening Drawing School, and for over twelve years has been a regular instructor in the Boston Public Schools, having been at Brighton

High for the last three years. He is known in Brookline from having taught for four winters here in the Evening Drawing School Throughout his career as a teacher he has paid special attention to Manual Training, and Mechanical and Architectural Drawing. He expresses a desire to introduce class work in the Arts and Crafts into the work at the Manual Training School. He is a very valuable addition to the remarkably efficient corps of instructors that the High School already enjoys.

GRADUATE NOTES

Hatherly Foster, Jr., was elected captain of the Harvard football team for next fall. Although at present Harvard's eleven of 1906 seems rather an uncertain quantity, the honor is none the less signal, and Foster's name should be stenciled in gilt in the lower hall along with those of the other athletes from B. H. S. who have become famous.

Joe Leland is singing first bass on the Freshman Glee Club at the Cambridge university. Keep your foot on the bag, Joe.

In the Harvard-Brown swimming meet which was held the evening of January 18 at Providence, and which Harvard won by the score of 6 to 3, mention was made in the press reports of the excellent work of Quinlan in the fifty yards and Tomlin in the diving. Quinlan won his event, and Tomlin shared victory with a team mate. Hurrah for '04!

There is a prize fighter of middling reputation who enjoys the name of Austin Rice. The last time we saw Austin was on Greenough street, Sunday, a few weeks ago, and he didn't look much as if Kid Sullivan had made pudding of Rice in three rounds the day before, as the papers stated. He was as gay as ever and looked as if the report that says he is prospering in business, was well founded.

Ted Defriez was a close second in the sprint for the honor of being vice-president of the class of 1909 at Harvard.

In West Point's athletic report for the year 1905 we find that Eddie Pritchett stands ninth or at about the middle of the list of batting averages for the whole squad. He has more stolen bases, however, to his credit than any other man, with one exception. He played in every game but one, and also stands second in the number of runs scored. In fielding, his percentage was .878 for eleven games.

HOCKEY

Brookline 3, Tech. 0

ON the Old Reservoir, Thursday, January 11, Brookline defeated the M.I .T. seven, the result at no time being in doubt, as the home team excelled very decidedly in team-play. Brookline's game showed great improvement from that put up against Cambridge; the forwards got into the game well, especially Gaffey; the defensive part of the team upheld their share of the responsibility in good shape, as Tech's zero indicates. The-line up:—

B. H. S.		M. I. T.
Gaffey	forward	Coupal
Jones	"	Ford
Cady	"	Coleman
Shine	"	Miller
Brackett	coverpoint	Laird
Fletcher	point	Davenport
Andrews	goal	Sharp

Referee — Gilkinson. Goal Umpires — Bailey and Bennett. Timers — Moody and Andrews. Time — 20 and 15-minute halves. Goals made — Shine 2, Jones.

Brookline 3, Newton 2

On the morning of Jan. 20, at Brae-Burn, Brookline once more defeated Newton ; score 3 to 2. The game was tied so that two extra five-minute periods were necessary, Brookline scoring the winning goal in the first one. The teams were closely matched in both skill and roughness, and afforded much excitement to the spectators. For Brookline, Cady played exceptionally well; and Shine

was as always close after the puck. Ranlett of Newton very often checked the rubber's career towards his goal. The result of the game gives Brookline the championship of her league for the third successive year.

The line up: —

B. H. S.		Newton
Shine	forward	Pierce
Gaffey	"	Rowe
Jones	"	Glover
Cady	"	Kendall
Brackett	coverpoint	Sprague
Fletcher	point	Ranlett
Andrews	goal	Billings

Referee — Dutton. Timers — Cooley and Agry. Goal Referees — Andrews and Heinz. Time — Two 20-minute halves and two extra 5-minute periods.

BASKETBALL

B. H. S. 24, Allen 12

In our gymnasium Friday, January 12, Hatch outclassed the Allen School's aggregation, and by individual playing won the game for Brookline. Although the slippery little forward has made phenomenal records before, this performance eclipsed all the rest. Credit is also due to the excellent defensive work on the part of Brownell. At the end of the first half the score stood: Allen, 5; Hatch, 15, no other Brookline player having scored a single point. In the second period Hatch was better guarded and he seemed to be a little tired, scoring more points than anyone else that half also, nevertheless. The game was exceptionally hard and rough.

The line-up:—

B. H. S.		Allen
Hatch	forward	Spencer
Williamson (Collins)	"	Smith (capt.)
Brownell	center	Knapp
Daniels	guard	Hyde
Floyd	"	Field (Wetherell)

Referee — C. Hann. Umpire — Phipps. Timers — Price, Untersee. Time — Two 15-minute halves. Scorers — Eddy, Clune. Goals from floor — Hatch 8, Knapp 2, Spencer 2, Williamson, Daniels, Floyd, Smith. Goals from fouls — Hatch 2, Spencer 2. Fouls—B. H. S. 5, Allen 4.

Brookline 15, Cambridge High 12

On Tuesday, January 16, Brookline defeated Cambridge High 15-12 in the boy's gymnasium. The game was marred by roughness. Hatch excelled for Brookline and Capt. Ericson for Cambridge.

B. H. S.	Goals	Fouls	Cambridge	Goals	Fouls
Hatch, f.	4	2	Williams, f.		
Condrick, f.	1	1	Holzburg, f.		2
Brownell, c.			Ericson, c.	5	
Daniels, g.	1		Murray, g.		
Floyd, g.			Beeching, g.		
Total	6	3		5	2

Referee — Heilborn. Umpire — Rourke. Timers — C. Untersee and Angus. Scorer — Hann. Time—Two 20-minute halves.

Brookline 22, Roxbury Latin 14

By far the cleanest, yet most fiercely contested, game up to that time, took place in the gymnasium between Brookline and Roxbury Latin January 23. The Roxbury boys covered so persistently that the whistle for a toss-up was frequently heard. Brownell did well at center, enabling Floyd to start a rapid passing game, which seldom failed to score. Floyd did well at throwing baskets, but so did his opponent. The line-up:—

B. H. S.	Goals	Fouls	Roxbury Latin	Goals	Fouls
Jones, f.			Welch, f.		
(Williamson), f.	2		Mills (capt.), f.	4	
Condrick, f.	2				
(Collins), f.					
Brownell, c.			Cavanaugh, c.	2	2
Floyd, g.	4		Connelly, g.		
Daniels, g.	3		Cains, g.		
(Stevens), g.					
Total	11	0		6	2

Referee — Hann. Timers — C. Untersee and Brackett. Scorer — Beany Burnham. Time — 15 and 20-minute halves.

B. H. S. 59, Braintree 2

The most overwhelming victory yet won by Brookline was in the basketball game with Braintree High, Friday, January 26. The Brookline boys were at their best, shooting goals with unusual ac-

curacy. Jones scored the largest number and Daniels' first two were spectacular. Williamson showed up well in the second half.

The line-up:—

B. H. S.	Goals	Fouls	Braintree	Goals	Fouls
Jones, f.	9	1	Cuff, f.		
(Morrison)	1		French (capt.), f.	1	
Hatch, f.	7				
(Collins)					
Brownell, c.			Fogg, c.		
Daniels, g.	5		Borden, g.		
(Stevens)	1		Abell, g.		
Floyd, g.	2				
(Williamson)	4				
Total	29	1		1	0

Referee — Heilborn. Umpire — Collins. Timers — Potter and White. Scorer — Clune. Time — Two 20-minute halves.

ROWING

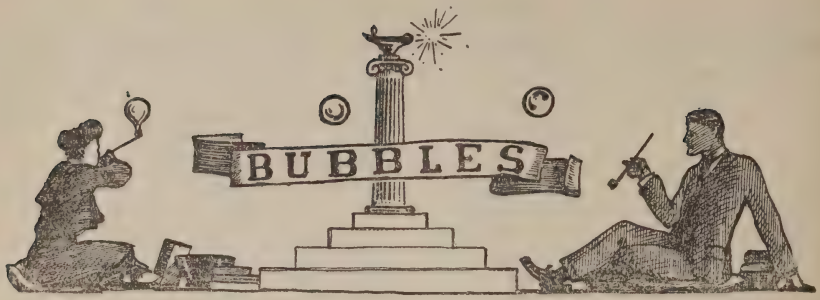
Captain Sargent expects to begin work for the crew about the end of the month, and ought to have a large squad. Although rowing is one of the most wholesome sports, it seems to lack hearty support at this school. Don't forget that we owe Cambridge Latin a good drubbing, and, with proper support, the crew will be able to administer it. Last year was much more successful than the year before; this year—. It is the last year of our term of membership in the Interscholastic Rowing Association for which Emile Erhardt worked so hard two years ago. Make it good.

BADLY FOOLED

Casey. "Ye're a har'rd worruker, Dooley. How many hods o' morther have yez carried up that laddher th' day?"

Dooley. "Whist, man — I'm foolin' th' boss. Iv'e carried this same hodful up an' down all day, an' he thinks I'm worrukin'!" — Cleveland Leader.

It is not generally known that the calendar for 1900 is identical with the one we have just hung up for the year 1906.



A little nonsense now and then
Comes bubbling from the wisest men.

Greenwood, '08: "A chord is a straight line which terminates at its end."

A voice from the tomb — Howe: "The *homogolous* parts of equal figures are equal."

Mr. Packard (I. Physics A): "For this example I 'll strike Miss — er — Patten."

We are glad Mr. Packard decided not to strike a girl.

Andrews (I. Physiography): "They're turning the cone of Vesuvius into a pleasure resort. Perhaps they 'll call it Coney Island."

Voice: "It 'll sure be a hot place."

Crafts (I. Physics B.): "I have a watch that gains an hour every forty-five minutes."

Mr. Lowman introduces Senior Gym. to some novel surgery: "Cut off your right hand with your left leg."

Patten (discoursing on Motion in I. Physics A): "I thought it was what came towards the place where we were working from."

Dr. Roberts, jovially: "Vel, vel!"

Marshall (I. Latin): "Hoc erat finis eorum."

Andrews (Senior Physiography): "Once this region was covered by a marine sea."

Mr. Packard: "In a way it would weigh more."

Miss Canning (Advanced Senior English): "His horse was badly jagged."

Mr. Packard: "Did you get that through your heads?"
Subdued Voice: "Yes, in one ear and out the other."

Mr. Case: "What is the area of a frustrum of a cone equal to?"
Williamson (with great dignity): "The area of the frustrum of a cone is equal to an elephant — ."

St. John (translating in I. Latin): "The queen of the gods soared down." What — Trees?

Freshman (very, *very* green): "He embraced himself."

Miss Clark, '07: "Draw that line KD."

F. Johnson (Senior Geometry): "The hypothesis of the right triangle — ."

Mr. Case: "Step on the other side of your figure."

Miss Weir considers it out of place in reading Dante to laugh while journeying through hell. Some of us will have to change our habits. It 's a roast!

Mr. Snow, translating Cicero: "The fourth class is indeed composed of various elements, motley and chaotic, who long since were burdened by debt, who never get out of debt, and who partly by laziness partly, etc., etc." Poor '09.

Alas! Howe Sharp are the eyes of the law!

ADVICE FROM C. D. B., '06.

If a study offend thee, cut it out.
A ride goeth before a fall. Beware of ponies.
Where there's a will, there often should be *shall*.
Brevity is the soul of wit. That's why there is so little humor in a Virgil or a Homer lesson.
You can fool some of the Faculty all of the time, and all of the Faculty some of the time; but you can 't fool all of the Faculty all of the time.

GUESS AGAIN

"Why is the three of spades like a shirt bosom?"
"Because it looks like the deuce with a spot in the middle of it." — Life.

AT THE EDITOR'S DESK

THERE is no charge which is so unfair to a paper and to those who edit it, as the assertion that unjust discrimination is made against certain people or, in other words, that the editors are not making their magazine the very best they can according to their lights and ability. Also, nothing is more despicable than the disappointed author who, when his attempt is returned, spreads it abroad that only people "with a pull can get stuff printed in *that* office." Some people find it hard to understand that we have a certain standard which we try to maintain, that we do it as fairly as we can, that every returned manuscript is not a personal affront, and that every bright, original piece of work will be judged on its own merits, without consideration as to whether friend or stranger penned it, in spite of the insinuations of the sore-heads.

Junior Aechtler will serve as the captain of next fall's eleven. Aechtler was elected on the third ballot, after the closest kind of a contest with Charley Hann. Atherton Kyle will be manager in accordance with the new rule that the assistant manager of a team be a Junior and on the following season become manager, having thus already become acquainted with the duties of his position.

The new lockers are the real thing. We hope it will not be long before the whole locker-room will be equipped with like accommodations.

"PLEASE BEHAVE, CHILDREN!"

The people of Leavenworth are in a sad predicament. They have built the finest high school in the State and pay heavy taxes cheerfully to support it and give their children good educations. The children object to the superintendent, and after a fight that has lasted two weeks, part of which time the school was closed, the pupils yesterday spent the entire session in an uproar. They made caricature pictures of teachers on the walls and doors, and hissed every command and insulted the teachers who sought to secure order. The parents don't know what to do. They have said "Please behave" to the children over and over, in the kindest of tones, but the children refuse to heed.

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VOL. 12 NO. 6

THE SAGAMORE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL, MASS.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIALS 165
A PRISONER OF LANA (Story) 168
BOOK REVIEW 172
ATHLETICS
TRIANGULAR MEET 173
INDOOR MEET 177
TRACK NOTES 179
INTERCLASS HOCKEY 180
BASKETBALL 181
THE B. A. A. INTERSCHOLASTIC MEET 182
EXCHANGES 184
AT THE EDITOR'S DESK 185
BUBBLES 187

ULTRA-FASHIONABLE THINGS

are whimsical, more or less. Shoes that are extremes of the fashion get their most peculiar characteristics at the expense of plain sense and, as a natural consequence, they cost more to make than do simple shapes and things unadorned. Thus it follows that Sorosis Luxurious shoes are expensive. Still the interesting fact remains that no other strictly fashionable shoes made today equal them in elegant appropriateness and perfect finish. The above represents this class: Price, $14.

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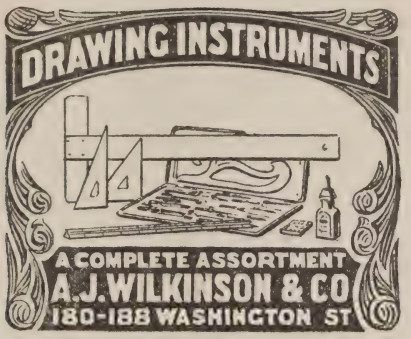

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 12 MARCH, 1906 NUMBER 6

EDITORIALS

Although it may not be generally realized, not for many years has Brookline High stood so well in athletics as at the present time. True, we were not league champions in the last baseball and football seasons, but each time we gave the winners a rub. It is the excellence of the minor teams, together with the splendid work of the track team, that has gained this position for the Red and Blue. In golf, and also in hockey, she is absolutely supreme over all preparatory schools near Boston. On the track she is undoubtedly stronger than any public school hereabouts; and probably than any private school. In basketball she stands in the very first rank. It is good for the name and for the health and for the enjoyment of the school to maintain all these teams; but everyone of them draws its bit from the funds of the Athletic Association. Consequently, there has been planned an entertainment the money from which is to go for the support of athletics in the school. It will be an entertainment that entertains — everyone will get more than fifty cents' worth of fun, there is no doubt of that. Two plays, which have been under rehearsal for a month, will be given, and they are both "corkers." The Mandolin Club will play "between the acts." There will be dancing afterwards. There is nothing of a charity nature about it — good full measure for every half-dollar. If all goes well, this affair will take place on Friday evening, March 30, in Shailer Hall. It behooves all lovers of a good time to be on hand.

The prospects for the approaching season on the Charles are bright. Sargent and Youngman of last year's crew will be available this year, while all of the second crew, except Blake, will be on hand.

Another valuable man will be Pitkin, who rowed on the fast second boat of the Noble & Greenough crew last year.

The past two years have served to place the crew beyond the experimental stage and to give it what we hope will be a permanent position among High School sports. Only one factor, which is directly the fault of the school itself, operates against its popularity with the fellows. We are forced to regard the ruling made by the Athletic Association last year, whereby the members of the second crew were refused their "B 2d," as one which denies to a group of hard and earnest workers a slight and well-won reward for their efforts. The Association has acted so justly and sensibly in the recent question as to "B's" for running, that it seems strange for them to have made such a ruling in regard to the second crew. Then there is the matter of awarding some insignia to the golf team—but that does not concern rowing, and we will treat it some other time. It is, of course, much to be hoped that this ruling concerning the second crew will soon be reversed; but it should by no means deter any man from being glad to be honored with a place in the second boat. We hope and expect to see Captain Sargent strongly supported on the river this spring and two strong crews produced in time for the regatta.

We can imagine ourselves rising in a meeting of high school students and putting the question: "Is the closing of school on their birthdays the best way to show respect to the memory of such men as Lincoln?" The freedom-loving boys would raise an immediate cry of unutterable scorn; we should be overwhelmed by a whirlwind of indignation at our temerity in daring to present such a question. It is one of the privileges of the editorial pen in stating its opinions, however, to be free from the embarrassment of such a situation, and we propose to put this interesting question before you for your serious consideration.

Although Dr. Lyon's talk was interesting, when we left the hall which do you suppose occupied our thoughts most — Lincoln or the announcement of a half-holiday? Is it suitable that the anniversary of the birth of one of the most tireless workers the country has ever known should be observed by a day of sentimentalities and locked schoolhouses, asks the New Bedford *Standard.* Rather, continues

that journal, children should be taught to better observe the memory of such a man on that day by doing better work than ever. In fact, our Rhode Island contemporary states that schoolhouses should be closed as seldom as possible. This standpoint is, in our opinion, extreme. Such arguments may be confuted by stating, through the same process of reasoning, that the Fourth of July should not, as it commemorates the attainment of national liberty bought at the price of ceaseless labor and toil, be observed as a holiday, but by redoubled national activity. A holiday is a rest from everyday commonplaces; it is intended to give the nation a chance to reflect upon the man or event it commemorates. If this is accomplished the holiday may be said to have been well kept. But did we school children comply with these conditions? No, we know we did not; and we agree with the *Standard* in its opinion that the mere closing of the schools is not enough, and that the best way to honor the memory of such men as Lincoln is to follow their examples in our daily life. On the other hand, we do not think that doubling the work on such anniversaries would lead the mind so much to inspiration as to bewailing the extra toil. A day of freedom from the routine work of school and of discussion which will lead us to contemplate the character of men like Lincoln, the strong, the gentle, the "First American," — that is the ideal observance of such a man's birthday.

Some people expressed themselves so sceptical regarding the possibility of the incident in "A Night's Adventure," published in our first number of the Sagamore this year, where a sled shoots under a moving train, between the trucks, and emerges with its human freight unharmed, that we take pleasure in printing the following clipping from the conservative and trustworthy Boston Transcript. It will be noted that the Boston paper did not quote the paragraph, but prints it on its own authority.

"At Burlington, Ia., the other night, five children on a 'double-ripper,' ran beneath a fast freight train. They came down a steep hill at great speed and failed to see the signal set against them at the railroad crossing at the bottom. They shot between the front and rear trucks of a car and no one was injured. Both the double-ripper and the fast freight kept right on going, there being neither time nor occasion for any dispute about the right of way."

A PRISONER OF LANA

Clarence D. Britten

OVER the fireplace in my den hangs a group of photographs portraying a waterfall. In the place of honor on my camera shelf is a battered kodak — its metal twisted, its lens broken, its leather scratched and rusty. To me these are the most precious articles in the room, because —

In June, 1904, I graduated from high school and from boys' camps. Worn out by the round of social affairs incident to Commencement Week and anxious to begin my first expedition away from the interference of older people, I packed my kit and started North alone. Forty-eight hours after receiving my diploma I was encamped on a small island in Lake Dunmore, the Green Mountains.

From the eastern shore of the lake rises Mount Moosalamoo, a long wooded ridge broken by a rocky gorge down which Sucker Creek rushes to the Falls of Lana, locally styled "The Cascades." The water plunges over three falls as it nears the foot of the mountain, first dropping twenty feet into a circular basin, from which it makes a second plunge of perhaps fifteen feet into a second basin. To form the third waterfall the current turns sharply to the left and races down a narrow incline a hundred feet long, turns back to the right, and reaches the lake level. For ages the foam-flecked water has been forcing its bed lower and lower, polishing the white marble and staining it with iron, feeding with its spray the bright green moss on its walls, nursing bluebells and goldenrod on protected ledges, until the placid surfaces of the basins mirror every tint known to Nature, from the sombre grey of the lichen-covered cliffs to the diamond sparkle of quartz — a fit subject for the lover of Nature equipped with brush or camera.

The noon after my arrival I determined to "do" the Cascades with my kodak. The morning had been remarkably clear and pleasant, but before my canoe beached on the mainland clouds appeared about the summit of Moosalamoo, and mutterings of thunder warned me that I must waste no time. Rapid walking brought me to the head of the falls while the intermittent sunshine was still strong enough for snap-shots. Here, however, Dame Fortune frowned, for neither from the top nor from the left and lower bank of the waterfall could I get the desired views, since the marble was

under this bank and in a position altogether too awkward to be reached by the camera. Clearly, to make my expedition a success I must get the kodak at the foot of the opposite wall.

I crossed the boulder-strewn creek above the falls, scrambled up the right bank, and walked along the ridge to a point directly above the foot of the first waterfall. Here two alternatives faced me — I might lower the camera by means of the light mountain rope which I carried over my shoulders and work the shutters from above with a cord, or I might lower myself to the rocks at the foot of the falls and be in position to manipulate the camera with my hands. I chose the latter as the simpler method. Irregularities in the wall made both the descent and ascent easy, and in ten minutes I was back at the top, confident that there were at least two good pictures on my roll of films.

The descent to the foot of the second fall was longer and much more difficult. The cliff was covered wth dry lichen, and was almost perpendicular; but a few smooth hollows washed out by the spring freshets of past centuries offered foothold. At the base of the cliff and rising a few inches above the water was a flat rock, oval in hape and about eight feet long. I lowered the kodak upon this, withdrew the rope, and made one end fast to a scrub pine, which stood perhaps a foot back from the edge. I tested the rope thoroughly before kicking the lichen from the first foothold and beginning the descent. It was necessary to remove the growths from each hollow before putting my weight upon it, since the stone was worn as smooth as glass and even my rubber-soled sneakers slipped from it easily.

I had covered more than half of the descent when an ominous *crack!* sounded from above. Without looking upward I knew that the weather-eaten rock at the edge had given way. I kicked out from the wall in time to avoid the falling debris, and struck the water feet foremost.

If the fall dazed me, the plunge into icy water restored all my senses. I reached the surface only to see the pine tree race down the third fall, my rope in tow. A glance assured me that my camera had not been injured by the falling mass. With some difficulty I clambered upon the rock and cleared away the litter. I found myself on a small island cut off from the overhanging cliff by a stray

current — only a foot or so wide — which had eaten a recess into the base of the wall and filled it full of driftwood. This and a "sulphur-tip" from my water-proof match bottle furnished an excellent fire, for which I was the more grateful because it was now raining.

I have always loved big storms and enjoyed, as fully as my novel situation permitted, the glorious electrical display which now began to rage around the mountain.

The twilight was every minute growing darker, the sky was a dead black, unrelieved save by white ziz-zags of lightning. As the storm drew nearer every flash pictured the falls in a sharp silhouette of white and black.

I had often taken pictures of lightning and now I determined that, as soon as the downpour of rain should cease, I would make the lightning furnish my views. In the course of half an hour this became possible. I had just snapped the last view when the rain set in once more and it became very clear that my films would get a wetting unless placed under shelter. Directly opposite me were two ledges parallel and about two feet apart. Between these was reasonable protection from the water. I have never cared for basketball, but this once I thanked my guardian angel for the school training in throwing goals, which now enabled me to toss the camera to safety.

At sunset the storm became a misty drizzle, but it had left me with no fire and no dry fuel. The creek, fed by the heavy fall of rain, was slowly rising, and inch by inch it narrowed my island. I found it absolutely necessary to devise a way of escape. The water in the pool was too deep to wade, too swift to swim; to trust myself to the current meant certain death. The low bank opposite mocked me as I tried in vain to discover a way of reaching it. The hollow footholds by which I had descended furnished the only possible way out, and these might as well have been coated with ice as with the mist. No one at the lake knew me, my canoe was well hidden, it was too early in the season for sightseers to visit the Cascades, and I seldom wrote home. My only hope was in dry weather and the possibility of climbing up the cliff.

I don't like to recall the memory of the next forty hours. I slept little the first night. Wild schemes formed, dissolved, and reformed in my mind. Morning was as cheerless as night. A bitter cold wind drove cloud after cloud down from the summit of the mountain

to join the dense mists which cut off every glimpse of the earth below with a shifting wall of gray. Everything about me dripped moisture. The monotonous roar of the falls became all but unbearable. The water was slowly rising on my little island. I fought despair all day, for, although I had faced quick death once or twice, this was my first experience with starvation. I told myself that the storm must lift by the next morning, that if it did not I would use my last strength in some desperate attempt to escape. At intervals I slept fitfully, but such sleep gave me no rest.

I remember nothing of the second night — I must have been delirious. But some time in the morning I suddenly realized that the sun was shining. Below me lay Lake Dunmore, a huge diamond surrounded by emerald woods. I could just make out the white of my tent against the green of the island. To my right were the hotels — warmth and food in plenty. In the distance Champlain lay stretched at the foot of the Adirondacks.

Slowly, only too slowly, the sun sucked the moisture from the cliffs. I took off my sneakers and clothing and placed them where they would dry. In a vague way I noticed that the water had gone down a little.

Finally I was ready for the attempt. The genial sun and an apology for a fire had taken the stiffness from my numbed fingers. The hollow steps were dry and warm to the touch. I dressed and began the ascent. The first two or three steps were unexpectedly easy. A new confidence inspired me. Every crack which would admit my smallest finger was made use of, but it was slow work, and my strength was going rapidly. At last I was within a foot of success, but aching and quivering with the exertion. Then, just as one hand felt for a purchase in the loose stone at the top my strength deserted me. I grasped a fragment blindly — it gave way.

Again the cold water restored my senses, but this time I could not make my rock island. As I was swept by the low bank opposite, something brushed my face. I seized it with both hands and fastened my teeth in it. I felt myself lifted clear of the water and then once more fainted.

When I opened my eyes, my father was leaning over me and a hot fire of pine brush was crackling close by. I shall never forget the look I saw in his eyes when he knew I was safe.

There was time enough for explanation and gratitude during the week I spent in a hotel bed, recovering. It seems that Father had decided upon a vacation — the first in years — and nothing was more natural than to look me up. Success in his search for my camp was rewarded by finding it deserted, and he improved the opportunity to visit the Cascades. He reached the second waterfall in time to see me climbing the opposite wall. Recognizing my danger, and realizing that a shout would startle me, he peeled off his coat and stood by to help me if I should fall back into the water. It was only a few seconds before the wisdom of his precaution was demonstrated.

Next season — by invitation — Father will accompany me on a trip through the Adirondacks.

BOOK REVIEW

Each month The Sagamore will publish a review of some book, either fiction or non-fiction, of interest to the school. Criticism of such books is invited.

NOTE.— All books criticized in The Sagamore will be found in the Public Library, unless otherwise specified.

No 6. "ANIMAL HEROES," BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON.

IN looking over a recent survey of the current literary field, we noticed an assertion to which we must vigorously object. "The animal stories of Mr. Seton," it ran, "are novel, interesting and instructive, but the public has long since wearied of stories of this kind." That Mr. Seton is always "novel, interesting, and instructive" will, of course, go undisputed, and, furthermore, we think that the novelty of his productions will not soon wear off, and that they are enjoyed just as widely today as when "Lobo" first appeared, ten years ago. Mr. Seton's style is certainly unique and is characterized by a simplicity and pathos of expression which is eminently adapted to his subject. Nor is the inherent charm of his works their only, or indeed their chief, value. In a practical way, they have accomplished more than all societies and pamphlets toward the formation of a community of interest between man and beast. Certainly the author has acquainted us with dumb creatures in a more masterly manner than any one else has ever succeeded in doing. In a short time his Lobo and Molly Cottontail must take their places beside Black Beauty and Beautiful Joe as the most notable portrayals of animal life in English literature. — *Charles Scribner's Sons, 1905.*

THE TRIANGULAR MEET

THE doubters who shook their heads at the Red and Blue's chances of success and hinted that Cambridge was a "dark horse" have not been much in evidence since the twenty-eighth of February. The result showed that, even allowing for accidents, Brookline was practically sure of the meet. Newton, it appeared, had one star and a considerable number of mediocre men, while a team, so well balanced that it was prepared to make a good showing in every event, was sent from Brookline. Cambridge Latin had some troubles about eligibility on account of studies, which culminated when the head-master disqualified nine athletes on the morning of the day appointed for the meet. As this number included nearly all the unfortunate school's entries, the contest resolved itself into a dual meet between the two old rivals, with the prophets favoring the Orange and Black.

At three o'clock the seats on the western side of the floor were practically filled with Newton supporters. By the time the meet began, however, Brookline's contingent had arrived, and taken up positions at the opposite ends of the hall. Cambridge was represented by a few individuals of true sporting blood, who had determined to see the thing through. Shortly before the first event a dire rumor was whispered among the Brookline spectators, and when the first heat of the forty was started and Captain Schlemm was seen to take a stride and then drop out, every one saw that the rumor was well founded — that the man who would without doubt have been the greatest point winner on the floor had injured a tendon and would be unable to run for Brookline. Then, in truth, it began to look

blue for us. Expressions of sympathy were everywhere heard for the captain who was compelled to become, as it was supposed, a passive spectator in the meet which meant so much to him, his team, and his school.

The preliminary heats of the forty left four Newton men to fight it out with Boyd and Daniels for Brookline. At the crack of the pistol Boyd, upon whom our hopes rested, was off the mark like a flash and led for the first twenty yards. Merrihew just managed to pull by in the stretch, and won by inches; while his team-mate Tower got third. Score: Newton, 6; Brookline, 3.

Bernie Shine set out in the thousand at such a clip that he soon had a handsome gap between himself and the bunch. Behind him his team-mates boxed Somers very cleverly until it was too late for him to win. In the last lap Billy Daniels pulled up to Shine and just spurted by for the cup. The race was nothing but Brookline, and it brought the Red and Blue supporters to their feet in enthusiasm. Score: Brookline, 11; Newton 7.

Boyd flashed into the lead at the start in the 300 and was at no time pressed for the lead. Wright won a point by a plucky finish. Score: Brookline, 17; Newton, 10.

After the preliminaries of the hurdles had been finished, Blodgett, Cady, and Porter of Newton lined up for the final. It was a close thing between Cady and the Newton man, but Porter had gained a slight lead at the start which he maintained to the tape. Score: Brookline, 21; Newton, 15.

Luckily, the tendon which had been strained was not hurt by Schlemm's jumping and by holding it stiff as much as possible, he was able to tie Porter at 5 ft. 2in., two inches below what might have been done with Schlemm in his best form. A four-place tie for second, an inch lower, gave Cambridge Latin her quarterpoint, and added another three quarters to Brookline's tally. Score: Brookline, 25¾; Newton, 19.

Merrihew was among the starters in the 600, and it was almost a foregone conclusion that the race was his. He established his lead early and loafed a little in the last lap, or else the school boy record for that track, which is 1m. 20s., would have gone by the board, for the Newton captain's time was only a fifth of a second slower. Daniels and Treadwell finished in that order. Score: Brookline, 29¾, Newton, 24.

In the meantime, Pete Fletcher was hurling the shot twelve inches farther than his nearest competitor, Pluto of Newton, who with better form would have been more formidable. He half threw the shot instead of putting it straight from the shoulder, and only beat out Schlemm by three quarters of an inch. This made Brookline's victory assured. Score: Brookline, 35 3-4; Newton, 27.

Brookline started a relay team tired from hard work and handicapped by the loss of its captain, while Newton's four men were comparatively fresh. Nevertheless, the contest was as close as any seen for a long time in Mechanics Building. Newton won the pole, and, consequently, the lead, and Porter set a hot pace for Daniels, who showed his weariness. At the finish Daniels made a plucky spurt, and gave Newton a lead of only a couple of yards. Shine could not catch Bowen, but gained a yard. Treadwell took the bit in his teeth, set out after his leader, and in a lap was close behind. Several times Treadwell tried to pass him, showing remarkable grit, but he could get no farther than Somers' shoulder, and was beaten by about a yard. Boyd started away with a spurt, caught his man, and passed him. Tower, however, hung craftily close behind and at the start of the last lap, when Boyd slacked a little from weariness, the Newton man was by and had the race, although Boyd put out every ounce of strength he had to catch him. The lead of Newton at the finish was about two yards. This left the final score, Brookline, 38 3-4; Newton, 32; Cambridge 1-4 — and the laurels with Brookline!

The summary (Boston Globe):—

40-YARD DASH (CLOSED).

First heat — Won by Moore, Newton; Somers, Newton, second. Time 5s.
Second heat — Won by Tower, Newton; Boyd, Brookline, second. Time 5s.
Third heat — Won by Higgins, Newton; Daniels, Brookline, second. Time 5s.
Fourth heat — Won by Treadwell, Brookline; Bowen, Newton, second. Time 5s.
Fifth heat — Won by Merrihew, Newton; Huling, Cambridge Latin, second. Time 5s.

Semi-finals.

First heat — Won by Boyd, Brookline; Daniels, Brookline, second; Bowen, Newton, third. Time 5s.
Second heat — Won by Merrihew, Newton; Tower, Newton, second; Moore, Newton, third. Time 5s.
Final — Won by Merrihew, Newton; Boyd, Brookline, second; Tower, Newton, third. Time 4 4-5s.

40-YARD DASH (OPEN).

First heat — Won by M. J. Gibbons, M. I. T., 5ft; C. C. McCarthy, St. J. A. A., 2½ft., second. Time 4 4-5s.

Second heat — Won by P. C. Lockwood, H. A. A., 2ft; E. Hodgkinson, St. J. A. A., scratch, second. Time 4 3-5s.

Third heat — Won by N. A. Sherman, English high, 4ft; J. S. Bell, H. A. A., 4ft; second. Time 4 4-5s.

Final heat — Won by C. C. McCarthy, St. J. A. A., 2ft; P. C. Lockwood, H. A. A., 2ft., second; N. A. Sherman, English high, 4ft., third. Time 4 4-5s.

300-YARD RUN (OPEN).

Won by J. R. Byrnes, St. J. A. A., 14yds; C. D. Dalton, St. J. A. A., 8yds, second; T. Watkins, Cambridge high, 14yds., third. Time 36s.

300-YARD RUN (CLOSED).

Won by Boyd, Brookline; Bowen, Newton, second; Wright, Brookline, third. Time 36 4-5s.

600-YARD RUN (CLOSED).

Won by Merrihew, Newton; Daniels, Brookline, second; Treadwell, Brookline, third. Time 1m 20 1-5s.

600-YARD RUN (OPEN).

Won by G. Chevalier, Medford high; M. B. Van Brunt, H. A. A., 20yds, second; A. L. Moses, M. I. T., 14yds, third. Time 1m 19 3-5s.

1000-YARD RUN (CLOSED).

Won by Daniels, Brookline; Shine, Brookline, second; Somers, Newton, third. Time 2m 38 2-5s.

45-YARD HURDLES (CLOSED).

First heat — Won by Cady, Brookline; Higgins, Newton, second. Time 6s.

Second heat — Won by Blodgett, Brookline; Wagner, Newton, second. Time 6s.

Third heat — Won by Porter, Newton; Bowen, Newton, second. Time 6s.

Final heat — Won by Porter, Newton; Cady, Brookline, second; Blodgett, Brookline, third. Time 6s.

RUNNING HIGH JUMP (CLOSED).

Porter, Newton, and Schlemm, Brookline, tied for first place, height 5ft 2in; Boyd, Brookline, Adams, Brookline, Hann, Brookline, and Beard, Cambridge Latin, tied for third place, height 5ft 1in.

PUTTING 12-POUND SHOT (CLOSED).

Won by Fletcher, Brookline high, distance 38ft 4in; Pluto, Newton high 37ft 3¾in, second; Schlemm, Brookline, distance 37ft 3in, third.

TEAM RACE.

Newton high vs Brookline high — Won by Newton high (Porter, Bowen, Somers, Tower); Brookline high (Daniels, Shine, Treadwell, Boyd), second. Time 3m. 20 2-5s.

TABLE OE POINTS.

	Brookline	Newton	Cambridge
40-yard dash	3	6	. .
45-yard hurdles	4	5	. .
300-yard run	6	3	. .
600-yard run	4	5	. .
1000-yard run	8	1	. .
Shotput	6	3	. .
High jump	4¾	4	¼
Team race	3	5	*
Totals	38¾	32	¼

*Cambridge did not enter team.

THE INDOOR MEET

Our annual indoor track meet was held in the Town Hall on Washington's Birthday. It was one of the most successful meets ever held there, being well contested in nearly every event and a success financially. Little Eddy Hill, brother of Tom Hill, formerly of '06, excited much interest by his diminutive size and his speed in the first event of the program, the grammar school twenty. Shine beat the pistol and won the open twenty; Mahoney did remarkably well in pulling out a second. Schlemm had things his own way in the hurdles. In the first heat of the 300 Reynolds, by running a plucky race, was able to avoid being passed, while White was satisfied with second. Billy Daniels showed the most agility in the "spud race." The high jump was an interesting event; Sargent showed up well, but Adams and Hann were out of form, especially the former. The dispute over the result of the 1000 was regrettable, but those disqualified had been warned with the rest not only to keep outside the tape, but to touch every corner, and Referee Perkins was quite right in upholding his decision. Shine and MacNamara were disqualified for first and second respectively, and first place was given to Quinsler. White did not have much difficulty in winning the final heat of the 300; the handicappers evidently misjudged this tall, wiry Junior's ability. The grammar school relay was won by the Lincoln from the Runkle, in a close race. The speedy Sophs had no trouble with the Freshmen in the interclass relay; but, in the contest between the Seniors and Juniors, '06 showed up much better than was expected. It would have been a close thing if O'Hearn had not fallen in the last relay, but it must be remembered that Pitkin

tripped in the first. In the finals the Sophomores, who had not had to work so hard in their preliminary contest as the Juniors, won in a race that was fairly close. J. P. Schlemm, '07, won the most points, 16; B. Shine, '08, and J. Lally, '09, were tied for second with 8 points each. The class of 1907 led with 39 points; 1908 was second with 22; 1909 had 5, and 1906 4.

Summary:—

SUMMARY.

20-YARD DASH.

Grammar Schools — Won by Hill; second, Ness; third, Chandler, all of Pierce. Time, 3 1-5s.

20-YARD DASH.

Fourth Class — Won by Mead; second, Lally; third, Graham. Time, 3 2-5s.

20-YARD DASH.

School — Won by Shine, '08; second, Mahoney, '07; third, Blodgett, '07. Time, 3s.

25-YARD HURDLES.

Won by Schlemm, '07; second, Blodgett, '07; third, Sargent, '06. Time, 3 4-5s.

300-YARD DASH.

First heat — Won by Reynolds, '08, (20yds.); second, White, '07, (18 yds.) third, Pitkin, '07, (5yds.). Time, 43s.

300-YARD DASH.

Second heat — Won by Hann, '07, (12yds.); second, Stevens, '07, (12 yds.); third, Cady, '08, (10 yds.); Time, 45s.

300-YARD DASH.

Final heat — Won by White, '07; second, (Cady being disqualified) Stevens, '07; no third awarded. Time 42 2-5s.

POTATO RACE.

Won by Daniels, '07, second, Schlemm, '07; third, Howe, '08. Time, 23 1-5s.

HIGH JUMP.

Won by Schlemm, '07, (5ft. 2in.); second, Sargent, '06, (5ft. 1in.); third, Hann, '08, (5 ft.).

THREE STANDING JUMPS.

Won by Lally, '09, (27.4 ft.); second, Schlemm, '07, (27.2 ft.); third, Seligman, '08, (26.4 ft.).

1,000-YARD RUN.

Won by Quinsler, '07, (5 yds.); second, Shine, '08, (scratch); third, MacNamara, '08, (40 yds.). Time, 2m., 47 3-5s.

RELAY RACE.

Grammar Schools — Won by Lincoln (team not given); second, Runkle (Emerson, Marston, Cady and Blackhall); third, Devotion (Mason, Brennan, Taylor and Hann). Time, 1m. 27 4-5s.

INTERCLASS RELAY.

Final heat — Won by 1908 (Shine, Cady, Adams and Howe); second, 1907 (Wright, Pitkin, Stevens and Hann).

OFFICIALS.

Referee, C. L. Perkins; Clerk of Course, C. B. Marshall; Starter, Hiram Dexter; Announcer, R. Floyd; Judges, S. H. Skilton, Jr., S. T. Bittenbender, W. D. Thompson; Timers, T. C. Defriez, G. C. Lowman, Mr. Rich; Measurers, W. D. Dexter, George Delano; Custodian of Prizes, Hartvig Nissen; Scorer, L. C. Cooley.

TRACK NOTES

The first real test of the season came to our relay team on Monday evening, Feb. 5th, when it started against the crack Cambridgeport Gym team in their own gymnasium, at the annual meet of the Cambridgeport Gym Association. Although a defeat was handed out to us, the result was very satisfactory. Daniels started against Breen, the crack little sprinter of the home team, and lost the first corner, but hung on, and, at the end of the last lap, came in strong, being nosed out by only a foot at the finish. Boyd took up the running and held the hot pace that was set for him, giving Sharp the same margin. Sharp lost a few yards on the back stretch, turning over to Schlemm a handicap of about four yards. Bart Sullivan was running last man for Cambridge, and it is nothing to be ashamed of that Cambridge finished ten yards to the good. The time was 2m. 40s., which beat the next best time made by seven seconds.

Daniels and Treadwell each won a medal in the B. A. A. Handicap 600, Feb. 10th. Each won his heat over a large and fast field, and it looked as if first honors were coming Brooklineward. In the final heat Treadwell led until the last fifty yards, when Daniels and Watson spurted past, and the Volkmann runner finally dropped Daniels in a wonderfully speedy finish. The time was 1m. 18s.

Our relay team had no difficulty in defeating Lowell High at the Lawrence Light Guard Meet, Feb. 24th. The time was very creditable, but two and four-fifths slower than last year. Treadwell started the race, after winning the pole on the toss, and gave Boyd a lead of twenty yards, which the latter lengthened to nearly a lap. Daniels passed his man, and at the finish had overlapped him by five yards, which Schlemm easily maintained to the finish. The time was 3m. 58 4-5s.

After having broken training the relay team ran against Boston Latin at Boston Interscholastic Meet, March 10. Boyd, starting

for Brookline, lost the lead on the first corner and was unable to pass his man. Sharp went by on the next relay and gave Daniels an eight-yard margin, which the latter lengthened to thirty. Treadwell added fifteen more against Cowan and finished in the fast time of 2m. 33s. G. L. T.

INTERCLASS HOCKEY

Juniors 4, Seniors 3

On the afteroon of Feb. 8th the preliminary class hockey-games were played at the old reservoir. The Senior-Junior game was close and exciting, the score at the end of the first half being 3-1 in favor of the Seniors; but in the second, the Juniors came back and scored four goals. Aechtler and F. Young excelled for '07, and Marshall for '06.

The line-up:—

1907.	Goals.	1906.	Goals.
Aechtler, f.	2	Fogerty (Torrey), f.	
Moss (J. Clune), f.		Williamson, f.	
Phelan (capt.), f.		Marshall, f.	2
F. Young, f.	2	Arthur (Hatch), f.	1
J. Clune (K. Young), c.p.		Sargent, c. p.	
Stevens, p.		Burnham, p.	
Whittier (White), g.		Comerford, g.	
Totals	4		3

Referee — M. Jones. Goal Judges — O. Andrews and C. Untersee. Timers — Bennett and Pratt.

Sophomores 2, Freshmen 0

Although the Freshmen were scored on twice they put up a plucky game.

The line-up:—

1908.	Goals.	1909.	Goals.
Slocum (Caton), f.		Graham, f.	
Brown (McInerney), f.	1	Lally, f.	
Bentley (capt.), f.		Kelleher, f.	
McNamara, f	1	Zanck (capt.), f.	
Daniels, c. p.		H. Smith, c. p.	
Farnsworth, p.		Elliott, p.	
C. Smith, g.		E. Floyd, g.	
Total	2		

Referee — Gaffey. Timer — Gaffey. Goal Judges — Thompson and Wesner.

Sophomores 4, Juniors 1.

On ice more like a field of slush, and in a game full of "rough-house," the Sophomores won the class hockey championship, Feb. 12th. The Junior team did not play so well as against the Seniors. Capt. Bentley did well for '08, and Fred Young for '07.

Line-up:—

1908.	Goals.	1907.	Goals.
McNamara, f.	1	Phelan (capt.), f.	
Brown (Slocum), f.		Moss, f.	
Bentley (capt.), f.	3	Aechtler, f.	
McInerney, f.		(Clune), f.	1
		F. Young, f.	
Daniels, c. p.		K. Young, c. p.	
Farnsworth, p.		Stevens, p.	
C. Smith, g.		White (Whittier), g.	
Totals	4		1

Referee — M. Jones. Goal Judges — Wheeler, P. Fletcher, O. Andrews. Timers — C. Untersee and Pratt.

BASKETBALL

Brookline 33, Medford 10

Brookline defeated Medford High in a fast game Tuesday, Feb. 15th. Hatch and Daniels were the stars at throwing baskets, while Brownell did well at breaking up the Medford passing.

B. H. S.	Goals.	Fouls.	MEDFORD.	Goals.	Fouls.
Hatch, f.	7	1	Saulsman (capt.), f.	1	
(Collins), f.			Greenwood, f.	1	
Jones, f.	3				
Brownell, c.			Bentley, c	2	
Floyd, g.			Hall, g.		
(Williamson), g.	1		Meredith, g.	1	
Daniels, g.	5				
(Stevens), g.					
Totals	16	1		5	

Referee — Hann. Umpire — Dennis. Timer — C. Untersee and Rich. Scorer — Clune, (Gaffey).

Cambridge Latin has about as enterprising a basketball seven as relay team!

THE B. A. A. INTERSCHOLASTIC MEET

It was a difficult question to decide whether to run Schlemm, injured as he was, or whether to put in one of two or three other men who can come nowhere near the captain's time when he is in first class form. As it came out, it was shown that it would have made little difference, for Brookline's time was almost exactly the same in the B. A. A. meet when Schlemm ran as in the P. S. A. L. meet when Shine took his place. Every Brookline High boy or girl who saw the team run against Worcester Academy can say they never saw a quartet of runners from this school put up a pluckier, harder race. The three first men — Daniels, Boyd, and Treadwell — realized that they must run as they never had before, and that every inch of lead they could establish would be needed by Brookline when Schlemm met King, who had proved himself the fastest man for a three hundred yard distance by winning that event. Jenks got the start on Daniels, who fought hard till the last corner, where, with a final spurt, he passed the Worcester man and handed over about two yards to Boyd. Donald made a terrific effort to catch Boyd, but the latter, running very prettily, kept well in the lead and handed Treadwell four yards. Although Jenks was expected to do great things for Worcester, Treadwell ran such a fine race that his crack opponent was unable to shorten Brookline's lead. Treadwell put every bit he had into his running, and was able to tag Schlemm with almost five yards lead. There is no need to detail the rest of of the race, to tell of the plucky fight the Brookline captain put up for two laps, but how he weakened in the third and showed the effects of his injury, and how King, who had been steadily eating up the lead, passed him in the last lap and won by some four yards. We have the satisfaction of knowing that our team ran itself out, every man; and that, with Schlemm in good condition, Worcester, with all her stars, would have been left astern. Another fact in which both Brookline and Newton may take considerable pride is that in three events — the forty-yard dash, the three-hundred and six-hundred-yard runs — the times in the big B. A. A. meet were not equal to the times made at our own P. S. A. L. meet, which was practically a dual between Newton and ourselves, while the Interscholastic brings out the talent of the principal preparatory schools of New England. King of Worcester Academy won the 300 at the

B. A. A. in 37 1-5 sec. — 1 1-5 sec. slower than Boyd's time in our meet. In the forty Merrihew did 4 4-5 sec.; but at the B. A. A. contest Robbins of Exeter could not get below 5 sec. flat. The Newton captain's time in the six-hundred was 1 3-5sec. faster than that made by the winner at the big meet, Young of Worcester Academy, who broke the tape in 21 4-5 sec.

Dan Sharp was the only Brookline man entered in any of the events, and he was satisfied only with second honors from a field of forty-five men in the forty. He won his preliminary heat by a margin that made everybody stare and look up number "203" on their programs. In the semi-final he qualified; and in the final heat got second place in the closest kind of a race with Robbins.

W. Dunbar Dexter, Jr., is one of the four candidates for the Harvard nine who were on last year's team, and he should have no trouble in making one of the outfield positions. There is much inexperienced but clever baseball material among the Freshmen over at Cambridge. In fact, all the most promising candidates for pitcher are members of '09. One of the best of these, the coaches say, is Nash of Cambridge Latin, who will be remembered by the plucky way in which, half sick as he was, he defeated Brookline by his phenomenal pitching in the first Brookline-Cambridge Latin game last spring. The younger of the two Pritchett brothers, both B. H. S. men, is out for an infield job, and is a likely candidate.

Here are some of the amusing names found on the books of the South Pennsylvania Oil Company. The bearers of these elegant cognomens are mostly residents of West Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee; and, as they are a matter of record in the company's books, there can be no doubt of their genuineness: Icy Irons, Charity Looney, Ananias May, Nancy R. Pancake, Ison Ice, Bunyan Triplet, Pocahontas Vineyard, Green Pitts, Addenda Connor, Hamlet Hitt, Frenzy Dye, Sapphira Whattall, Euphrates Holsbury, Arizona Nesbit, and Harbour Jones.

EXCHANGES

IT has long been the custom to keep the Sagamore exchanges on the shelves near the lunch counter in the basement hall. The Exchange Editor reports that the last time he looked at the box there was hardly a paper in it, although the Sagamore exchanges with many other journals. It has therefore become necessary to instruct Mr. Cook to deliver the exchanges to the editor, as the school has seen fit to abuse the privilege of their free perusal. As we are unable from the above cause to acknowledge any but one or two of our exchanges this month, we omit that formality with an apology. Some pickings from the exchanges:—

Scholar (during public speaking): "The Russians all broke out—"
Voice in the rear: "With the small-pox."

"To err is human," yea.
And yet we know
More human 'tis to say,
"I told you so."

Streit: "What does Dr. —call his new horse?"
Green: "Regulator: all the other horses go by him."

Poet: "I have called to learn what has become of the poem I sent you entitled 'The Brave Fireman'?"
Editor: "It went to the fire."

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I 'm going to sneeze, kind sir," she said.
"And at whom will you sneeze, my pretty maid?"
"Atchoo! Atchoo! kind sir," she said. M. D. P.

There was rather an exciting time when the victorious football squad lined up before the camera some time ago. They had a "Purdy good time," it seems. The members of the team are now engaged in saying to each other: "Say, you look bum in that picture. It's a good likeness, though." Scuffle: Mr. Case: Session at 1.35.

AT THE EDITOR'S DESK

WE are nearing the home-stretch. Six numbers of the Sagamore have been issued, and three remain to be published — two more for the school to fill, as the June issue will be '06 from cover to cover. So far we have been only fairly well supported in a literary way by the school, but we wish that we could have a little more matter submitted from outside the immediate staff of the paper. We wish there would be a little less supercilious criticism and a little more actual writing, or, at least, more helpful suggestion. It may chasten our spirit to have some one remark to us that "the last Sagamore was pretty bum," but it does not contribute much towards making the next one better. We are willing to do our part and respond to any good suggestions, which we invite. But now it is up to the school to help us turn out two last numbers which even the most supercilious will hesitate to term "bum." At any rate, give us an idea now and then of what you want the Sagamore to be like; it 's your paper.

In response to a remark by some one that they wanted more stories, we publish two tales this month, and clip our editorials — thank the Lord! "A Prisoner of Lana," is, in more ways than one, a production of considerable merit, and the best thing we have seen in the Sagamore from its prolific author.

The first meeting of the new Debating Club was held on the fifteenth of February. Over two-thirds of the enrolled membership of twenty-six were present — a good showing for a first meeting. The proposition debated was "Resolved: That interscholastic football should be radically modified." The affirmative brought forward the most convincing arguments, the judge, Mr. Hitchcock, awarding them the decision by 33 points to 32. The debate had many features which will be corrected as the club gets into working order, but the meeting showed the interest in the organization which exists in the school. The one hindrance to the club is found in the innumerable different matters that occupy the wide-awake student at Brookline High. Several very able and interested debaters find themselves

unable to give the time necessary to conform to the regulations of the club and attend its meetings regularly. On the first of March the second meeting was held on "Resolved: That the present tariff rates should be revised." The negative won after another close debate. On March fifteenth the club debated on "Resolved: That the United States does not need as large a navy as she at present maintains." Patten and Andrews were the only two who supported the affirmative, but they made what promised to be a one sided discussion a very hard debate for the negative to win. Mr. Hitchcock was judge, and vice-president Patten in the chair. The officers, committees, etc., chosen so far are: President, Robert E. Andrews; Vice-president, David Patten; Secretary and Treasurer, Clarence D. Britten; Critic or Faculty Representative, Miss Spaulding; Clerk, Rollo H. Britten; Rhetorical Committee, John T. Comerford, Chairman; David Patten, Clarence D. Britten; Committee on Constitution, Patten, Chairman; Williamson, Andrews, Comerford, vacancy.

Miss Eleanor Esther Adams, '02, has been distinguishing herself as a student at Vassar, winning a place among twenty-four honor girls out of a class of one hundred ninety-four. They say she learned it all at Brookline High. Well, who knows?

Apropos of the Big Ditch:

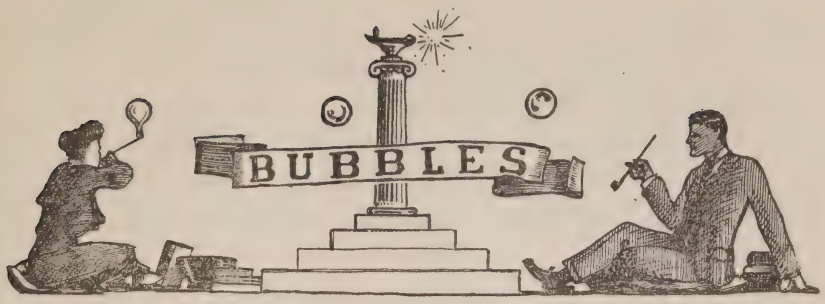
MUD SLINGING.

It is suspected that more dirt is flying at Washington than on the Isthmus, so far as the Panama Canal is concerned.

EVIDENT

Official report states that it will take from ten to twenty years to finish the canal. Judging from present appearances there can be little doubt that it will take both.

Meanwhile, France is laughing in her sleeve.



A litte nonsense now and then
Comes bubbling from the wisest men.

Dunbar: "The opposite internal angles are equal."

Morse (translating): "The brave die happily while they live."

Truette (Senior Algebra): "Reversing the apparatus."

Andrews (Physiography): "They raise peaches there with very little waste."

Senior: "The sun is setting in the East."

Sophomore (Geometry): "The first two possibilities are impossible."

Dr. Roberts: "Mankind is like the leaves of the sea."

Bigelow: "*Je suis pensant*—I am thinking."

Miss Moulton: "Wright is wrong."

Senior (translating): "There are brooks which do not dry up."

Senior (translating): "Aeneas came dancing into the open."

Mr. Brooks: "I don't call Theophilos loved of God any more than I call Vogel a bird."

Miss Clough (Political Science): "There are three kinds of warrants—Town Meeting, Police and Marriage."

Miss Canning (translating Vergil): "The roaring cow—"

Patten (in football debate): "No, gentlemen, I do not consider Mr. Lowman a professional sport."

Britten (innocently): "I don't know anything about bluffs."

Miss Platt: "Well, I 'm supposed to know one at sight."

Mr. Packard: "Draw your own conclusions from the experiment."
Voice: "Write them."

Mr. Brooks: "What was the matter with him?"
Miss Seeley (Class Poet): "He wrote verses."

Senior: "What did you learn in Physics yesterday?"
P. G.: "My German."

Junior (In McGowan's): "I don't know anything better than a soda, plain."
Sophomore: "Jamaica Plain, man."

Teacher: "What is a diplomat?"
Cynical underclassman: "A Senior who dances with the Faculty."

Falkenberg: "In the last game of Penn. *via* Harvard."

What could Mr. Lowman have been thinking of when he told Senior Gym.: "Put your hands on your chips?"

Found on a German mid-year paper: "*Dies armes man hast seinem letztes lege gebrochen.*"

On the picture of last year's Basketball team appears the name, "P. S. Killen." Who is she? Is she killin'?

OVERHEARD

(Senior Greek): "Help me, sister, or I flunk."

(Freshman Latin): "The superlative of *felix* — happy — is *felicissi-me.*"

(Chemistry): "Do you put the acid in the bottle before you put the cork in?"

Judge: "Have you told the whole truth in this matter?"
Witness: "Yes, sir, I have; and perhaps a little mite more."

The following witticism, perpetrated by our local contemporary, the Press, struck us as rather good:

Corporal — "Hi, Blank, what are you going out for?"
"Going out to draw some water, sir."
"What, in those ragged old trousers?"
"No, sir, in these here bucket."

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VOL. 12 NO. 7

THE SAGAMORE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL, MASS.

R. E. ANDREWS, '06 . . . . . EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIALS 197
THE NAMING OF "GIT-THERE" MCGINNITY 199
AMATORY ASSININNITIES 204
"THE PLAY'S THE THING!" 204
BOOK REVIEW 208
NAPTHA BEN GASOLINE 209
A SAIL 209
ATHLETICS
INTERCLASS BASKETBALL 213
THE CREW 214
AT THE EDITOR'S DESK 216
BUBBLES 217
EXCHANGES 219

ULTRA-FASHIONABLE THINGS

are whimsical, more or less. Shoes that are extremes of the fashion get their most peculiar characteristics at the expense of plain sense and, as a natural consequence, they cost more to make than do simple shapes and things unadorned. Thus it follows that Sorosis Luxurious shoes are expensive. Still the interesting fact remains that no other strictly fashionable shoes made today equal them in elegant appropriateness and perfect finish. The above represents this class: Price, $14.

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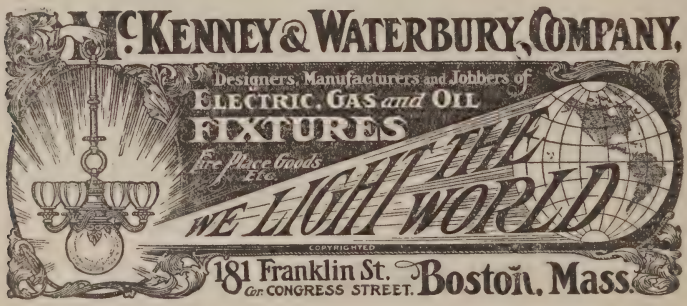

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 12 APRIL, 1906 NUMBER 7

EDITORIALS

THE latest thing up for reform is the English language. According to the supporters of the Simplified Spelling movement, Arabic and Chinese are easy and Sanskrit is as an open book to the foreign student compared with the language we use. The Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association and a body of men called the Simplified Spelling Board, financially backed by Mr. Carnegie, are the champions of the movement and are going to put up a hard fight to induce the American public to spell business *biznes* and housewife *hussif*. There is a ceaseless tendency towards simplification. We no longer write "parlour" or "programme;" the silent u's and e's are dropping like autumn leaves. It is the object of these organizations to guide and hasten this tendency, and the men that are enlisted in the cause are not quacks; they are serious and they are thinkers *and* they have money. Will they accomplish anything? It will be interesting to see. Personally, we do not think they can modify the language or simplify it any more quickly than it has been doing by itself since the days of Noah Webster. Meanwhile we await the result with interest. By the way, it would n't be a bad plan to try the scheme, Our next editorial shall be spelled phonetically.

It is cheering to those of us who ar preparing to persoo an industrial career to hear that wun of the gratest hinderances American industry is subjected to today is lack of competent men. Thousands upon thousands of skilled workers are turned out yearly by teknikle skools teaching every branch of every conceevable subject. Nevertheless, manufactchooring companis are munths behind in thair orders; a thousand enterprizes and the money to bak them stand reddy and waiting for the rite man to step to the tiller; thair is no

limit to the salaries captins of industry are willing to pay capable men whoom thay can thurowly trust. Why is it? Simply becaws so fiew men possess the capassity for seezeless work, work, work, which is nessessary; becaws so fiew men wil work onestly — that is, as wel behind thair employer's bak as under his i; becaws so fiew men wil maik themselvs worth mor than thair salary to thair employers — the only way to promoshun. An engineer may now his engin from throtl-valv to steam-cok; a dry goods dealer may now whair every bit of his stok cums from, how it was manufactchoored, what it cost; an editor may be familyer with every thing from Aristotle to the mekanism of a kwadroople finishing press — but unless each wun can *work hard* he wil never atain the gratest suksess.

The gym is assured — that mythical gym that we heard spoken of even in our Freshman days, and assured ourselves we would enjoy before the members of '06 joined the alumni. Now that the $100,000 has been appropriated and the work will soon be actually under way, '08 may possibly have the use of the gymnasium as High School students, and '09 surely will. Already Brookline is far ahead of any community in the amount expended per capita on the students of her public schools for physical training, and this new provision will make her system almost ideal.

March 31, 1906.

Editor of the Sagamore:—

Dear Sir,—We thought you might be interested to know and also publish in your paper that the Class of '98, B. H. S., held its eighth Annual Class Dinner tonight.

We believe we are the only Class who have kept this custom up from year to year.

Yours truly,

Young's Hotel,
Boston.

Class of '98, B. H. S.,
Lowell C. Richardson, *Sec'y.*

We are interested, and we congratulate '98 as the sole supporters of a custom that every class should have spirit enough to carry out — that of organizing and keeping in touch with one another after graduation.

Vive '98!

THE NAMING OF "GIT-THERE" McGINNITY

How he got there in more ways than one

R. E. Andrews

YOUNG McGinnity backed his big racing American down to the long, heavy, dust-covered private car that was breaking the record 'cross continent. As the coupling clanked a short, stout litte man walked up beside the engine. The engineer recognized thehead of two multi-millioned corporations, and he descended into thegangway.

"Mr. McGinnity," remarked J. S. G. Manning, "I want you to get me to Fullerton in three hours and twenty minutes. I am making thisrecord run with half my fortune at stake. If I am absent from a certain meeting two days from tomorrow noon in New York I stand to lose many millions of dollars. They do not expect me, but I think I can surprise 'em. I know that if you can get me over this last mountain range in anything like schedule time, I can make it. We are now," he glanced at his watch, "one minute ahead of schedule. Yousee, it all rests with you, Mr. McGinnity. There are a thousand dollars for you if you get me into Fullerton on schedule. Good luck!" The two men shook hands.

A moment later a lantern dropped a quarter-circle back in the dusk the engineer opened the throttle, and the train slid out into the shimmer moonlight.

That was a wonderful run. Wentworth, who was firing, didn't see much of it, he says. The only time he looked up from his scoop the special was taking the three-hundred-foot trestle at Banjo Bend at a forty-mile clip. That one dizzy glimpse was enough for him, and hereafter he kept his eyes inside the cab. McGinnity will not talkabout the run at all.

As for the people in the private car, they had already traveled seven hundred miles at an average of fifty miles an hour, so they were naturally weary and not taking much notice. Only when he felt the train cross the divide and enter the long down-grade did Manning, dozing in the buffet, rouse himself enough to look at his watch. He put it back with a whistle, smiled with satisfaction, and shut his eyes again. In one of the compartments Mrs. Manning's maid, going East to meet and convoy back some gowns from Paris

for her mistress, spread her pretty figure on the lounge, rejoicing in the luxury she so often saw but so seldom enjoyed. Dressed, or rather the contrary, for comfort, she nevertheless looked very charming as she lay reading. In the kitchen at the rear end of the car Conductor Ingersoll, the brakeman, and the two darky servants were playing draw-poker on the greasy table. Outside rocks, trees, telegraph-poles whipped by in a grey blur. They were making eighty miles an hour.

At length the maid put out her light and the poker players wearied. One darky produced a banjo and the other sang, while the conductor and brakeman matched pennies. The cinders pattered on the windows and the hum of the speeding train formed a background of sound, so to speak, for the negro's melodious voice. "All the world am sad an' lonely —"

There was a sudden shock. Everything pitched towards the front end of the car with a crash of breaking crockery, clattering tinware, shattered glass, and swearing humanity. Another shock and grinding crash; darkness —

What it was that made Special 434 jump the rails in the Appleton yard — a misplaced or disabled switch, a loose spike or crowbar, a spread track, a stray cat or dog, whatever the cause, it was never known. Mercifully, McGinnity had slowed for the yard, aware that he was well ahead of his schedule. The special was making about twenty miles when the big engine staggered, rocked, then lay on its side and slid fifty feet along the siding. The tender, dispersing coal over the landscape, trailed behind. As for the heavy private car, its momentum caused it to slide gaily on top of the heap, whence it rolled, like a boy from a haystack, and assumed a recumbent position on its back. The forward end was crushed by the impact.

First from the heap crawled McGinnity, ejecting coal dust and profanity from his blackened lips. He had been thrown clear of the cab and had skidded along on the cinders on his face and hands, apparently.

"You 'll find Wentworth in the cab, I think," he said, as he scanned the wreckage. Then to the young station agent, who, dancing with excitement, was besieging him with questions, "Follow me, Bub. I must be after findin' my multi-millionaire. I thrust for the sake of the life insurance comp'nies he 's not hurt."

A man was being carried from one end of the car. When the moonlight fell on his face McGinnity saw it was Ingersoll, the conductor. "How is it, Tim?" asked the engineer anxiously.

"Leg broken, I guess, Mac—," the reply ended in a groan as the injured man was carried off towards the depot.

"See here," said McGinnity, suddenly, to the agent as they were preparing to enter the topsy-turvy car, "Is there an engine and a coach in the yard?"

"There 's an engine and a string of empties what was waitin' for you to get by," answered the agent wonderingly.

"No passenger cars?"

"Nary a one. What in—"

"Take yer engine and have her back up with one box-car as near the wreck as she can get. Understand?"

The agent hurried off, and the engineer bent his tall shoulders and entered the inverted car. "Now fer me millionaire."

The two negroes had already left by the windows, so the investigator found the kitchen compartment empty and filling with smoke from the wrecked stove. Through the débris that lay on the former ceiling McGinnity picked his way, coughing from the smoke. He saw there was no time to lose. He burst open the door into the passage off which the compartments opened. Every door but one was ajar. Crash! went the big engineer's shoulder against the paneling.

There was a feminine shriek, a sudden frantic rustling, and McGinnity emerged very red in the face. "Anyway, she's not after being hurt," he muttered. Then louder, "I thrust you 'll paardon me, ma 'am, but you must come out immejit or you'll be burnt, clothes or no clothes."

"Get away, rude man," came the thankless answer, and a bare pink arm reached across and pulled the door shut; but McGinnity had gone on into the buffet. The end opposite him was a mass of wreckage, and he saw there was no passage there.

J. S. G. Manning was lying limp in the corner, the blood trickling over his pale, unconscious face from a cut in his forehead. In a second McGinnity had him in his arms. Back through the passage and the kitchen, where he held his breath, and the flames were beginning to crackle, he rushed. When he had laid down the limp figure in the moonlight, into the oblong of swirling smoke and flame

that was the doorway he rushed again. This time he shot through the kitchen in a second, unburdened as he was. A frightened face sniffing the smoke was peering out into the corridor, and without a word McGinnity swung the girl up into his arms. "Face to me, so," and the engineer turned her head so that only the back would be exposed. How cool her hair felt to his tingling hands! Then with a long breath he kicked open the blackening door.

The ensuing seconds seemed minutes, hours even, to them. He could feel his eyebrows crinkle up in the fiery breath of the oven. He could feel the red-hot pots and pans sear his unprotected ankles as he stumbled through them. He could feel the very flesh on his cheeks contract in the awful heat. Unable to withstand the agony he buried his face in the soft coolness of his burden. His foot caught against a firm obstruction; he stumbled; then — the cool night air.

The first thing he saw was the agent. "How about that engine and car?" he questioned, and there was a dangerous light in his eyes. For answer the little station agent pointed down the track to where a big mogul stood coupled to a M. & M. T. Co. box car. "That 's good, Bub," said McGinnity. "Now get some mattresses, a doctor, a brakeman with a lantern, and have them put aboard that box. Hear?"

A movement in his arms recalled his burden, and, if his face had not been so burned, it would have turned a healthy red. "Are — are ye hurt?" he inquired, without showing any signs of relinquishing his position. There was no reply. McGinnity moved his arms to rouse their incumbent, and for a moment he was afraid she had fainted. But presently he became aware that a pair of very bright eyes were scrutinising him from under a veil of hair

When they met his, "And are n't you the bold, bad man!" she said. At that, McGinnity, who had been slowly making his way to the box-car, laid her on a mattress and she was lifted into the doorway.

"Where 's she hurt?" called the doctor.

But McGinnity had fled. Before he had taken many steps, however, he met four men carrying Manning to the box-car under the supervision of the little agent.

"Faith, and it 's your work this night that 'll be raymembered," cried the engineer delightedly to the proud youngster. "You 've a head on your shoulders."

Thirty seconds later McGinnity climbed into the cab of the mogul, took the throttle from Greene, and got his solitary box-car under way. When they were out in the country and the clumsy old mogul was pounding heavily along as she put forth her utmost speed, McGinnity looked at his watch.

"Six minutes behind schedule and fifteen miles to go. I 'll be maybe ten minutes late. Not bad, considerin'," he remarked. And was it?

Twenty minutes later Special 434, consisting of one mogul, which before that night had never done over thirty miles an hour, and a battered M. & M. T. Co. box-car, rolled into Fullerton, where a group of anxious officials, half mad with suspense, paced the platform. When the box-car came to a standstill, the door was flung back and Manning, with pale face and bandaged head, stood in the opening.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have not time to tell you the story of this night and I see you are ready to speed me on my way — " he motioned toward the president's private car which, coupled to a racing express engine, stood waiting on the other side of the platform — "but I must say that you have a man in this engine here that I would give half my possessions to have in my employ. He is a man who *gets there!* I owe my life to Mr. McGinnity, and if I make this trip on time, as I have no doubt I shall, I shall owe him my fortune, too. Mr. Watterson — I shall be much obliged — if — "

But here the voice suddenly broke and ready arms caught the magnate as he sank back exhausted. Before he was carried across the platform to the waiting train, he insisted on being taken up beside the engine. McGinnity was making ready to hunt up the doctor when Manning was brought alongside. The engineer descended, but forbore to hold out his hand, which was coated with oil, cinders, and blood, until he had wiped it with some waste. The magnate was still very faint, but he smiled and said, "Just as it is, McGinnity; just as it is."

Now, when Johnny wants a bicycle or Maggie must have music lessons, McGinnity, thanks to his benefactor, is able to be a prodigal father. He is happy, for, though they have been married many years, more than once a day he will take his pretty little wife in his arms and kiss her, and at such times she will turn her bright eyes to his and, like as not, whisper, "And are n't you the bold, bad man!"

AMATORY ASSININNITIES

(*Sagamore not guilty*)

Given: Two in the shade,
A man and a maid.
Apparatus: Love, too much to measure,
Of bliss just a taste,
An arm 'round her waist;
And the question — determine the pressure.

'Tis said that a certain young Mr.
Met a girl in the dark — straightway Kr.
But it gave him a fright,
When he found in the light
She turned out to be only his Sr.

FROM THE GRAMMAR OF LOVE.

Conjugation of the word "buss," " to kiss":—
Buss — A kiss.
Rebus — To kiss again.
Pluribus — To kiss many times.
Syllabus — To kiss a homely girl.
Blunderbus — To kiss the wrong person.
Omnibus — To kiss everybody.
Erebus — To kiss in the dark.

"THE PLAY'S THE THING!"

(*A letter from Betty, of Brookline, to Marghetta, alias "Hun," another Brookline girl away at boarding school.*)

DEAR OLD LADY:—

Last night Jack and Ma and I went down to the High School to see the plays, "dramatics" they call them. The school presents one each year for the benefit of the Athletic Association, the Sagamore, the Teachers' Pension Fund, or some other needy institution connected with the school. Jack, who graduated two years ago, you know, came around and said they were going to be "simply

bully" and all that rot. He managed to sell Ma some tickets, and it ended by his taking us, as Pa 's away. I imagined the plays would be rather sloppy, but Jack was so keen for them we thought they might take our minds off that dress of of mine that Mlle. Descannes just spoilt. You know, the pink Princess one. Straight, I could swear!

It was a hoot of a night (O, Hun, I *must* cut out slang). The night, as I was saying, was most inclement — ahem — but there were lots of people we knew. There was a very businesslike imitation of a coatroom where we left our dripping duds. Jack knew the head usher — you know, Ralph Marshall — and he was very polite and got us good seats. A little after eight the Mandolin Club came out and played a thing called "Beauty's Dream." I said I thought Beauty must have been eating Welsh rarebit, but Jack said they had improved a lot.

The first play was called "The Late Mr. Rollins," and was written, Jack said, by a Mr. Bottle or Trottle, I forget which. The scene was laid at Amherst in a college fellow's room, and they had pretty realistic scenery. It was all about this fellow that "Mac" somebody had asked to go to the Junior Prom with his mother and some girls. The fellow who was invited was awfully easy-going and deliberate, and came in late without any dress clothes, and he and Mac, who was mad as hops, had a bully old scene. Mr. Rollins was the easy going man, and Sully Sargent acted his part so well it could n't have been improved upon by William Gillette or even Carl Wetherell. Lloyd Cooley ramped around in good shape in the part of "Mac." Then there was "Polly," a parlor maid, who tried to black Mr. Rollins' shoes and got her apron, face, and hands all over polish. That was Mary Clark, and she was so clever and so pretty that she had the audience at her feet all the time. Rollins rigged himself in an impromptu dress suit several sizes too small and of various shades, and you should have heard the audience roar when he appeared in that rig. After that he could n't move but what every one laughed. Oh, I forgot to mention two other fellows that came into the first act for a while. I forget their stage names, but they were that little Burnham and a tall one called Andrews. They did n't have much to do, but they got through without having to stammer around much. A girl called Thielscher was Mac's mother, and was also pretty fair. Between the acts the Glee Club

sang "The Owl and the Pussy Cat," and it seemed to be a success.

The second act was not so funny. The feature was Mabel Cushing's acting in the part of "Bessie Bent," on whom, it seems, Rollins had rather a crush, although he tried to hide it by fussing with a girl whose part was taken by your friend Dorothy Gooding. Two other girls came in in minor parts; they were rather cute, but I can't remember their names. Both Dorothy Gooding and Mabel Cushing had on perfectly *scrumptious* dresses, made Princess, like my spoilt one.

In between the two plays a girl from the Freshman class, Marjorie Rudolph, I think her name was, played simply *finely* on the violin. Jack said that some people think she is even better than Katherine Stillings, who graduated last year, you know, and has just made her début successfully in Chickering Hall. I don't remember the names of the pieces, but I 'll never forget how they sounded.

"A Box of Monkeys" was certainly funny, but towards the end we all got tired and the seats began to feel hard, for the last play was twice as long as the first one. However, the acting was so clever that everyone was kept in more or less of a roar. I never thought there could be such good acting in any play the High School ever got out. Even Jack, who thinks the play he acted in two years ago was the acme of dramatic art, admitted that it might have been worse. Everard Pratt, as a shy English chappie, was — well if I try to describe it' ll put my English on the bum and I 'll lapse into slang. Rollo — sweet name Rollo, don't you think? — Reynolds was almost too clever as a lover who is obliged to "buttle" to remain near his lady love, a — ahem — slangy young Western girl, impersonated by Dorothy Nesbitt with great ease and cleverness. Joyce Knowlton — you don't know her, but I do, and she 's all right — acted simply sli — er, I mean, excellently, the part of a coy young English girl. She took lessons in slang — imagine, my dear — from D. Nesbitt, and you ought to have heard the applause when, in response to her teacher's command, she linked arms with that young lady and paused a moment as she was leaving the stage to say over her shoulder in self-delighted wonder, "I 've *hooked on* and I'm MAKING TRACKS!" You know Pamelia Clough, so you can imagine how splendid she'd be as a rich matron with social aspirations.

The Glee Club sang the school song between the acts, but got off all right without getting any eggs.

They danced afterwards, but we skidooed for home P. D. Q. Jack said it was the best show on the whole he had seen the old school produce — since 1894 (his year). He said if Mr. Brooks — he' s the one that coaches them and does all that sort of work — turned out many more such plays they would be wanting him for a stage manager down at the Columbia — is there such a place, Hun? Anyway, I was glad I went, and I don't grudge the Pension Fund for Superannuated Pedagogues my half-dollar. Be good!

Yours for anti-slang,

BETTY.

To the Editor of the Sagamore:—

May I be permitted to use your columns to express the praise that I think due to the Brookline High School for the highly commendable entertainment which I had the pleasure of witnessing in Shailer Hall last evening. Every participant is to be congratulated upon the excellent manner in which they rendered their part. Especially noteworthy were the characters of "Bessie Bent" and "Polly" in the first sketch. The musical part of the program was especially interesting; the Glee and Mandolin Clubs showed excellent training and the violinist played exceptionally well. Mr. Brooks, I understand, trained the performers, and the success of his pupils should indeed be gratifying to him. H. C.

Boston, Mass.,
March 31, 1906.

(Thank you, H. C. An unsought word of praise from the great outside is encouraging.)

NO NECESSARY SIGNIFICANCE

A robin redbreast, thinking it was May,
Appeared in town one January day.
The incident, however, only proves
The robin redbreast was a blooming jay.

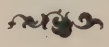
BOOK REVIEW

Each month The Sagamore will publish a review of some book, either fiction or non-fiction, of interest to the school. Criticism of such books is invited.

NOTE.— All books criticized in The Sagamore will be found in the Public Library, unless otherwise specified.

"THE WINNING OF THE WEST," BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

IT is common knowledge that President Roosevelt has written books of interest and value, but that he is one of the greatest and most readable historians which this country has ever produced is not generally known. That he is such, however, is certified by his two admirable works dealing with vital episodes in American history and entitled "The Naval War of 1812" and "The Winning of the West." The latter work may be perused with profit by the student of history, and with keen enjoyment by the lover of romance and adventure. When Macauley set for his ideal the writing of a history which should combine accuracy of fact and shrewd eduction of conclusions with the romance of the novel, he stated what are today the credentials of Theodore Roosevelt to rank as an ideal historian. "The Winning of the West" is the record of the expansion of our civilization beyond the Alleghanies from the close of the Revolution through the battle of New Orleans in 1814. Written by a man who knows the West well and is in sympathy with its spirit, this work tells better than any other the way in which the West was won. The reader is made to realize by its perusal how much the country owes to Jackson, Boone, and their followers. — *Review of Reviews Co., 1904.*



A TOUCHING LAMENT

Addressing a political gathering the other day, a speaker gave his hearers a touch of the pathetic. "I miss," he said, brushing away a not unmanly tear — "I miss many of the old faces I used to shake hands with." — London Globe.

NAPHTHA BEN GASOLENE

Naphtha Ben Gasolene (may his tribe decrease)
Awoke one night from a black dream of grease,
And saw within the firelight in his room,
Making it smell like Standard Oil perfume,
A demon scrawling in a volume old.
Excessive speed had made Ben Gasolene bold,
And to the presence in the room he said:
"What writest thou?" The vision raised his head,
And with a grin spread o 'er his features red,
Answered, "The names of those who swell the dead."
"And is mine one?" said Naphtha. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the demon. Naphtha spoke more low,
But cheerily still and said: "I pray thee then
Write me as one who maims his fellow men."
The demon wrote and vanished; the next night
He came again, with fierce acetylene light
And showed the names of those the maimed have curst,
And lo! Ben Gasolene's name was way up first.

— *F. B. Reazor in Town and Country.*

A SAIL

GEORGE B. ROBERTS

WHEN I was thirteen years old I had an experience which may be interesting to a few people, so I will put it down on paper.

It happened, in the sunny month of August of the year 19 —, that I was living on the southern shore of Cape Cod, had had quite a little experience in sailing in these waters, and felt quite at home in a cat-boat.

One afternoon as I was walking along a road very near the sea I was stopped by a boy about eighteen years old, who inquired if I knew how to sail a boat. I answered that I did. He then asked

me to sail through Wood's Hole a boat which he had hired, because its owner was waiting for it there. Both of my parents were away that afternoon and, although I was afraid that they would not have let me take such a responsibility if they had been at home, I accepted the offer eagerly.

Wood's Hole is supposed to be the worst "rip" on the eastern coast of the United States because of the great strength of the tide, the narrowness of the channel, and the presence of many jagged rocks. I had never been through there alone, but I relied on my knowledge of the buoys which marked the channel to carry me through in safety. I also hoped that I might meet some one going in before me so that I could follow him and do just as he did.

My good star was then in the ascendant, and, when I came to the opening of the gap I saw a friend of mine start through before me. In I swept. The tide caught my boat and carried it along as a leaf is carried along a road in the gusty month of March.

The wind was dead abaft and the boat tore through the water, leaving a tossing, seething wake behind it. It was too late for me to turn back now. I realized that the tide was running even swifter than usual, and I dumbly realized, too, as I swept by it, that the can buoy, which usually stood five feet out of the water, was carried entirely under by the extreme force of the current, and that the red and black tide-stick, which was a warning of the presence of rocks, was bent down close to the water. The bell-buoy, rocking on the waves, clanged out its mournful message of danger and added to the gloom of the place.

I had to bring the boat up to a pier where I knew a lot of mariners would be loafing, ready to jeer at me if I missed my landing or came too fast and smashed the forestay.

I soon came in sight of some piers, and as soon as I saw their position a new difficulty was apparent. I realized that I must sail down between two piers where, if I did not luff at exactly the right moment, I should smash the boat into flinders against the heavy oak piles of the pier.

I glanced along this massive structure to see if I could not discover a good place to land, but I saw to my dismay that I had no choice in the matter; there was only one berth not occupied by some kind of craft, and that was very near the shore. I wondered if my boat drew too much water to land there.

Nevertheless, I determined to try it. Down between the enormous piers the boat rushed. We came opposite the open place beside the piles. A little farther down I knew I must turn up into the wind and shoot for it. On I went until I heard the scrape of the center-board on the bottom. Then I gritted my teeth, swung the tiller hard over, and shot for the landing. I could not have gauged it better. The boat lost headway, came up to the pier without the least sign of a bump, and my voyage was over. I looked up and saw an old fisherman lying on the deck of a sloop near by. He pulled a dirty clay pipe out of his mouth, grinned at me, and said, "Wal, kid, yer got here."

NATURALLY

The elderly lady who was looking through the shop of a dealer in nicknacks picked up a small hand-bag. "Are you sure," she inquired, "that this is a real crocodile-skin?"

"Absolutely certain, madam," replied the dealer; "I shot that crocodile myself."

"It looks rather soiled," observed his customer.

"Naturally, madam," explained the salesman; "that is where it struck the ground when it tumbled off the tree."— Harper's Weekly.

THE FINAL DECISION

The following anecdote is told of a professor in a Western university: "One day, while walking with a friend in San Francisco, the professor and his companion became involved in an argument as to which was the handsomer man of the two. Not being able to arrive at a settlement of the question, they agreed in a spirit of fun to leave it to the decision of a Chinaman who was seen approaching them. The matter being laid before him, the Oriental considered long and carefully; then he announced in a tone of finality, "Both are worse."

— Harper's Weekly.

EDUCATION

The family wished to ornament
  Their high and cultured station,
And everyone save Pa professed
  A thirst for education.

Jack went to Pigskin Institute,
  The other teams all licking,
But somehow when it came to bills
  'Twas Pa who did the kicking.

Clorinda went to cooking school,
  Compounding grub amazing,
But somehow when it came to dough
  'Twas Pa who did the raising.

Tom to a business college went,
  Financial ways divining,
But somehow when it came to checks
  'Twas Pa who did the signing.

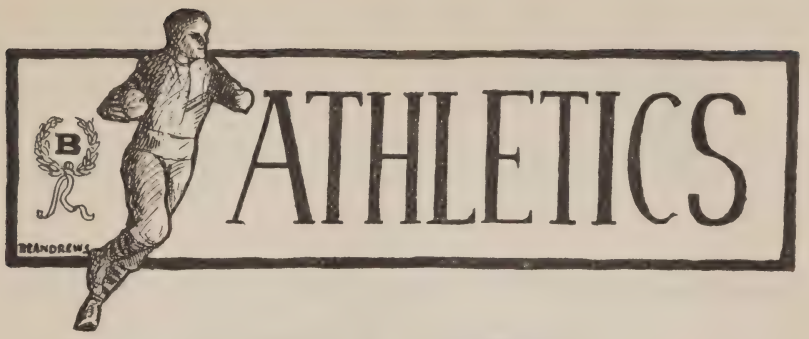
Kate to a high toned boarding school
  Sharp angles to diminish,
But somehow after she came out
  'Twas Pa who saw his finish.

And Pa? He 's plodding right along
  And has n't got much knowledge,
In fact his standing is but this—
  A senior in life's college.

McLandburgh Wilson.

A WEIGHTY SECRET

Little Willie was asked by his mother if he had thanked Mr. Thomas for taking him to drive. No answer. The question was repeated; still no answer. At the third question, Willie said in a whisper: "Yes, but he told me not to mention it."—Little Chronicle.



INTERCLASS BASKETBALL

1906 vs. 1907

ON Wednesday, March 14th, the two preliminary games of the series were played off in the boys' gym. The Juniors, showing some team work, which the Seniors utterly lacked, won by the score of twelve to seven. Morrison and Stevens played the game well for '07; and Untersee for the Seniors.

The line-up:—

1907	1906
Morrison (Kimball), r. f.	l. g. St. John (Arthur).
Clune, l. f.	r. g. Untersee (capt.).
Wright, c.	c. Andrews.
Stevens (capt.), r. g.	l. f. Williamson (Gaffey).
Phelan, l. g.	r. f. Fogerty.

Goals from floor — Morrison 2, Clune, Kimball, Phelan, Arthur, Andrews, Untersee. Goals from fouls — Stevens 2, Untersee. Referee — Mr. Lowman. Timers — Schlemm and Thompson. Time—10 and 15-minute periods. Attendance — 250.

1908 vs. 1909

The Sophomores won from the Freshmen by one goal, or 11 to 9, in a snappy and interesting contest. The Freshmen gave the Sophomores a steady battle for the honors. At the end of the first half it looked like a victory for '09, but with Howe at centre, the Sophomores began to score while the Freshmen were only able to take advantage of numerous fouls by '08. Collins excelled for the Freshmen.

The line-up:—

1908	1909
Brennan (capt.), f.	g. E. Floyd.
MacNamara (Brown), f.	g. Elliot (Kelleher)
Hann (Howe), c.	c. Collins (capt.)
Cady, g.	f. McGrath (Casey).
Driscoll (Hann), g.	f. Meade (Gallert).

Referee — R. Floyd. Timer — Thompson. Time — 10 and 15-minute periods.

1907 vs. 1908

A week later the basketball finals took place after a most interesting and successful exhibition by the special gym squad under Mr. Lowman. The game was fast and rough, with most of the scoring in the second half. The Juniors had nearly the same team which played the Seniors, but the Sophs had numerous changes in their line-up. Clune did well as a forward and Wright played an excellent defensive game at centre, often breaking up the Sophomore team work. Cady and MacNamara mixed things up well for '08. The score was 8 to 4.

The line-up:—

1907		1908
Clune	forwards	G. Hann.
Morrison (Young)	forwards	Cady (Driscoll).
Wright	center	Brown (Emerson).
Phelan	guards	MacNamara.
Stevens (F. Johnson)	guards	Brennan.

Goals from floor — Clune 2, Stevens, Johnson, MacNamara, Emerson. Referee — Mr. Lowman. Timers — Schlemm and Floyd. Time — 10 and 15-minute periods.

CREW

The crew started work on the river Monday, March 26th. In spite of the cold the four who went out expressed themselves delighted. The rest of the squad were coached on the machines by Pat Donovan. The prospects this year for a successful crew are much better than last; the first boat shows better form and team work for the season than many of the boats from the other schools. The first crew at date of writing consists of Sargent, Cooley, LeRoyer, Youngman, and Knapp, cox.

Another relay victory was accredited to Brookline on March 15th, when the team defeated English High in a fast race at the Boston College meet. Boyd and Shine, Brookline's first two runners, were

left in the rear by their speedy rivals; but Sharp put up a great fight, and, after running neck and neck for a lap, he passed his man and gave Daniels a lead which he held to the end. The time was exceptionally good, the second best of the evening: 2m. 43s.

The track team had their picture taken at Purdy's, March 17th, and it looks very well. It will be the first track picture to appear on the school's walls.

B. H. S. Baseball Schedule for 1906

Subject to change.

Friday, April 13, Rindge M. T. S. at Brookline.
Saturday, " 14, Gloucester High at Gloucester.
Monday, " 16, Roxbury Latin at Brookline.
Thursday, " 19, Alumni at Brookline (10 o'clock).
Monday, " 23, Arlington High at Brookline.
Wednesday, " 25, Wellesley High at Wellesley.
Wednesday, May 2, Winchester High at Winchester.
Friday, " 4, open, at Brookline.
Monday, " 7, De Merritt School at Brookline.
Wednesday, " 9, Tech Freshmen, at Brookline.
Friday, " 18, Newton High at (undecided)*.
Wednesday, " 23, Concord High at Concord.
Friday, " 25, Cambridge Latin at Newton.*
Wednesday, " 30, Newton High at Newton.*
Saturday, June 2, Worcester Academy at Worcester.
Tuesday, " 5, Dedham High at Brookline.
Friday, " 8, Cambridge Latin at Newton.*

*League Games.

DINING OUT

Customer: "I thought I told you to get me a wing — and on no account a leg."

Waiter: "Yessir; I gave your message to the cook an' 'e sez, 'My compliments to the gen'leman, an' tell 'im as 'ow the fowls in this 'ere hestablishment 'as ter walk as well as fly.' " — The Tatler.

AT THE EDITOR'S DESK

Lovely vacation, wasn't it?

So they say, but the editor didn't notice. He was busy turning out a twenty-six page paper with exactly three pages of contributed matter at his disposal. He did it, but when he got through he had a wet towel around his head and had sprained his typewriter. So, if this Sagamore smacks of "the cold, grey dawn of the morning after," you will understand why.

The school thinks the Sagamore is like unto one of those marvelous plants that sustain vitality on the surrounding atmosphere. But this paper, on the contrary, must have some twelve thousand words a month to keep itself in a healthy, hearty condition. This being the case and the attitude of the school being what it is, the poor Sagamore languishes and dies. Requiescat.

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES

One morning a Sunday school was about to be dismissed and the youngsters were already in anticipation of relaxing their cramped little limbs after the hours of confinement on straight-backed chairs and benches, when the superintendent arose and, instead of the usual dismissal, announced: "And now, children, let me introduce Mr. Smith, who will give us a short talk."

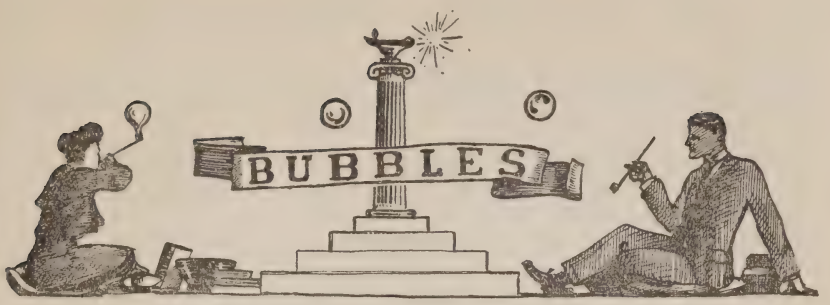
Mr. Smith smilingly arose, and after gazing impressively around the class-room, began with: "I hardly know what to say," when the whole school was convulsed to hear a small, thin voice back in the rear lisp:

"Thay amen and thit down." — Savannah News.

HAD NO PULL

Mr. Makinbrakes (to chance acquaintance whom he has met at a swell party): "If you have any influence with Mrs. Upjohn I wish you would suggest to her that she announce dinner. I 'm frightfully hungry."

Chance Acquaintance: "Me? I have n't any influence with Mrs. Upjohn. I'm Mr. Upjohn."— Chicago Tribune.



Mr. Hitchcock: "You'll be dead failures in life."

Chambers: "No inhabitant of Denver is more than fifty years old."

Reed (French III. c.) translates *De la fenetre du salon*—"From the window of the saloon."

Reynolds (Senior Greek): "She was his husband."

Imitation French Kid translates *qui s'est laissé déperir de langueur*, "He allowed himself to die for lack of language."

Miss Weir, lecturing to I. Physics A: "Sullivan's tie is a real, pure red. . . . . How trying it would be if everything was pure color!"

Grocer: "What do you want, little boy?"
Freshie: "Please sir, a quart of midnight oil."

Blanchard, '09: "This made him *grince* his teeth."

English teacher: "Too much slang—cut it out."

Senior (translating): "Then the night fell back again."

Falkenburg: "I wish to move to amend Patten's movement."

Mr. Packard: "Do these problems on paper so that you can draw the conditions."
Floyd: "I 've been drawing conditions all the year."

Miss P—: "She was kneeling on her elbows."

Miss Ward: "Next reduce to a fraction without any denominator."

Miss Hartwell: "Saint Patrick."
Mr. Lowman: "Pitzfatrick."
Mr. Brooks: "Fatzpitrick."

Miss Bryant: "Torso moves to kiss Lydia."
Lehrburger: "I second the motion."

"Why are Vergil and Homer called classics?"
Painful Punster: "Because they make any class-sick."

Dr. Roberts: " Lehrburger, classify this condition: "If you had learned your lesson it would have been well."
And Lehrburger had to admit it was "contrary to fact."

A gentleman, presumably of Teutonic origin, who was watching the rehearsals of the plays, remarked — "I think it would be a good thing to have a flower, so she could go forward to the edge of the stage and pick the peetles off it."

What graphic names the Latins did have! Caecilia, we suppose, was a lady executioner; and Theodosia, a woman doctor.

Marshall translates "inops," *empty*. He should remember a man may be "plenus" and still be both poor and happy.

Mr. Packard told I. Physics A the derivation of the slang word "spark," but disappointed the class by refusing to give a demonstratration.

Mr. Packard, during an experiment: "The bar has now considerable magnetic attraction." Look out, Mr. Packard for the W. C. T. U!

Professor Hudnut made a visit to the School April 11th, strictly on business.

Miss M.: "What is it, Fogarty?"
"Oh, I — er — just wanted to know what *faux* meant."
"Just what I wanted to know, too."

The queerness of accent of some of our B.H.S. French is pronounced.

EXCHANGES

The Bounder: "I say, old man, that's a dashed pretty girl talking to that fellow in front. I 'll toss you which of us goes and mashes her?"

The Other Man: "Thanks, no, I don't think I will. The fact is, that dashed pretty girl is my wife." — Pick-Me-Up.

"And you say you are looking for work?" asked the kind lady.

"Yes, mum," replied Frazzled Frankly, "but I can't find it."

"Poor man. Why did you leave your last place?"

"I wuz pardoned, mum." — Milwaukee Sentinel.

Brown (innocently): "Bravo, old chap, not at all bad. Why don't you go in for singing and have some lessons? I would with a voice like yours."

(De Walinson has spent a small fortune on training his voice and considers himself a thousand per cent better than De Peszke).

AT THE DANCE

Brown: "Yes, they say that everything Smith earns goes on his wife's back."

Jones (glancing at Mrs. Smith): "Well, evidently he does not earn much." — The Tatler.

THEIR VERSION

"And what shall I say to Mr. Gotrox?" inquired the canvasser for "Frills and Frazzles."

"Just say," answered the urbane publisher, "' Your money or we 'll print your life.' "—Philadelphia Bulletin.

When the captain remarked to the boatswain,
"Suppose your Creator had choatswain
To create you a cow, sir?"
Merely hitching his trouser,
The boatswain replied: "Wul, s'poatswain?" — Puck.

THE CUSTOMARY QUERY

"Now," shouted the socialistic street orator, "let us ask ourselves calmly; 'What is the question of the hour with the workingman?' "

"Usually," replied the observant citizen, "it 's: 'Say! Is it 12 o'clock yet?' " — Philadelphia Press.

POSTPONED

A bashful young couple who were evidently very much in love entered a crowded street car in Boston the other day. "Do you suppose we can squeeze in here?" he asked, looking doubtfully at her blushing face.

"Don't you think, dear, we had better wait until we get home?" was the low, embarassed reply.— Life.

SOMETHING PERFECTLY PLAIN

Hicks: "Tom's wife, I judge, is of a jealous disposition."

Wicks: "What makes you think so?"

Hicks: "I see she 's advertising for a plain cook."

Benevolent Old Lady to convict in whom she thinks she sees some glimmerings of righteousness: "And when you are released, my good man, have you any prospects?"

Cheerful Cracksman: "Yis, mum, two banks and a post-office."

TIME WILL EFFACE IT

Hicks: "My hair has been giving me a good deal of trouble lately."

Wicks: "Don't worry about that, old man. It 'll come out all right."

FOR THE CURE OF CONSCIENCE

Willie (after church): "Papa, I guess Moses must have eaten too much or something, did n't he?"

Pa: "Heaven save us, Willie, what a question! Whatever put such an idea into your head?"

Willie: "Well, the preacher said that the Lord gave unto Moses two tablets."

Nell: "Oh my! Here 's a telegram from Jack of the football team."

Bell: "What does it say?"

"It says, 'Nose broken. How do you prefer it set — Greek or Roman?' " — Exchange.

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Lady Partner (reassuringly). "That 's all right. I don't see what else you could have done!" — Punch.

"John," said Farmer Foddershucks to his college-bred son, who was home on a vacation, "hev ye noticed Si Mullet's oldest gal lately? Strikes me she 's gettin' ter be a right likely critter, hey?"

"She 's as beautiful as Hebe," agreed John, enthusiastically.

"Aw, shucks!" grunted Farmer F. "She' s a blame sight purtier 'n he be. Why, he ain 't no beauty. She gits it f'm her mother's folks."

"Lyman has a bad habit of talking in his sleep."

"Yes, but he has one worse habit."

"What 's that?"

"His talking when he 's awake."

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VOL. 12 NO. 8

THE SAGAMORE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL, MASS.

R. E. ANDREWS, '06 . . . . . EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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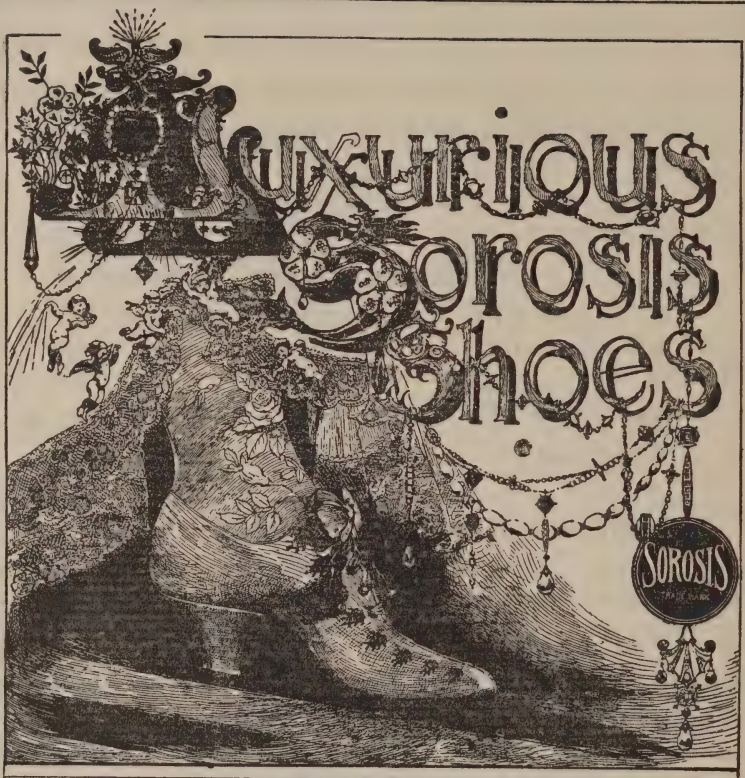
TABLE OF CONTENTS

A LETTER LONG OVERDUE 229
EDITORIALS 229
STUNG! 231
FOR SAN FRANCISCO 234
BOOK REVIEW 235
PIETAS 237
EXCHANGE COLUMN 238
DEBATING 239
"WELL BREAD—IF CRUSTY" 240
ALUMNI NOTES 240
ATHLETICS 241
BUBBLES 248
AT THE EDITOR'S DESK 252



ULTRA-FASHIONABLE THINGS

are whimsical, more or less. Shoes that are extremes of the fashion get their most peculiar characteristics at the expense of plain sense and, as a natural consequence, they cost more to make than do simple shapes and things unadorned. Thus it follows that Sorosis Luxurious Shoes are expensive. Still the interesting fact remains that no other strictly fashionable shoes made today equal them in elegant appropriateness and perfect finish. The above represents this class: Price, $14.

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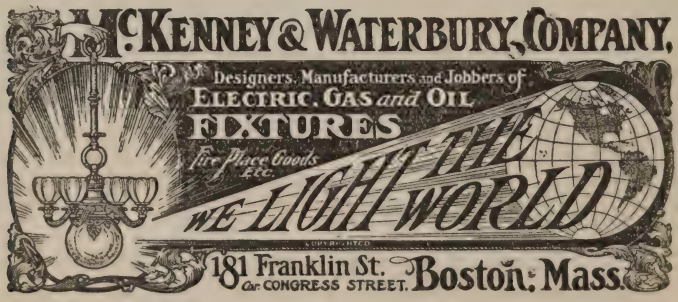

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 12 MAY, 1906 NUMBER 8

The High School, Brookline, Mass.,
May 3, 1906.

MY DEAR MR. BROOKS,—

In behalf of the Athletic Association of the High School the Executive Committee of said Association extends to you a hearty vote of thanks for your earnest and consistent labor with the dramatics of the school, so successfully rendered, and for your generosity in donating the proceeds to the Athletic fund.

Sincerely,
G. S. LOWMAN,
Sec'y B. H. S. A. A.

EDITORIALS

THERE is a good thing waiting for the school, if that institution will develop the energy to reach out for it. That good thing is a tennis tournament. The last contest of this kind was held so long ago that none of its competitors are now members of the school; it would be impossible to predict anything of the result. While this is the case, it seems that the students who play tennis are very numerous. As a result, if any one has the energy to get up a tournament, he will, in our opinion, be able to secure a large number of entries. Charging an entry fee of fifty cents would probably bring in enough money to secure the two excellent courts of the Chestnut Hill Club for the tournament and pay for the balls and prizes. If the Athletic Association took hold of the thing and managed it skilfully, there might even be a profit in the venture. Why not put the thing through?

The school committee has decided to look into the matter of establishing a commercial course in the High School. From investigation of the sentiment of the students, we are able to say that such a course is earnestly desired by a large portion of the school and that it would be well patronized. At present there are many pupils who leave this institution, after two or three years of study, in order to secure a practical commercial training in some of the so-called "business colleges." Such pupils lose much, to be sure, in so abbreviating their general education; but, on the other hand, they obtain a knowledge of the fundamentals of the mercantile pursuit they are about to enter which is denied to the High School graduate. And why should not this be as great an advantage for a business man as a college course is for a professional man? We do not wish to exaggerate the importance of the intensely practical subjects, as is so often done today, but we think that the establishment of a course which shall combine a general education with a little commercial training during the last two years would be very desirable.

Since our last issue several remarks that have come to us have shown the interest with which our suggestion of each class organizing as graduates was received. Such an idea is practicable, and if carried out would add immensely to the name of the school. The main point in such an organization would simply be to keep classmates informed as to each other's whereabouts and occupations by means of a secretary. Such information could be disseminated by sending it to the Sagamore, which is always glad of alumni notes. A president would be chosen, and a treasurer, for of course there would be meetings sometimes, and perhaps dinners or dances. The meetings would not be too frequent — the first one two years, perhaps, after graduation; then annually. Let us hope 1906 will follow the example of 1898 and that she will be the first of many to do likewise.

PREFERENCE EXPRESSED

"We must all be capable of some sort of sacrifice," said the philosopher.

"Well," answered Mr. Van Root, "a sacrifice is all right in its place. But I prefer a line over second base."

STUNG!

DONALD R. STEVENS, '07

"GOOD morning, sir! Want any cigars, sir?"

I looked up. One of those everlasting Cubans stood in the office door, with his inevitable satchel of cigars.

No, I did n't, and, besides, I was deep in a perplexing business affair, and very busy.

"Now, just let me show you one of these Havanas, sir."

No, I would n't! I was n't in the best of humor, and wished the cigar dealer in Hades!

"Look at these now. Is n't that the finest bunch you ever set eyes on?"

"Say, will you get out of here, or shall I have to have you kicked out?" I shouted, shaking my fist in his face.

Nothing abashed, he held the bunch up in his hand, and pushed a cigar out from the centre.

"You try that one, sir" — I gave up in despair — "this ain't any fake bunch, sir. See, I poked that one right out of the middle. I ain't the kind that stick a good cigar on the edge of a bunch of bad ones, and then mark it, so 's I 'll know it, and hand it out as a sample. No, sir! That one came right out of the middle, and if it ain't the finest piece of weed you ever tasted I 'll eat my hat. Those are genuine Havana cigars, sir. Made from selected cured leaves. Rolled 'em myself. You can't get another bunch like 'em in Boston, sir. Only got a couple of bunches left. You better take 'em while you got a chance."

I shook my head. I did n't want any cigars, just bought a box yesterday. I handed the sample back.

"You keep that, sir. Smoke it when you get time to enjoy it. After lunch, perhaps. I 've got to go uptown for an hour or two. You don't mind if I leave this grip here!"

And he was gone, without waiting for a reply.

"Well, that fellow certainly has got a crust," I thought, as I bent over my work. For an hour I plugged away over those documents, without making any progress. Then, disgusted, I pushed them aside, grabbed my hat and went to lunch.

After satisfying my inward cravings I felt much more congenial, and walked back to the office in a pleasanter frame of mind. I

hung up my hat, and was about to return to my work when I saw the Cuban's cigar lying on the desk, where he had left it. I laughed good-naturedly as I thought of the persistent fellow, and, picking it up, I smelled of it. There certainly was a delicious aroma from it. More from mere curiosity than anything else, I lighted it. I took one puff, and sank into a seventh heaven of bliss. I leaned back in the chair, put my feet on the desk, and forgot business and everything else, till I had smoked that cigar to a three-quarter inch stub. Then, heaving a sigh, I looked at it ruefully, regretfully cast it into the waste-basket, and went to work.

Along about three o'clock back came my Cuban friend.

"Well, did you try that cigar, sir? Pretty good, was n't it?"

I told him it was a fair cigar.

"Well, sir, I 've got to leave town in half an hour, and I 'd like to get rid of those last two bunches. Don't want to take 'em do you? I' d sell 'em cheap. Yes, sir, I 'll let you have those two bunches for $5.00! Do you want 'em?"

Five dollars certainly was cheap for cigars like those, and I jumped at the offer.

"All right," I said, "I 'll take them. Here you are," and I laid a long green V on the desk.

"Thank you," he said, "you 'll find you struck a bargain with that five dollars," and, picking up his grip, he departed.

. . . . . .

Next day, when I again returned from lunch, I took up one of my new cigars. Somehow it did n't smell quite so good as the other one. However, I thought, if it tasted as well I would n't mind the fragrance. So I lighted it, expecting to enjoy another sublime experience.

But, oh my! Of all the miserable, evil-tasting cigars there are on the market, that one was by all odds the worst! With an angry jerk, I threw it into the waste-basket, and tried another. It was ranker than the first, if anything! I picked up the bunch and smelt of it. There was no more question. I had been sold! Both those bunches were the rottenest lot of cigars I ever laid eyes on.

Oh, no! My friend did n't push good samples out of the edge of bad bunches, — he pushed them out of the middle! If I had had him there then, I — ; well I really believe I should have done something

rash! A bargain! Yes, that was a grand bargain! For him! Five of my hard-earned dollars gone to the winds! Now honest, was n't that enough to draw salt tears from a brass monkey?

. . . . . .

After the cigars had lain in my drawer about a week, I was going to throw them away, when I thought of a scheme whereby I might get a little of my cash back. You see, across the street there was an express company, and one of the clerks there was a Yankee from way back, and bright as a dollar. He was always making money out of some fool scheme, and then spending it in an equally fool way. I took the cigars to him, and told him he could have them for a dollar, and he took them! How he would get rid of them, I didn't know nor care.

But, by Jove, that fellow up and raffled them; sold tickets at twenty cents per to the teamsters and clerks in the neighborhood, and got twelve dollars out of it!

But *here* comes the sad part of my tale. "Ye that have tears, prepare to shed them now!"

When the result of the raffle was made known No. 29 had won.

And No. 29 *was my Book-keeper*!

And there, for months afterward, I had to sit in the office and smell the terrible odor which emanated from those miserable, evil-smelling cigars; while my less fastidious book-keeper contentedly and blissfully pulled away at them, as he bent over his accounts!

Stung?

Well, rather!

ONLY WAITING

"What is your name, little girl?" questioned the teacher.

"Ottilia Kalamagoulapagos," answered the new pupil.

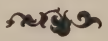
"My stars, child!" exclaimed the teacher. "Nobody needs to carry such a name as that around in this country. You ought to have it changed."

"I' m goin' to, ma'am," said the new pupil, with perfect self-possession, "when me and Demetrius Laskasoupalollipopolos gits a few years older."

FOR SAN FRANCISCO

THE response of the High School to the call for help from San Francisco was a most creditable one. At the mass meeting held at the Town Hall a few days after the disaster, it was decided to ask the pupils of the public schools to make contributions through their teachers. The collection from this institution alone was about $70, which, when it is considered that practically everyone had been asked to give through other agencies, was a generous one. Upon the request of Mr. N. H. White, Chairman of the Town Relief Committee, a committee for the school, to consist of two pupils from each room, was elected. The members chosen were: Sampson, Comerford, Hann, Jones, Cady, McInerney, Schellenburg, Floyd and Lally, and the Misses Driscoll, Welch, Slagle, Mason, Wyman, DeMerrite, Clark, Kellogg and Moore. Comerford was elected chairman, and Cady, secretary, and the following sub-committee was chosen: Comerford, chairman; Sampson, Hann and the Misses Slagle and Wyman. With only one day allowed them, the members of this committee raised $25.00 by the sale of tickets for a benefit concert, which was a performance demonstrating their capacity as "hustlers."

The third branch of relief work was that of the domestic science pupils, who went quickly to work to effect a bit of practical philanthropy. Up to date they have made 6 dozen gauze sponges, 126 gauze bandages and 126 batting bandages, all of which will be, or have been sent to San Francisco through the agency of Mrs. Darling of the Women's Relief Committee of this town. This is another indication of the energy and enterprise which has produced the notable results mentioned on another page of this paper. When an appeal is made to the school to supply funds for the payment for the material used in this work it should meet with another hearty response.



DID THEIR BEST

Brush: "Do you know why they hung D'Auber's landscape so high?"

Palette: "Yes, because they couldn't catch D'Auber."

BOOK REVIEW

Each month The Sagamore will publish a review of some book, either fiction or non-fiction, of interest to the school. Criticism of such books is invited.

NOTE.— All books criticized in The Sagamore will be found in the Public Library, unless otherwise specified.

"BOYS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT IN SCHOOL," BY H. BOMPAS SMITH

THIS little book is written exclusively for the guidance of teachers in managing the "human boy," as writers persist in calling us, between the ages of eight and nineteen. Consequently the book is very interesting and often amusing to the youthful reader. Some of the chapter headings are: "The Authority of the Master and its Source," "The Prevention of Disorder," "The Need of Keenness," "Some General Principles of Punishment," "Some Forms of Punishment," "The Reformation of the Culprit," etc. "We all know," says the author, speaking for his fellow-teachers, "that a boy may be both a good fellow and a gentleman and yet be capable of holding up a gross caricature of our noble features to the gaze of an admiring class. Nevertheless, some masters whom one meets have a tendency to regard all such misdemeanors as insults to themselves." Especially in the chapter on "The Prevention of Disorder" are there some pieces of advice which we, from our standpoint, recommend as being extremely sound and to the point. "Do not," he says under this head, "let them choose their own places, but make the villains who love to crowd on the back row come and sit in front." If a master is earnest he can learn to keep order in perhaps one term, according to this booklet. Decision, consistency, thoroughness, and the power of kindling enthusiasm are put among the prime requisites for a first-class master. In speaking of punishment the author brings out some points which seem to us to exhibit the greatest insight and common sense. "All punishment is a confession of weakness, for it shows that the moral influence of the school and master has proved insufficient to prevent the commission of the offence." But he says a moment later, "It is a thousand times better to give your punishments right and left, rather than acquiesce in a state of rebellion against your rule." Every master should keep close watch upon himself to guard against being influ-

enced in inflicting punishment for personal likes or dislikes, and also to realize and modify their impulses accordingly when they have risen "from the wrong side of the bed" and are inclined to be harsh. "'Old So-and-so was pretty shirty this morning,' is a description which fits most of us at times," remarks the writer. He also touches another point on which teachers are apt to be unjust when he says, "If the first three boys break down in their recitation, there are few masters who will not be unduly ready to ship the fourth." He also says, and very truly, that if the boy is allowed to present his side of the question in nine times out of ten he will be ready to accept the verdict even if he does not appreciate the view on which it is based. Altogether, this is a book in which every teacher will find considerable instruction; and every pupil, considerable diversion. Although it contains much that goes without saying, there is a great deal of fresh, intelligent, common sense advice in it. As it is written by an English master, the English phraseology is used with regard to schools, and, judging from his analysis of character, there are in that respect some minor points on which the "human boy" in America differs from his brother in England.—*Longmans, Green & Co., 1905.*

SLANG IN ENGLAND

"Pull down your vest" has always been considered too inelegant a piece of slang for general use among people of refinement, but the English, according to a woman who has recently returned from a trip abroad, appear to have gone us one better. This woman was at a bridge party in London, the players of which were of the smart set, when she heard a young girl say to a woman twice her age, "Pull up your socks!" Everybody present heard the remark and the woman addressed showed neither indignation nor surprise. In fact, no comment was made by any one. Subsequent inquiry on the part of the amazed American brought the information that the expression was for the moment popular in the upper circle. It means "keep cool," or "don't get rattled."

PIETAS

JONES was his name, and Jones he looked. Reddish hair, stooping shoulders, glasses shielding weak blue eyes — a type as common as a telegraph pole. A fair — yes, a good reporter; but I never knew him to do but one clever bit of writing. It was like this.

One day we got wind of how a man had shot another over in East Boston somewhere, fighting about a woman, they said. Well, it was nothing unusual and I gave Jones the assignment. He got his story in promptly — left it on my desk when I was out. Then he was out two or three days, and sent word he was sick.

When the trial came, I was a bit surprised to have Jones show up and ask to cover it. He must have kept tab on the case, for it was so common an incident and the evidence, though circumstantial, was so clearly against the defendant that the papers paid little attention to it. But the defense had secured a good lawyer and the trial was not disposed of on its first day.

What I referred to as the cleverest thing Jones ever wrote was his report of that trial. His comments on the circumstantial evidence offered by the prosecution made the stuff seem like twaddle. He ripped it up and crammed it down the attorney's throat, figuratively speaking. When that was finished he took up the defense — built it up, bit by bit, to an almost flawless structure, and concluded with an impassioned outburst against circumstantial evidence in general. Man, it was a masterpiece of reasoning and penwork. I knew he had his case won, for the defendant's counsel was sharp, and I was sure he would use Jones's arguments on the jury. "The man must have been inspired," I thought, "when he wrote that!"

Then I noticed the name of the defendant was Jones.

I did n't say anything until the case had been decided — for the defense, of course — although Jones' write-up was the talk of the office. But he would n't talk to the men about it, not a word. When the accused — he was a tough, bleary-eyed old good-for-nothing according to the other papers' descriptions — had been declared not guilty after five minutes deliberation, I called Jones into my private office that evening before I went home.

He took an unusually long time shutting the door behind him before he turned his spectacled eyes toward my outstretched hand.

"Jones," I began, but the words of praise never left my lips. The man had dropped into a chair and hidden his face in his hands, sobbing like a girl.

Of course I was surprised, but I had suspected —. I put my hand on his shoulder and asked sympathetically, "Was it your — your — ?"

"My father," he finished. I was really sorry for the poor fellow.

"Cheer up, old man," I said kindly, after a silence broken only by his sobs. "You cleared him, after all, and — "

"Yes, but — " said Jones, brokenly, "he — he was guilty." '06.

EXCHANGES

THE Sagamore acknowledges with pleasure the receipt of the following exchanges: The Milton Orange and Blue, the Cricket, The Enterprise, The Panorama, The Penn Charter Magazine, The Southern Workman, Shooting and Fishing, The M. C. I.

The Penn Charter Magazine of March contains some excellent photographic views.

Flo was fond of Ebenezer,
Eb, for short, she called her beau;
Talk of "tide of love," Great Cæsar!
You should have seen 'em, Eb and Flo. — Ex.

Irate Dutchman (to a stranger who has stepped on his toe): "Mein frent, I know my feet was made to be walked on, but dot privilege pelongs to me." — Ex.

Teacher: "What is a rudder?"
School Idiot: "A stern necessity." — Ex.

A young theologian named Fiddle
Refused to accept his degree;
"For," said he, " 'tis enough to Fiddle
Without being Fiddle, D. D." — Ex.

Hug: a roundabout way of expressing affection. — Ex.

The Shooting and Fishing is always very interesting and we are fortunate in having that paper among our exchanges. M. D. P.

DEBATING

THE Debating Club held its fourth meeting on March 29th, the subject being, "Resolved,—That the small college is more beneficial to the student than the large one." It was the best debate of the year, the sides being evenly matched and the discussion terse and to the point. Bailey, Robinson and Patten spoke upon the affirmative, with Avery, Macmillan, Truette, and Williamson opposing them. Williamson opened his side with a particularly clever speech, while Bailey and Robinson spoke most effectively for the affirmative. President Andrews, acting as judge, awarded the debate to the affirmative, 41 points to 39.

The last debate was held on April 19th, and although the attendance was small, there was an interesting discussion upon the question, "Resolved,—That immigration to the United States should be further restricted." The affirmative was supported by Truette, Williamson, Andrews, Britten and Comerford, and the negative by Moss, Ross, Bailey and Patten. The affirmative lost the debate, on the decision of Miss Spaulding, through their failure to keep to the question.

On May 3d a business meeting was held for the election of officers for next year. After an exciting parliamentary struggle Charlie Hann was elected president, Glazier, vice-president, and Rollo Britten, secretary and treasurer. These officers are capable of renewing the interest in debate next year and of leading the club through a successful season. They deserve all the support they can get.

D. P.

CHURCHILL'S MOUSTACHE

Winston Churchill, the English convert to Liberalism, is making a reputation for sharp wit.

His curt retort to a woman heckler, "Madam, I will not be henpecked," was the best thing of the recent campaign. He is now raising a moustache. A fair lady was being taken in to dinner by the budding politician.

"Mr. Churchill," she said, "I like your politics as little as I like your moustache." It should have been a crushing shot, but not so to Churchill. His reply was on the instant: "Madam, you are not likely to come into contact with either."

WELL BREAD—IF CRUSTY!

THE girls of the Domestic Science Department have earned praise in more than one way within the past few weeks. Their part in the San Francisco relief work has already been noted, but their title to masters of cuisine rests upon another achievement.

At the Second Annual Food Exhibit of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, held at Perkins Hall on March 31st, Brookline High won first prize for bread and second prize for a meal worked out with correct values for three persons, as well as another second for the exhibit as a whole. Certainly the girls are upholding the reputation of the richest town in America—they have the best of dough.

ALUMNI NOTES

H. Nesbitt, '01, has been coaching Volkmann School's nine this spring, and has trimmed some pretty crude material into fair form.

H. V. Stiebel, '05, took the part of a girl in "The Freshman," this year's Tech show.

Frank Robinson, '04, is on the staff of the "Aegis," a Dartmouth paper.

T. C. Defriez, '06, won third place in the pole-vault at the Harvard-Dartmouth meet.

ON THE Q—T

"What are you crying about?"

"I got licked twice today."

"How was that?"

"Teacher licked me an' I told pa an' pa went up to lick the teacher an' the teacher licked pa, an' pa came home an' licked me."

BASEBALL

Gloucester, 1; B. H. S., 0

THE High School baseball team began its season with a game forfeited by Rindge Manual Training School. The first actual game was at Gloucester, April 14th, where the home team won 1-0. The game was a pitchers' battle in which Bentley, our new "find," gave a good account of himself. Both teams made the same number of errors and hits. Gloucester scored in the 7th inning.

Batting-order:—

GLOUCESTER HIGH.

	A.B.	B.H.	R.	P.O.	A.	E.
Karcher, 2b.	4		1	5		
McGinnis, s. s.	4	1		3	1	1
Perkins, c.	3	1		13	2	
Flaherty, 1b.	3			2		1
Farrington, p.	3					1
Gillis, 3b.	3	1				2
Brown, l. f.	2			1		
Dean, r. f.	3					
Philbrick, c. f.	3			3		
Totals	28	3	1	27	3	5

BROOKLINE HIGH.

	A.B.	B.H.	R.	P.O.	A.	E.
Aechtler, c. f.	2			2		
Kimball, s. s.	3				3	3
Marshall, 3b.	4			4	3	
Jones, 1b.	4			9	1	
Gaffey, 2b.	4			2	2	2
Clune, r. f.	4	1				
Arthur, l. f.	4	1		2		
O'Hearn, c.	4	1		5	1	
Bentley, p.	3				1	
Totals	32	3	0	24	11	5

Score—G. H. S. 1, B. H. S. 0. Struck-out—Farrington 11, Bentley 5. Bases-on-balls—Farrington 2. Two-base hit—O'Hearn. Stolen bases—Karcher 2, Aechtler 2. Sacrifice hits—Kimball, Perkins, Brown. Umpire—Charles O'Laly. Scorer—Guy Lowman.

B. H. S., 4; Roxbury Latin, 3

Brookline defeated Roxbury Latin by one run, April 16.

Batting-order:—

BROOKLINE.

	B.	H.	R.	P.O.	A.	E.
Aechtler, c. f.	1		2	3		
Kimball, s. s.	1			3	2	2
Marshall, 3b.					3	1
Jones, 1b.				8		
Gaffey, 2b.			2	2		
Clune, p.				1	2	
Brown, p.			2		3	1
Arthur, l. f.				3	1	2
G. Hann, c.				5	1	
Bentley, r. f.						
Fletcher, 1b.				2		
Totals	2		4	27	12	6

ROXBURY LATIN.

	B.	H	R.	P.O.	A.	E.
Aronson, s. s.	2		2	5		1
Mosser, c. f.				2		
Cavanaugh, 1b.	2			6	2	2
Richardson, 2b.	2			2	4	
Fox, r. f.						
Evarts, p.					1	
Kelley, l. f.			1	2		
Joy, c.				6	3	
Welch, 3b.	1			1	1	
Totals	7		3	24	11	3

Score—Brookline 4, Roxbury 3. Struck-out—Brown 4, Clune 2, Evarts 7. Bases-on-balls—Brown 3, Clune 3, Evarts 4. Two-base hits—Brown, Richardson. Sacrifice-hit—Kimball. Umpires—Kelley, Hoole.

B. H. S., 6; Alumni, 3

On Patriots' day the annual game was played with the alumni, who were defeated 6-3.

Batting-order:—

BROOKLINE.

	A.B.	B.H.	R.	P.O.	A.	E.
Aechtler, c. f.	4		3	1		
Kimball, s. s.	3	1	1	1	1	
Gaffey, 2b.	2			2	2	
Jones, 1b., 3b.	4			6		1
Arthur, l. f.	3			3		
Phelan, c.	1			4	1	
O'Hearn, c.	3			4	1	
G. Hann, r. f.	4					
MacNamara, 3b.			1		2	1
Brown, p.	1		1		2	1
Bentley, p.	2	1				
Fletcher, 1b.	2			3		1
Totals	29	2	6	27	9	4

ALUMNI.

	A.B.	B.H.	R.	P.O.	A.	E.
V. Richey, s. s.	5				3	2
G. Lowman, 3b.	4	1		3	3	1
H. Skilton, 2b.	3			5		2
J. Cook, c.	4			8	1	
G. Delano, 1b.	3	2	2	3	1	
W. Shine, r.f., p.	4	1	1			
C. Marshall, l. f.	4	1		3		1
C. Seaver, c. f.	4	1		2	1	1
F. Furfey, p., r.f.	4					
Totals	35	6	3	24	9	7

Score—Brookline 6, Alumni 3. Struck-out—Brown 4, Bentley 6, Furfey 3, Shine 5. Bases-on-balls—Brown 2, Furfey 7, Shine 2. Wild pitches—Brown, Furfey 2. Sacrifice hit—Jones. Stolen-bases—Aechtler, Kimball, Gaffey, Brown, Richey, Skilton, Delano. Umpire—Rich. Scorer—C. Hann, Jr.

B. H. S., 29; Wellesley, 5

Wednesday, April 25, Brookline easily overwhelmed Wellesley High in an uninteresting game. The field was very poor and the conditions unfavorable for a good contest. Any errors on the part of Brookline were excusable on account of the rough surface of the diamond. Capt. Jones was unable to play. Marshall, Bentley and Fletcher excelled for Brookline; Parker and Theis for Wellesley.

Batting-order:—

Brookline.	A.B.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Aechtler, c. f.	4	3	2			1
Kimball, s. s.	7	3		1	2	1
Marshall, 3b.	8	4	5	2	1	
Gaffey, 2b.	6	3	2		2	2
Clune, p., r.f.	6	2	1	1	1	
Fletcher, 1b.	7	2	3	9		
O'Hearn, c.	3	2	1	8		
Bentley, r.f., p.	7	4	3	2	1	
McNamara, l.f.	1	3		1		
G. Hann, c.	2	3	2	3	1	
Totals	51	29	19	27	8	4

Wellesley.	A.B.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
J. Sleeper, 3b.	5	1	1	3		3
Parker, s. s.	4	1	2	5		3
Seagrave, c. f.	4					
Whitney, l.f.	4	1	1		1	
Theis, c.	3			12		1
Sibley, 2b.	4			1	2	
Sleeper, p., 1b.	3			5		4
Shephard, p.	2	1		1	1	
Martin, p.	1					
Adams, r. f.	4	1				1
Totals	32	5	4	27	4	12

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total
Brookline	8	1	1	1	2	4	2	2	8—	29
Wellesley	0	1	0	0	1	1	3	0	0—	5

Two-base hits—9 Hann, Parker. Hits—off Clune 4, off Sleeper 3, off Shephard 10, off Martin 6. Hit by pitched ball—Clune, Sleeper. Struck-out—by Clune 8, Bentley 2; by Shepard 7, Martin 1. Passed-balls—O'Hearn, Hann 2, Theis 2. Base-on-balls—off Clune 1, Bentley 1; off Sleeper 3, Shephard 12, Martin 1. Scorer—A. S. Burnham.

B. H. S., 5; Harvard 2d, 8

Saturday, April 28, Brookline met defeat at the hands of Harvard 2d on Soldiers' Field. Considering the strength of their opponents, Brookline made a very good showing and might have won but for some poor fielding. Taylor, who pitched for our opponents, almost

made the Harvard 'varsity, so it can be imagined what kind of players we had to face.

Batting-order:—

HARVARD 2D.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Powers, 2b.	4	2	1	1	1	
Wendell, c.f.	5	2	2	3		1
Waters, 1b.	5	1	1	5		3
Wickersham, rf.,3b.	5	1		1	1	1
Lovering, c.	2			14		
Taylor, p.	4		1			
Coffin, p.	1					
Pritchett, s. s.	4	1	1	1	1	
Ware, l. f.	3	1	1	1		1
Pickman, 3b.	2					
Giles, l. f.	1					
Pounds, r. f.	1			1		
Totals	37	8	7	27	3	6

BROOKLINE.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Aechtler, c. f.	5	1	1			
Kimball, s.s.	5	1		2		2
Marshall, 3b.	5		1	2	1	1
Jones, 1b.	3	2		3		1
Gaffey, 2b.	4	1	1	5		2
Clune, r. f.	4					
O'Hearn, c.	5			10	3	1
Arthur, l. f.	4		1			1
Bentley, p.	3			2		
Totals	38	5	4	24	4	8

Score—Harvard 2d 8, Brookline 5. Three-base hit—Gaffey. Two-base hit—Wendell. Base-on-balls—off Bentley 5, off Taylor 4. Struck-out—by Bentley 9, by Taylor 12, by Coffin 4. Hit by pitched ball—Bentley, Lovering. Passed-balls—O'Hearn, Lovering 2. Umpire—Delano. Scorer—A. S. Burnham.

B. H. S., 6; Winchester High, 2

Brookline went to Winchester, May 26, when they defeated the home team 6-2. Brown struck out nine, but allowed seven bases, while Canfield gave but four bases and struck out eight men. Kimball, Marshall and Clune saved the game with their stick-work.

Batting-order:—

BROOKLINE.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Aechtler, c. f.	3	1		2		
Kimball, s.s.	4	1	1	2	1	1
Marshall, 3b.	4	1	1	1	1	
Jones, l. f.	4			2		
Gaffey, 2b.	3	1		4	2	1
Clune, 1b.	4	1	1	7		
Hann, r. f.	2	1				
O'Hearn, c.	3			9		
Brown, p.	2				3	
Totals	29	6	3	27	7	2

WINCHESTER HIGH.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E
Badger, 3b.	3	1		3	2	
Wingate, s.s.	1			2		1
Asherton, 1b.	2		1	3		1
G. Parker, r. f.	3		1	2		
H. Parker, 2b.	3		1	3		1
King, c. f.	1	1	1	1		1
Foster, l. f.	2					
Noble, c.	2		1	10		2
Canfield, p.	2		1	3		
Totals	19	2	6	27	2	6

Score—Brookline 6, Winchester 2. Struck-out—by Brown 9, Canfield 8. Bases-on-balls—Brown 7, Canfield 4. Passed-ball—Noble. Three-base hit—Kimball. Two-base hit— Clune. Scorers—Richey, Brackett, Johnson.

B. H. S., 18; Tufts '09, 3

Brookline won its fifth victory by defeating Tufts Freshmen May 4, at Brookline. Brown struck out nine and gave but four bases, while the Brookline batsmen got eleven hits off Lides. Jones made the first home-run of the season, besides a three-bagger.

Batting-order:—

BROOKLINE

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Aechtler, c.f.	4	3	1	1		
Kimball, s.s.	4	3	1		2	
Marshall, 3b.	4	1	1			
Jones, 1b.	6	3	2	13		
Gaffey, 2b.	3	2	1	2	5	1
Arthur, l.f.	4	1		1		
G. Hann, r.f.	5	1	1	1	1	
O'Hearn, c.	4	1	2	6		
Brown, p.	5	2	1		6	
MacNamara, 3b	2	1	1			
Phelan, c.	1			2		
Totals	42	18	11	26	14	1

TUFTS FRESHMEN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E
McGam, c.	4	2		9		2
Lides, p.	4		1	1	1	
Connelly, 1b.	4			8		1
Lovell, l.f.	3	1	1			1
McCann, 3b.	4		1		1	2
Bracket, c.f.	4		2	1		
McNeil, s.s.	4				4	
Mason, 2b.	3			3	2	2
Sayer, r.f.	3			1		
Totals	33	3	5	24	8	8

Struck out—by Brown 9, Lides 9. Bases-on-balls—Brown 4, Lides 7. Passed-ball—McGam. Hit by pitched ball—Aechtler. Home-run—Jones. Three-base-hits—Jones, Gaffey, Lovell. Two-base hits—Kimball, Marshall, O'Hearn, MacNamara. Umpire—C. Hann. Scorer—A. S. Burnham.

ROWING

Captain Sargent informs us that the crew is coming along in good shape and that he hopes to make a good showing in the inter-scholastic matches. On the 21st of this month there will be a race with Middlesex School at Concord, and the crew will, at that date, probably consist of these men: LeRoyer, stroke; Youngman, 3; Sargent, 2; Pitkin, bow; and Knapp, coxswain.

A week later, on the 28th, comes the Regatta, and Brookline will have Volkmann and English High against her in the preliminary heat. Coach Donovan has said that, had our crew more weight, it would be the finest on the river. We are all satisfied, however, that it has two qualities which go far to offset mere bulk; i. e., sand and endurance, and that every man will put his whole strength to the oar and fight till the finish.

HARVARD FRESHMEN WIN

Track Events.

The summary:

100-yard dash, first heat—Won by G. L. Treadwell, Brookline; Seligman, Brookline, second. Time 10 3-5s. Second heat—Won by J. Boyd, Brookline; T. C. Defriez, Harvard '09 second. Time 10 3-5s. Final heat—Won by J. Boyd, Brookline; G. L. Treadwell, Brookline, second; J. P. Schlemm, Brookline, third. Time 10 3-5s.

120-yard hurdles, final heat—Won by W. M. Rand, Harvard '09; W. Cady, Brookline, second; S. A. Sargent, Brookline, third. Time 16 1-5s.

200-yard dash, first heat—Won by R. M. Gardiner, Harvard '09; G. L. Treadwell, Brookline, second. Time 21 1-5s. Second heat—Won by J. Boyd, Brookline; R. Lothrop, Harvard '09 second. Time 21s. Final heat—Won by J. Boyd, Brookline; G. L. Treadwell, Brookline, second; R. Lothrop, Harvard '09 third. Time 20 3-5s.

200-yard hurdles, first heat—Won by W. M. Rand, Harvard '09; W. Cady, Brookline, second. Time 25 3-5s. Second heat—Won by P. M. Osborne, Harvard '09; G. L. Treadwell, Brookline, second. Time 27 4-5s. Final heat—Won by W. M. Rand, Harvard '09; P. M. Osborne, Harvard '09 second; W. Cady, Brookline, third. Time 23 4-5s.

440-yard run—Won by J. S. O'Brien, Harvard '09; T. C. Defriez, Harvard '09 second; J. P. Schlemm, Brookline, third. Time 53 4-5s.

880-yard run—Won by J. Leary, Brookline; G. H. Edgell, Harvard '09 second; C. T. Allen, Harvard '09 third. Time 2m 9 3-5s.

Mile run—Won by M. H. Whitney, Harvard '09; W. Daniels, Brookline, second; H. F. Hadden, Harvard '09 third. Time 4m 51 3-5s.

Field Events.

High jump—Won by G. E. Roosevelt, Harvard '09; C. Hann and J. P. Schlemm, Brookline, tied for second. Hight 5ft. 8in.

Putting 12-lb shot—Won by R. H. Townsend, Harvard '09; C. Hann, Brookline second; F. Johnson, Brookline, third. Distance 44ft. 6 8-10 in.

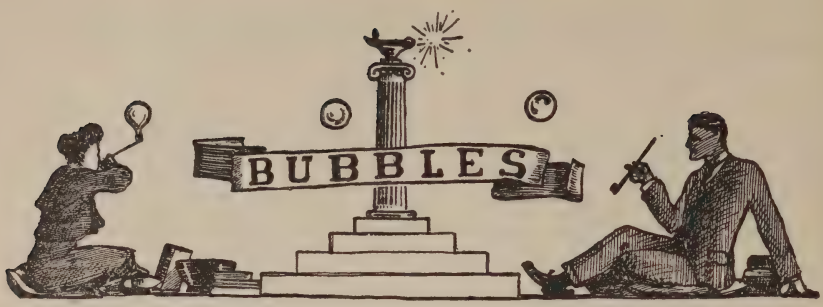
Pole vault—Won by T. C. Defriez, Harvard '09; W. Howe and Collins, Brookline, tied for second. Hight 9ft. 8 1-4in.

Running broad jump—Won by E. S. Allen, Harvard '09; F. P. Farquhar, Harvard '09, second; S. A. Sargent, Brookline, third. Distance 19ft. 8 1-2in.

Throwing 12-lb hammer—Won by F. Johnson, Brookline; R. H. Townsend, Harvard '09 second; C. Hann, Brookline, third. Distance 128ft. 4in.

SUMMARY OF POINTS.

	Harvard '09.	Brookline.
100-yard dash	0	9
200-yard dash	1	8
440-yard run	8	1
880-yard run	4	5
One-mile run	6	3
120-yard hurdles	5	4
200-yard hurdles	3	1
High jump	5	4
Broad jump	8	1
Shotput	5	4
Hammer throw	3	6
Pole vault	5	4
Totals	58	50



A little nonsense now and then
Comes bubbling from the wisest men.

Bigelow: "The redolent honey smelt like thyme."

Truette (debating): "The present Americans were foreigners two hundred years ago."

Mr. Packard: "Put those examples on the board so that it will be clear."

Andrews had just begged the Debating Club not to Hanndicap itself when the chair from which he was speaking collapsed.
"Order, Order!" cried the Chairman.
"The chair is out of order!" Andrews thundered back from the wreckage.

Mr. Brooks: "I have here a pack of cards."

Reynolds (Senior Greek): "Bring a cow, that he may come quickly."

Mr. Packard: "This is an earth ground."

Brownell: "The officers would be political politicians."

English teacher (dramatically): "The man had a double."
Sophomore: "Trumps?"

Mr. Hitchcock: "Those who are to pass may pass now."
Voice: "I pass."

Mr. Packard: "What is the attraction at the North end?"
Voice: "The Howard."

Mr. Snow: "If you elide that line, you 'll lose your feet."
Voice: "She's lost her head."

Professor: "When was Christ born?"
Freshie: "Well — er — the book did n't give the date."

English teacher: "What is the objection to the expression 'He dropped off', referring to death?"
Voice: "Suggests going down."

Freshman (translating French): "He walked his glance about in the distance."

Britten, '08 (translating Vergil): "He was cast about by the waves of the smooth sea."

Mr. Brooks (translating): "Guess what I have in my hand."
Voice: "Straight?"

Britten, '08: "What do you call a line of four feet?"
Britten, '06: "Quadruped."

Overheard in Junior French:—
"Ordinarily hens do not talk."
"The pinks are in Joan's mattress."
"The first thing she saw was a big cabbage, which she wanted to kick."
"They are very poor — Some money was given them yesterday."

Miss Seeley, '06, calls a halo a hoop.

"In dealing with money, never use a minus sign," says Bowler Johnson in algebra. Bowler will get on in this world.

"There are — one thing more," remarked Mr. Hitchcock in the Hall.

A Senior had been putting a seven-sided figure upon the blackboard. "Now then, Heptagon Truette — " said Mr. Case, turning to his somewhat surprised pupil.

Mr. Packard: "What keeps the man afloat?"
Burnham, '06: "The air in his head."

Chambers interrupts one of Mr. Brooks' recitations by swaggering in. Mr. Brooks extricates a greenback and asks, "See here, can't I bargain with you for a small portion of this earth?"

HOT STUFF

Friend: "How many lines has a sonnet?"
Poet: "All mine appear to have had twenty-three."

THE RIGHTS OF PROPERTY

Brakeman: "Keep your head inside, can't you?"
Passenger: "What for?"
Brakeman: "So you won't damage any of the iron work on the bridges."

A SLOW MOVEMENT, TOO

Scott: "Do you have music up at your restaurant?"
Mott: "Well, yes; of a sort."
Scott: "What do you mean by that?"
Mott: "We have two or three Fletcherites — they are overchewers, you know."

OUR PROGRESS

"Whither are we drifting?" asked the platitudinous orator.
"We ain't drifting anywhere,'" said the man in the back row who fears the corporations. "We 're being pushed."

THEN HE WOKE UP

Latin Instructor (to student translating): "Don't you think it is pretty near time that you turned the page? You've rendered the first five lines on the next page already."

BUT SEEING IS BELIEVING

"Are you feeling very ill?" asked the physician. "Let me see your tongue, please."

"It 's no use, doctor," replied the patient, "no tongue can tell how bad I feel."

"Yes," said Colonel Kaintuck, "the first time I drank whiskey I suppose I made a wry face, but after that it grew on me."

"The rye face?" interrupted Sharpley, "yes, indeed, it did."

Newspapers published in the United States at the close of 1905: Weeklies, 14,455; semi-weeklies, 499; tri-weeklies, 54; dailies, 2,215; total newspapers, 17,223. Periodicals published in the United States at the close of 1903; Monthlies, 2,710; all other periodicals, 552; total periodicals, 3,262; total newspapers and periodicals, 20,485.

AT THE EDITOR'S DESK

AS this is our last chance to tender it, a word of advice to next year's editor:

Get after the following people; they are clever and capable writers — Donald Stevens, Oliver Andrews, Dorothy Nesbitt, Wesley Seligman, Miss Holton, '09, and others you will discover for yourself.

Duncan Wright and Stevens are hustlers, they have shown it by their work on the business end this year. Walter Cady is another hustler. George Treadwell is a good reliable man for reportorial work and is skilful with his pen. Lloyd Cooley has done good work for us this year, also. Charley Hann is a conscientious worker.

Bear these characterizations in mind, for you must use every bit of talent you can lay hands on to succeed.

Make your eds. timely and not too solemn.

Use lots of jokes and lots of *news*.

Always be on the safe side, when in doubt.

Keep on good terms with your faculty "censor" and with your business manager.

Remember you will be held responsible for everything in your paper.

Above all — "BE SUNNY!"

We are well aware that we have not obeyed all the above precepts, but we think that in not doing so we made mistakes; and so in a spirit of modesty we offer the above as suggestions.

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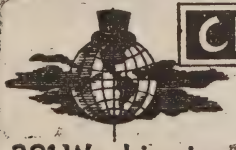

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THE CLASS OF '06

VOL. 12 NO. 9

THE SAGAMORE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL, MASS.

R. E. ANDREWS, '06 . . . . . EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

FOREWORD 261
ADDRESS OF WELCOME 261
CLASS POEM 262
CLASS HISTORY 263
CLASS PROPHECY 265
CLASS SONG 271
CLASS ORATION 272
IVY ODE 274
EDITORIALS 275
ATHLETICS
BASEBALL 276
CREW 282

ULTRA-FASHIONABLE THINGS

are whimsical, more or less. Shoes that are extremes of the fashion get their most peculiar characteristics at the expense of plain sense and, as a natural consequence, they cost more to make than do simple shapes and things unadorned. Thus it follows that Sorosis Luxurious Shoes are expensive. Still the interesting fact remains that no other strictly fashionable shoes made today equal them in elegant appropriateness and perfect finish. The above represents this class: Price, $14.

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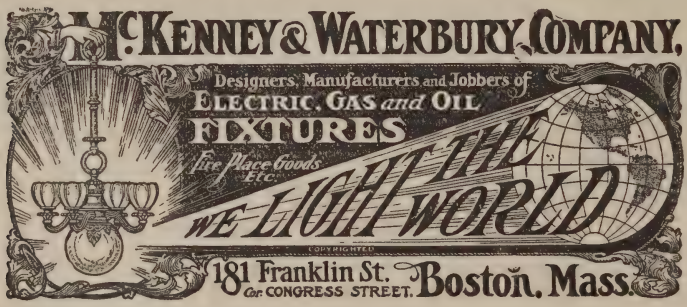

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 12 JUNE, 1906 NUMBER 9

FOREWORD

IT has always been the custom to devote a greater part of the space in the last issue of the Sagamore to the graduating class. The poem, the ivy oration, the history, the oration, and the prophecy, when bound together in the Sagamore, form a lasting memento of the class. For this reason, although they have already once been put before the public, we print again the literary efforts which made Class Day this year the enjoyable occasion that it was. As announced, it was the intention of the editors to include in this number a "class directory," but we regret to say that on account of the late date at which the project was attempted the time was insufficient to get the list into printable shape. Some more or less important news matter has been omitted to give place to the class features, but the baseball and rowing news has been retained. With an apology, then, for the lack of a class directory, we dedicate our last issue for the year to the great and glorious *Class of 1906*—God bless her!

WORDS OF WELCOME

DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT MARSHALL IN OPENING CLASS DAY EXERCISES, JUNE 1, 1906

IN behalf of the Class of 1906, I bid you welcome to these, our Class Day exercises. Class Day in this school was instituted by the Class of 1904. It is by no means an adopted custom of the school, but the two graduating classes since then have agreed to have a

Class Day, and we hope that the interest which the occasion creates, and the special significance it has for the graduating class, will in time cause its celebration to become a custom and an event looked forward to by all the succeeding classes. Once more I bid you welcome.

CLASS POEM

MURIEL SEELEY

The sun shines warm on the dull, brown earth,
The soft spring showers and the dew
Moisten the hard little seed until
The green leaves push up through.

But aid from without cannot do all,
The life within must share
In the strife against all obstacles
To fulfil the promise fair.

We have received the watchful care,
The sun, and the tender showers,
But now it rests with ourselves alone
To blossom into flowers.

Grant that the seed which we have sown,
In these, life's springtime days,
By rich fruition may be known
Along life's future ways.

Grant that the autumn and the frost—
This last word ere we part—
Find not the blossoms of the mind,
But the harvest of the heart.

THE CLASS OF 1906

EVERARD S. PRATT, CLASS HISTORIAN

ON September 8, 1902, we, the Class of nineteen hundred and six, entered the Brookline High School. Many of us were even this early doomed to failure, it is true, but the greater part of us looked forward hopefully and confidently to graduation, four long years away.

Being a class some one hundred thirty in number, we should seem to have been formidable enough, but, in truth, for the first few weeks a more dejected and bewildered collection of individuals could probably not have been found. The fact gradually dawning upon us, however, that this building was like all others with an upstairs as well as a down, we began to collect our senses to the extent of calling a class meeting. Although the parliamentary proceedings were rather unprecedented, and in spite of the fact that the number of ballots cast equalled several times the actual number of persons present, the following officers were finally elected: Ralph Marshall, President; Dorothy Gooding, Vice-president; Maurice Blake, Secretary; Chester Bailey, Treasurer. This first year our only representative in athletics was Marshall, who played both baseball and football.

The first real social event in our High School career took place on Tuesday, May 19th, when we held our Lilac Day exercises in the face of our numerous friends and a rather violent thunder storm. Barring interruptions, it was a very creditable performance; that is, so every one said. Soon afterwards we received our "Baptism of Fire" in the form of final exams, and then departed for the summer.

Our Sophomore year was especially distinguished by the patronizing air of superiority with which we looked down upon the world in general and upon the poor Freshmen in particular. At a class meeting, such as it was, we succeeded in electing these officers: Ralph Marshall, President; Mabel Cushing, Vice-president; Chester Bailey, Secretary; Dorothy Gooding, Treasurer. Our class had lost some of its original number, for reasons generally obvious; but this loss was made up by the coming of some ten others, and among them Mabel Cushing, our vice-president.

This year we were represented on the athletic field by Sargent, Marshall, Otis, and Johnson, in football; Marshall and Brackett in

ice hockey; Hill, in track; and Marshall and Fogarty, in baseball. At last, if good fortune did not come to us, our finals certainly did; and then our second year in the school had passed.

We returned the following September with a more thorough realization of the seriousness of the task before us, those of us who were expecting to take college exams in June most particularly. The following class officers were chosen: Ralph Marshall, President; Mabel Cushing, Vice-president; Clarence Britten, Secretary; Chester Bailey, Treasurer. Otis, Johnson, Sargent, and Bailey played football; Hatch, Williamson, and Untersee, basketball; Gaffey and Brackett, hockey; the Misses McKenzie, Thielscher and Skillen, girls' basketball; and Gaffey, Arthur, Hill, Fogarty, Burnham, and Marshall, captain, baseball. Sargent was on the crew. The William H. Lincoln medals for Juniors were won by Francis Duffley for excellence in physics, and by Donald Williamson for excellence in mathematics.

As Seniors, we did not experience any such feelings of superiority over the under-classmen as we had expected, owing to the great responsibility that we were involuntarily made to realize. The final race for graduation had come.

We chose as class officers: Ralph Marshall, President; Mabel Cushing, Vice-president; Dorothy Gooding, Secretary; Chester Bailey, Treasurer.

Girls' basketball was forbidden by the School Committee this year for the first time, much to the disappointment of all, who had looked forward to an unusually successful season. Participants in athletics were: football, Bailey, Johnson, Sargent, Gaffey, Comerford, O'Hearn, and Otis, captain; basketball, Hatch, Williamson, and Brownell; hockey, Gaffey and Brackett, captain; baseball, O'Hearn, Arthur, Marshall, and Gaffey; the crew, Sargent, captain.

On Friday evening, May 4th, we held our Senior dance in Shailer Hall. We take this opportunity to thank the matrons, Mrs. Sargent, Mrs. Marshall, and Mrs. Tufts, for their very kind services on that occasion. Our graduation exercises, to be held on the twenty-first of June, will be the last event in which we can ever participate as students of this school. No words of ours would be sufficient to justly express our gratitude to the school and to the ever patient instructors, but — for all the many benefits, for all the mingled joys and sorrows, for all the true ambitions and noble ideals instilled in us during the four years just passed, our Brookline High, we thank you.

The Football Team

CLASS PROPHECY

DOROTHY J. TUFTS
ROBERT E. ANDREWS

THERE were only a few people climbing the High School steps with me, and these I could not recognize in their wraps — for the moonlight was as cold as it looked. As I entered someone playfully jammed my new $8.00 opera hat down over my ears and jabbed a sharp fist into my quietly digesting dinner. Yes, it was Beany Burnham, of course, same as ever, with only a little more stubby, straw-colored moustache than he used to sport in the old days. He handed me this program:—

TENTH REUNION — CLASS OF '06

BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

February 20, 1916

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"THE CLASS OF NAUGHTY — NAUGHTY"

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

Albert Alwaysay (Class President) . . . . . MR. PRATT
Miss Seria Soule . . . . . Miss Cushing
Irry Pressible . . . . . Mr. Richard Floyd
Mr. Frowna Ponnit . . . . . Mr. Rollo Reynolds
Miss Gertie Giggles . . . . . Miss Dorothy Gooding
Miss Trallah Zip . . . . . Miss Nellie Bainbridge
Giff, Duff and Dinkey (Three Naughty—Naughty Boys)
. . . . . Mr. Gaffey, Mr. Duffley, Mr. Dormon
Ann, Bee and Margy (Three Naughty—Naughty Girls)
. . . . . Miss McKenzie, Miss Roberts, Miss Delano
Miss Anna Sopranner . . . . . Miss Helen Black

CHORUS

Miss Marie Wise . . . . Queen of the Ballet
Mr. T. Straws O'Brien . . . Ballet Master

Misses Chisholm, Driscoll, Freethy, Gilbert, Howley, Kinney, Koch, M. Macdonald, McInerney, Nichols, Porter, Skillen, Vogel, Tufts, and Little.

This certainly gave promise of an interesting entertainment, and I hastened to make my way upstairs, greeting on every hand old classmates and teachers. I met Ralph Marshall and his charming wife, and he told me that the feature of the entertainment was that news would be given of every member of the class in the course of the play. Mrs. Marshall asked if a pretty large proportion of our class had n't gone on the stage. "Oh, no"; replied her husband, as he left us to deliver his address of welcome, "they could all act like the deuce in school."

After our president had finished his little speech, there was a pause, which was suddenly broken by a clatter of many little feet, and a high-pitched and vigorous voice crying in the rear of the hall, "Oh, my *dear*, I thought we were late!" There was Camelia Plough hustling four small children through the door.

Now we are not going to report that opera in detail. You can find it every bit by referring to Treadwell's paper, "The Medal," formerly the "Press," or in that giddy sheet, the "Chronicle." There was, as is the fashion nowadays, no plot, and the jokes, the songs, the chorus, and the dancing had to suffice to hold the audience in attention. As regards the wit of the piece, Pearline Harrington — why *do* I always get that girl mixed up with Miss Skillen — first discovered her humorous talent when she wrote the words for the '06 class song.

Early in the performance Mr. Frowna Ponnit made a hit with his song, "Now Pass in the Usual Manner." After the applause had subsided, Irry Pressible remarked that his usual manner was to flunk, not pass. At this point a sudden sobbing was heard and the chorus was discovered to be diluting expensive rouge with bitter tears. In answer to the many inquiries concerning the cause of grief, Miss Porter stepped forward and sobbed, "Because it reminded us of the sad fate of Pup — Pup — Paul Bub — Bub — Brackett."

Apropos of this, three spectral shapes with something familiar about them appeared and sang in a minor key, "We 're the ghosts, tra-la-la, of three bucks, tra-la-la, that were not cut out for students." This made such a hit with the audience, many of which were members of the school, that it started up "Sympathy" until the ushers smothered the demonstration.

A little later Gertie Giggles melodiously advised:

"If you want to be chubby and cheerful like me,
Read W. B. Fitzpatrick's "Magazine of Glee";
But maybe his jokes are n't funny, for, after all, you see,
Anything will set me giggling — anything — teehee!"

And Gertie finished up with the real thing in giggles.

Now came the news from classmates, and it was given to us by means of a conversation between Seria Soule and Irry Pressible.

"Have you heard," asked the actress who made her first hit as "Bessie Bent," leaning forward, and anxiously clasping her hands, "Have you heard anything about Hazel Canning?"

"The other day," said Irry, solemnly, "I was about to enter the subway at Park street. It was a Saturday night, and one when the manager, by good luck, was not bankrupt, so, when I saw a box with the red cross of Salvation Army on it, I dropped in a Canadian dime. I glanced at the lassie who held the box. Under the black bonnet was the face of Hazel Cannning. I spoke to her and mentioned the fact that I 'd gone on the stage. I expected some return of confidence from her, but, without a twinkle in her eye, she said in a cold, solemn voice, 'Richard, I will pray for you.' "

"By the way," continued the blond gentleman, reminiscently, "the other night I had a little talk with John Comerford. He told me how he wrote his latest work, 'Brookline With the Lid Off, or Crimes and Criminals of Our Town,' published by C. D. Britten and Brothers. Yes, Comerford's chief of the town police force now — but I don't suppose it 's necessary to tell you that. A prominent Brookline clubman, you might call John."

"I suppose you are aware," said Seria, "that Eloise Holton, David Patten, and Serial Muley are all wielders of the quill for 'The Literary Digest,' 'The Transcript,' and 'The Ladies' Home Journal,' respectively.

But here an usher interrupted affairs by bringing up a telegram which he handed to Irry Pressible. The instant that individual had scanned it, he burst into a yell, executed a pirouette worthy of Marie Wise herself, and read:—

"High School, Brookline, Mass.; from Los Angeles, Cal.

"Three members of the class of '06 won medals in the great track meet at Los Angeles today. J. Leary took first place in the half

mile; S. A. Sargent, Jr., got second in the high jump; and the shot put was easy for Percy Falkenberg."

After the applause had ceased, it was recalled that another '06 athlete was Hatch, who had joined the pitching staff of the famous Boston Americans, and MacPhail, now a well-known golfing "prof."

"This sporting talk reminds me," said Irry, "of a little incident that happened to me the other day. I was down New York way one Saturday, and went out to Sheepshead to spend the day. Looking over the card I saw for the third race, 'K. P. Crafts' 'Lady Nicotine,' Torrey up; colors, Blue and Gold; odds, 15 to 1.' I said to myself that such a combination ought to be a sure winner, and so I bet a little, a very little, on the horse. But a little goes a long way when a 15 to 1 shot pulls out a winner, and 'Lady Nicotine' romped in four lengths to the good with the Blue and Gold of the Crafts' stable flapping triumphantly from her back.

"When I went back to the city, I found the dining room of my modest little hotel full of a large dinner party, so I decided to enjoy a good dinner in my room. I entered, rang the bell, and dropped into an arm chair. One, three, five, ten minutes passed and no response came to my summons. I rang again. Even with a large dinner on hand they should be able to serve their regular guests. After a considerable length of time a waiter appeared. He stood in the doorway, a stout, imposing figure, and pierced me with a cold and menacing glance. 'Did you ring?' he said, and his tone was frigid. 'I did,' I replied. 'Well,' he returned quickly and sternly, 'don't do it again!' I ate my dinner down stairs, after all. That waiter, by the way, was Mitchell Allen."

Everybody laughed at Irry's story but Albert Alwaysay and the head-master. "Did I understand, Mr. Pressible," began the former coldly, "that you expressed yourself as betting—*gambling* on a horse race?"

It surely looked as if poor Irry was going to be frowned upon, but just at this moment an opportune interruption occurred. There was a sudden commotion amidst the chorus, which was standing at the rear of the stage, and a frightened voice exclaimed, "She 's smoking!" Miss Howley was, indeed, enjoying a cigarette. As this was, of course, absolutely against the stage rules, every one stood aghast for a moment. Irry Pressible was the first to recover his wits. "Howley smoke?" he cried, "I guess not!" and in a second

had extinguished the conflagration with a handy fire-bucket. What Miss Howley did not absorb with her fluffy skirts was sopped up with blotting paper, kindly loaned by the school, and the performance proceeded.

The next feature was a cakewalk by Miss Trallah Zip, and the news of it brought every lounger from the corridor into the doorway.

Following this that skittish trio, Ann, Bee, and Margy, came forward and sang a selection called, "O where, doing what, are the girls of oughty-six?"

"That 's what I say," added Irry. "Come, Seria, tell us where the rest of that delectable bunch is that managed to resist the twinkle of the footlights. Where, doing what, for instance, is that constellation of concentrated brilliancy, Ruth Jeffrey?"

"Miss Jeffrey," replied Seria Soule, "is at present a member of the staff of the E. Z. Education Correspondence School. She teaches skating by mail. Ernestine Thielscher teaches physical culture in the same way. Read her booklet on 'The Knock-out Punch for Ladies — Greek or Roman.' Molly O'Hearn, Margaret Williams and Harold Chambers are all teachers, as their studious habits in this school indicated they would be.

"Miss Little writes the women's club news for the Boston Herald. Miss Welch contributes the "Cupid's Corner" department to the same paper. Another girl who is earning fame by her pen is Annie Perry, whose 'Guide to the Pleasures of Latin Translation' is now widely read."

"Mention of the newspapers," broke in Albert Alwaysay, "recalls to mind the sad fate of one of our male classmates. Robert Andrews is now, dear friends, more in need of being prayed for than Mr. Pressible. He is editor of the Boston American."

"Let us pray," said Irry, "not for Robert, but rather for the reputation of the Boston American."

I decided to meet Mr. Pressible at the stage door after the performance.

"I see," said Albert Alwaysay, looking up at the clock on the gallery with an air we all know so well, "that our time is drawing to a close. I will therefore hurriedly give news of some of our fellow classmates with whom have come in touch.

"Williamson and Brownell are throwing baskets in a wicker work factory. Chandler is a lawyer. Bailey makes a business of collect-

ing bad bills; he can screw money out of a post. Mac Price is a theatrical critic who makes a specialty of comic operas — he gets a front row seat to every one, the grafter! Marshall is cashier of a Brookline bank — he 's managed to lay his hands on lots of money, has Ralph. Frank Arthur is a conductor, or, in scientific language, he transmits the ding-ding to Charley Robinson, who is a non-conductor or motorman. Truette is now a famous welter-weight slugger, and is fast rising to the highest pugilistic honors. 'Artful Artie' they call him. Leo Johnson is superintendent of the municipal gymnasium, which was finished last year. Fogerty is connected with the post-office: he stands by the letter drop and holds out his tongue for people to wet their stamps on. O'Hearn holds the contract to keep the streets of the wealthy town free of dust — "

"Bill O'Hearn on the water wagon!" cried Irry Pressible, but he was silenced by Albert Alwaysay's continuing,—

"And, lastly, Gordon Samson is with Barnum and Bailey; he performs the wonderful flying 'Zip the Chasm.' "

"And Ruth Carleton, I believe, is occupying herself with society," said the heretofore reticent Trallah Zip. "Grace Paine is a missionary in the Philippines — they don't believe in the theory of sending out old maids to convert the savages any longer, you know. Emily Everett has taken over Professor Gilbert's classes, and is turning out many a kicker. As for Elsie Macdonald, although still devoting much of her time to automobiling, she gives most of her attention to the kindergarten in this building, where Miss Davis is her assistant. Adelaide Smith, as she promised to be, has become a woman politician, and is Brookline's 'lady boss.' "

That is all there is worth telling about the tenth reunion, except that at the very end Mr. Frowna Ponnit made rather a sensation when he remarked as the curtain fell, "There are no further notices. The school is dismissed."

CLASS SONG

WORDS BY CARLENE HARRINGTON MUSIC BY A. S. BURNHAM

I.

Four years ago, in nineteen two,
This Class began its course anew,
For work, for play, both to enjoy
In good old Brookline High.
To those whom now we leave behind
We trust that they success will find,
And e'er delight in pleasures dear,
That we have found so many here.

Chorus.

Years may come, and years may go,
But you will always find it so,
Dear Red and Blue,
We're true to you,
The Class of nineteen six.

II.

First as Freshmen we did come,
The joys of High School just begun,
But when as Sophomores we roamed,
A lofty air we showed;
As Juniors we bore looks of cheer,
For we would graduate next year,
And now as Seniors, oh! how grand,
That welcome scroll to have in hand.

Chorus.

Years may come, and years may go, etc.

III.

Once again in Brookline High,
Another class must say good-bye,
To teachers, friends, and schoolmates all,
On this Commencement day.
Though merry we seem, we're sad at heart,
From all these ties so soon to part;
Our happy school days now are o' er,
Farewell, farewell, for evermore.

Chorus.

Years may come and years may go, etc.

CLASS ORATION

THE DYKES

CLARENCE D. BRITTEN, ORATOR

DO you know the dykes of Holland, those massive bulwarks of stone and earth which have been piled and repiled and extended by two-score generations of the sturdy Dutch, which binding fifteen hundred miles of coast have reclaimed three million acres of land, which shield a prosperous and happy people from the greed of the seas? Do you know how the hungry ocean drills and sucks and batters the walls, waiting to catch the watch at nap, to open a breach, to pour in upon farm and farmhouse? Do you know the great storms of wind and tide which hurl wave after wave higher and higher upon the e arthworks, until the surf eats away a channel for the raging waters? Kipling has described them:—

"Ninefold deep to the top of the dykes the galloping breakers stride,
And their overcarried spray is a sea — a sea on the landward side.
Coming, like stallions they paw with their hooves, going they snatch with their teeth,
Till the bents and the furze and the sand are dragged out, and the old-time wattles beneath!"

Such are the dykes of the Netherlands, and such the seas which besiege them with tide and storm.

America, too, has her dykes, stronger than any masonry — and her storms, fiercer than all the elements. Liberty of conscience, freedom of speech, self-government, education, morality — these are the dykes built by our fathers, Washington, Lincoln and the other immortals.

"They forced the sea a sea-league back. They died, and their work stood fast.
We were born to peace in the lee of the dykes, but the time of our peace is past."

And what are the clouds which lower beyond the outworks, with what storms do they threaten us? Everywhere there is greed: the greed of the rich organized in corporations, and the greed of the poor organized in unions; the greed of the professional politician who delivers votes, and the greed of the individual citizen who sells his vote; the greed of the business man who bribes, and the greed of the legislator who is bribed; the greed of the vice-mongers who for pay fix evils upon the people, and the greed of the people who for revenue blind themselves to those evils.

The tide of immorality and intemperance and crime, fed by immigration and congested conditions in our cities, rises steadily. Stormed by greed and undermined by vice, can the dykes hold?

More alarming than the tempest without is the apathy within. Not every man who sells his vote knows it; too many know and do not care. Some one has estimated that seven out of every ten ballots are dictated by a boss. The slogan of a great political party is, "Let well enough alone." But stagnation is un-American. In their crusade against graft, in their campaign of exposure, in their cry for statesmanship the people give promise of civic awakening. The situation demands a leader — a leader to arouse the citizenship and define the issue, a leader to show that nothing is "well enough" and that "Whatever is, is right" only as a stepping-stone to something better, a leader to garrison the dykes.

General Sumner was asked by one of his captains:

"What shall I do if I am ordered South to coerce my own people?"

"Read your commission."

"But what if I am ordered to Charleston?"

"Read your commission, Sir."

"But, General, suppose I am ordered to fire upon my native city?"

"Read your commission, Sir, *read your commission!*"

Nineteen hundred Six, read *your* commission. Let neither selfishness nor carelessness prevent the proper performance of those duties which you owe the state. To the mighty dyke of public school education the nation looks for protection and calls for trained leaders. America expects every graduate to do his duty.

Surely you remember the story of Little Peter, the boy hero of the Dutch, who, while playing along the sea-wall one afternoon, heard above the pounding of the sea outside a steady trickle of water inside. You remember how he discovered the little leak, which he knew would quickly become a breach, how he thrust in his wee arm to stem the stream, how all that dark night through he stuck to his post, a child defying sea and storm, until help came with the morning and the dyke was saved.

Would that you and I and every youth who this month graduates from High School might be inspired with the spirit and heroism of Little Peter to resolve that, whatever the personal sacrifice, the dykes

of national life must be preserved, that the shame shall never be ours to confess:

"These are the dykes our fathers left, but we would not look to the same.
Time and again were we warned of the dykes, time and again we delayed:
Now, it may fall, we have slain our sons as our fathers we have betrayed."

Look ye to the dykes!

IVY ORATION

MALCOLM D. PRICE

WE, the class of 1906, gather here to-day to entrust to the care of Mother Nature, a tender plant of Ivy.

Many are the difficulties to be overcome in its struggle for existence. Storms will buffet it; scorching midsummer suns will beat upon it; frosts of winter will seize it with icy fingers; all the opposing elements will combine to test the strength of its life.

So we, the class of 1906, — guided and instructed in paths of wisdom as we have been for four years by the able teachers of the Brookline High — must now relinquish the support of those helping hands and begin alone our struggle with new conditions of life. The way in which we meet these new conditions will show of what stuff we are made.

As the ivy, if it be a plant of life, shall ever climb higher and higher — so shall we, if we have made right use of the opportunities afforded us, seize the vantage points of life and rise to nobler heights, year after year, until we reach the goal which — in a different guise to each one of us — means success.

FOR MEN ONLY

If there 's anything worries a woman,
It 's something she ought not to know;
But you bet she 'll find out anyhow,
If she gets the least kind of a show.
Now we 'll wager ten cents to a farthing,
This poem she 's already read —
We know she 'd get at it somehow,
If she had to stand on her head. — EX.

EDITORIALS

The Sagamore board which gives up with this issue the responsibility it has held for ten months has very little to say in closing its editorial career. First of all we wish to thank those who by subscribing so generously have enabled us to exist at all; secondly, we thank those who have made our existence worth while by contributing their literary efforts. Right here we want to say that, although it is true that the quantity of contributions this year has been very small, the quality of the same has been of the highest class. If there had been more of it, no doubt the Sagamore would have been better; and next year this will, we hope, be the case. Here then we thank all those to whom thanks are due; they are too numerous to mention, but they have been too kind to forget.

SHALL WE HAVE A CREW NEXT YEAR?

There is a rumor abroad that the authorities disapprove of the High School having a crew. At the mention of this the sentiment of the school was at once evidenced by the vehement protests it brought forth, and everyone plunged at once into the old, threadbare argument on "Is rowing beneficial?" Now, one must have something original and interesting to say to warrant that subject being discussed, and we can only state the fact that a great balance of the opinion on the question is in favor of the sport. Allowing for the natural exuberance felt concerning the crew at this time, we feel we are justified in saying that the school would regret in the extreme the abolition of rowing, and we believe that a fair-minded investigation into the methods of Coach Donovan and the physical results on the boys would convince anyone of the lack of reason for prohibiting the boys from upholding Brookline's name on the river in the high place that the performance of Captain Sargent's four has this year set it.

BASEBALL.

B. H. S., 14; DeMerritte's 0.

ON May 7th, Brookline left DeMerritte's in the lurch in a game too one-sided to be interesting. Clune's pitching and the almost flawless fielding of Brookline were features. Jones got seven hits, including one home run. Won 7; lost 2; per cent .777.

B. H. S., 13; Tech, '09, 0.

Two days later Brookline used the whitewash brush again, this time on Tech freshmen in a five-inning game. Brookline fielded without an error and her opponents got but two hits off Brown. Won 8; lost 2; per cent .800.

B. H. S., 6; Somerville High, 3.

At the Broadway Field, May 16th, Brookline defeated Somerville High in the first game lost by Somerville this season. Brookline's strong batting and excellent fielding in support of Brown's pitching

won the victory. Kimball and O'Hearn excelled for Brookline, Holland and Rice for Somerville. The batting order:—

Brookline High	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Aechtler, c.f.	1	0	1	0	1
Kimball, s.s.	1	2	4	5	0
Marshall, 3b.	1	1	0	1	0
Jones, 1b.	1	1	14	0	2
Gaffey, 2b.	1	1	3	3	0
Clune, l.f.,p.	0	1	1	0	0
O'Hearn, c.	0	2	3	2	0
Hann, r.f.	0	0	0	0	0
Brown, p.	1	0	0	1	0
Arthur, l.f.	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	6	8	27	12	3

Somerville High	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Knight, s.s.	0	0	1	3	0
Twohig, c. f.	1	0	0	0	0
McLaughlin, c.	0	0	10	1	2
Sherry, 2b.	0	0	2	1	1
Hall, 1b.	0	0	9	1	2
Young, r. f.	0	0	0	1	0
Rice, 3b.	1	1	3	1	0
Kilmartin, l. f.	1	1	2	0	0
Munroe, p.	0	1	0	2	0
Holland, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Bowlly, c.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	3	3	27	10	5

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Brookline	0	0	0	1	0	1	2	2	0	—6
Somerville	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	—3

Struck out—by Brown, Clune, Munroe 5, Holland 4. First base-on-balls—Brown 3, Clune 3, Munroe, Holland. Passed-ball—McLaughlin. Three-base hits—Kimball, Gaffey. Double-plays—Kimball to Jones, Jones unassisted. Knight to Sherry to Hall. Stolen bases—Aechtler, Twohig, Rice, Kilmartin, Umpire—Cuddy. Won 9, lost 2, per cent .818.

Newton, 8; B. H. S., 5.

Brookline lost her first league game at Cedar street, May 18th. In the first inning, Marshall hit safely but was put out at home, second baseman assisting. Newton scored four runs in the second half with three hits including a double. In the third inning Aechtler hit a two bagger and stole third but was left there. Ely singled stole second, and scored on Bothfeld's hit, making the score 5-0. In the fourth inning Jones made a hit and stole second, scoring on Gaffey's single. Brookline scored three runs in the seventh. O'Hearn flied safely and stole, Hann hit, Brown sacrificed, and Aechtler's hit brought two men in. Then he stole second and third bases, scoring on Kimball's single. In the first half of the eighth Gaffey knocked a fly to right fielder Bothfeld, who made an error. Kimball stole

second and third, and tied the score. In the second half Newton won the game by a batting rally, making three hits and three runs.

Batting-order:—

Newton High	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Eaton, 3b.	4	1	2	3	1
Ely, s.s.	2	1	0	1	1
Hobart, 2b.	4	1	2	6	1
Sullivan, 1b.	3	2	10	0	0
Bothfeld, r.f.	4	2	2	1	0
Richards, c.f.	4	1	1	1	0
Donahue, l. f.	3	0	1	0	1
Porter, c.	4	1	9	0	0
Bradford, p.	4	0	0	3	0
Totals	32	9	27	15	4

Brookline High	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E
Aechtler, c.f.	5	3	1	0	0
Kimball, s.s.	5	1	1	3	1
Marshall, 3b.	5	1	0	6	0
Jones, 1b.	4	3	15	0	1
Gaffey, 2b.	4	1	2	2	0
Clune, l.f.	4	0	0	0	0
O'Hearn, c.	3	1	5	0	0
Hann, r. f.	4	1	0	0	0
Brown, p.	3	0	0	3	0
Totals	37	11	24	14	2

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Newton	4	0	1	0	0	0	0	3		—8
Brookline	0	0	0	1	0	0	3	1	0	—5

Runs—Eaton, Ely, Hobart, Sullivan 2, Bothfeld 2, Richards, Aechtler, Jones, Gaffey, O'Hearn, Hann. Two-base hits—Sullivan, Aechtler. Sacrifice hits—Ely, Sullivan, Gaffey, Brown, Donahue. Stolen bases—Ely 2, Rothfeld 2, Aechtler 3, Jones, Gaffey 2, O'Hearn. First base-on-balls—off Bradford 1, off Brown, 1. Struck out—By Bradford 7, by Brown 5. Time—1 hr. 50m. Umpires—Piper and Curran. Attendance—300. Scorer—Charles Hann, Jr. Won 9, lost 3, per cent .750.

B. H. S., 2; Hyde Park, 1.

One of the closest games of the season was played at Hyde Park on May 23d. The 23 was for Hyde Park, however, Brookline winning by a small margin. Won 10; lost 3; per cent .768.

B. H. S., 2; Cambridge Latin, 1.

Brookline defeated Cambridge Latin on the Cedar Street Grounds by the small margin of one run made in the ninth. Our team made four errors to their one and batted poorly. Both pitchers put up an excellent game, but Brown received poor support.

Batting-order:—

Brookline	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.	Cambridge Latin	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Aechtler, c.f.	1	0	3	1	0	Chase, c.f.	1	2	1	0	0
Kimball, s.s.	0	1	2	0	2	Chapin, 3b.	0	0	3	4	0
Marshall, 3b.	0	1	0	2	0	Reeves, c.	0	0	9	2	0
Jones, 1b.	1	0	10	0	1	Babson, s. s.	0	0	1	2	0
Gaffey, 2b.	0	0	1	5	0	Foster, 2b.	0	0	1	3	0
O'Hearn, c.	0	1	10	0	0	Vickery, r.f.	0	0	1	0	1
G. Hann, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0	Crowley, l.f.	0	1	1	0	0
Brown, p.	0	0	0	5	1	Boyer, p.	0	0	1	1	0
Clune, l.f.	0	1	0	0	0	Eccles, 1b.	0	0	6	0	0
Totals	2	4	27	13	4	Totals	1	3	*24	12	1

Two-base-hit—Clune. Stolen-bases—Aechtler, Kimball, Clune, O'Hearn, Babson, Foster, Chase. Base-on-balls—Brown 3, Boyer 3. Struck-out, Brown 8, Boyer 9. Sacrifice-hit—Gaffey. Double play—Aechtler to Jones. Passed-balls—O'Hearn 2. Time—1 hr. 50m. Umpires—McLaughlin and Kelliher. Won 11, lost 3, per cent .785.

Newton High, 4; B. H. S., 1.

Brookline was again defeated by Newton on Decoration Day at Cedar Street, losing practically all chance of winning the championship. Taking needless chances and poor batting contributed largely to the defeat. The game was started with Newton at the bat. Eaton flied out to Clune, Ely went out on first, Bentley assisting, and Hobart flied out to Hann. Aechtler started well for Brookline with a two-base hit, but the next two men died on the way to first and Jones fanned. Donahue scored for Newton in the third inning, and three men were left on bases. In the sixth inning Hann scored, and Aechtler was caught stealing third after Bentley had been put out at home. Bothfeld made a two-base hit in this inning, but Bentley struck out Kelly. In the seventh the best Brookline could do was to pop three flies to the field. In the next inning Eaton made a hit and stole second, Ely made a sacrifice which brought Eaton to third, who scored on Hobart's double. Sullivan made a three-bagger, bringing in Hobart, and scored on Bothfeld's hit. Hann knocked a hit good for two bases but was declared out for not touching first. Bradford's pitching won the game for the Orange and Black.

* Winning run made with nobody out.

NEWTON.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Eaton, 3b. . .	4	1	1	2	1	0
Ely, s. s. . . .	3	0	0	1	2	0
Hobart, 2b. . .	4	1	1	0	1	0
Sullivan, 1b. .	4	1	1	8	0	0
Bothfeld, r.f.	4	0	1	3	1	0
Kelley, c.f. .	4	0	1	4	0	0
Porter, c. . .	3	0	1	6	2	0
Donahue, l.f.	3	1	0	2	0	0
Bradford, p. .	4	0	0	0	3	0
Totals .	33	4	6	*26	10	0

BROOKLINE.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Aechtler, c.f.	3	0	1	1	1	0
Kimball, s.s. .	4	0	0	1	1	0
Marshall, 3b. .	3	0	0	1	1	0
Jones, 1b. . .	3	0	0	9	1	0
Gaffey, 2b. . .	3	0	1	4	1	1
Clune, l.f. . .	3	0	0	2	0	0
O'Hearn, c. .	3	0	0	4	1	0
Hann, r.f. . .	3	1	2	5	1	0
Bentley, p. .	2	0	0	0	6	0
Totals .	27	1	4	27	13	1

Struck out—by Bradford 5, Bentley 4. Bases-on-balls—Bentley, Bradford. Hit by pitched ball—Aechtler. Triple play—Bothfeld to Sullivan to Porter to Eaton. Two-base-hits—Aechtler, Hann, Bothfeld, Hobart. Three-base-hit—Sullivan. Sacrifice-hit—Ely. Stolen bases—Eaton and Bothfeld. Time, 1 hour and 30 minutes. Umpires—Kelley and Murphy. Scorer—Cooley.

Played 15.—Won 11. Lost 4. Per cent .733.

* Hann out for skipping first base.

B. H. S., 9; Worcester, 6.

On June 2d the team went out to Worcester and administered a good, clean beating to a team considered a very speedy aggregation.

BROOKLINE HIGH	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Aechtler, c.f.	5	3	3	1	0
Kimball, s.	5	3	2	2	2
Marshall, 3	5	1	2	3	1
Gaffey, 2	4	1	3	2	1
Clune, l.f.	4	3	4	0	0
O'Hearn, c.	5	1	4	2	0
Hann, 1	4	1	7	0	1
Bentley, p., r. . . .	4	1	2	0	1
Brown, p., r. . . .	4	0	0	1	0
Totals	40	14	27	11	6

WORCESTER ACADEMY	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Corning, 2	5	4	4	1	2
Wright, l. f.	4	3	1	0	0
Spear, l.	5	0	8	0	1
Hill, c.	5	2	8	2	0
Rourar, r.	4	0	1	0	0
Porter, c.f.	5	0	4	1	0
Greenwood, s. . . .	3	1	0	1	0
Osborne, 3.	4	0	1	3	2
Phillips, p.	3	0	0	5	3
Totals	38	10	27	13	8

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Brookline	4	1	0	2	1	1	0	0	0—9
Worcester	1	2	2	0	0	1	0	0	0—6

Two-base-hits—Corning, Wright. Three-base-hits—Kimball, Clune. Stolen-bases—Kimball, Gaffey, Bentley 2, Greenwood 2, Brown, Corning, Wright, Hill, Porter. Struck out—By Philips, Aechtler, Marshall, Mann 2, Bentley; by Bentley, Rourar 2. Passed-balls—Hill, O'Hearn. Wild pitch—Phillips. Hit by pitched ball—By Bentley, Phillips. Time—1hr. 40m. Umpire—Moran.

THE TRACK TEAM

B. H. S, 5; Dedham, 1.

Although Kimball, as well as Jones, left school before this game, and in spite of the fact that the Dedham pitcher struck out over fifteen men, Brookline could n't refuse the game because of her opponents' innumerable errors. MacNamara covered short in Kimball's place and Bug Brown was on first. The game was on June 6th.

B. H. S., 5; Cambridge, 0.

In the final game of the Preparatory League Brookline won second place by defeating Cambridge Latin again. Cambridge did not have their regular pitcher, but Brookline had also lost two regular men since the first Cambridge game. O'Hearn and Marshall were all there with the berries.

BROOKLINE HIGH

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Aechtler, c.f.	2	0	5	1	0
Marshall, 3	3	1	4	0	0
Gaffey, 2	3	0	3	2	0
Clune, l.f.	4	1	0	0	1
O'Hearn, c.	4	2	6	3	0
Hann, r.	3	0	1	0	0
Bentley, p.	3	0	0	5	0
Brown, l.	3	1	8	1	1
McNamara, s.	2	0	0	1	2
Totals	27	5	27	13	4

CAMBRIDGE HIGH

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Chase, c.f.	4	0	1	1	0
Vickery, l.f.	4	1	0	0	0
Reeves, c.	4	1	11	3	1
Babson, s.	3	1	1	0	1
Crowley, p.	4	0	1	6	0
Foster, 3	3	0	1	1	1
Grant, 2	2	0	1	1	0
Eccles, 1	3	0	8	0	0
Olive, r.	3	0	0	0	0
Totals	30	3	24	12	3

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Brookline	0	0	0	1	0	2	0	2	0	—5

Runs—Marshall, Gaffey 2, Clune, O'Hearn. Two-base-hit—Babson. Sacrifice-hits—MarshallB, absonn. Stolen bases—Eccles 2, Marshall, Gaffey, O'Hearn Hann, Brown. First-base-on-balls—off Crowley 6, off Bentley 1. Struck out—by Crowley 9, by Bentley 6. Double plays—Aechtler to Gaffey; O'Hearn, Brown and Marshall; Crowley to Eccles. Passed-ball—Reeves. Wild pitch—Crowley. Time—1h. 50m. Umpires—Hobart and Eaton.

VICTORY FOR THE CREW!

The Brookline High crew won the interscholastic championship for 1906 and established a new record for the mile course in its race with the four of the Cambridge Latin School on the Charles River, Saturday, June 9th. Swinging together in perfect form, our boys shot across the line in 5m. 28 2-5s., breaking the old record by 4 3-5s. Cambridge Latin, the school that held the former record, was not more than half a length behind, showing that the two competing crews were the fastest schoolboy fours that have ever rowed in the interscholastic regattas on the Charles.

Brookline got the lead at the very start and was never headed. In the first half mile there was open water between the shells but, entering upon the last quarter of the race, Cambridge spurted and made a fighting finish. In the Cambridge shell every man was putting all he had into his oar, regardless of form, while Brookline met the frantic spurt without a splash. It was a race to gladden every Brookline heart.

The man you want to congratulate, the man who had borne more work and worry than anyone else, is Captain Sullivan A. Sargent, Jr., who rowed two. Sargent is a Senior and rowed last year. The plucky fellow that stroked the four is Charlot LeRoyer, '07, the best schoolboy stroke on the river this year and captain for next season. W. F. Howe, Jr., rowed at three. Bill is a Sophomore and, we hope, has two more years to row for Brookline High. In the bow slide on that glorious day pulled Chester Robart, '08, "the man that made good." He was taken on from the second crew four days before the final race — think of it! *four days'* training with the rest of the boat. Hunnewell Faxon '09 steered the four to victory, and steered it well, besides performing excellently all the other important duties that belong to the little chap in the stern.

In the trial heat Brookline defeated English High and Volkmann. In the final heat, through tardiness in starting to spurt, Brookline

tied with Cambridge Latin, and it was agreed to row off the tie a week later. Early in the following week the hopes of the Brookline supporters received a crushing blow when it was learned that Pitkin, who had rowed at bow, would not be allowed to race against Cambridge because of a weak heart. Pitkin was a good man, and naturally there was some scepticism as to whether he could be lost without weakening the strength of the boat very materially. It was the hardest kind of luck, but no complaint was made, and the crew went to work with the new man, Robart. Consequently, it was contrary to the predictions of nearly everyone when Brookline, with Robart pulling like a veteran, won the championship and broke the record by almost five seconds!

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